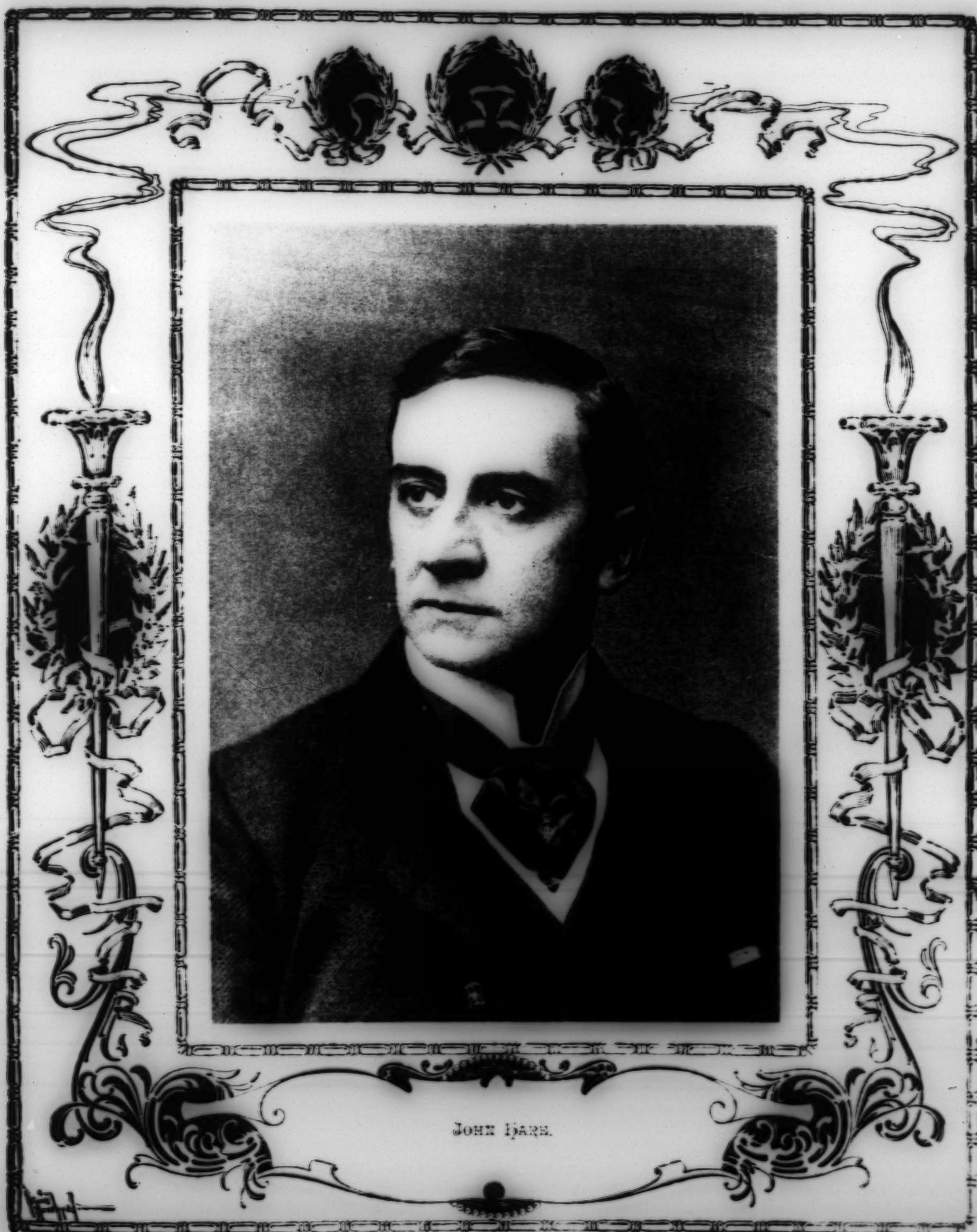


THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

VOL. XLV., No. 1, 148.

NEW YORK : SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



SAN FRANCISCO.

DE GUY SIMPSON

NEW ORLEANS.

DENVER

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Stock and Entertainment.

DECEMBER 22, 1900

lary managers: Peck's Bad Boy 11. Edward D'Ottie, The Prisoner of Zenda 10.
MUSIC HALL.—MUSIC HALL (A. M. Andrews, manager): Dark.
CATERA HOUSE.—CATERA HOUSE (Charles S. Hubbard, manager): Dark.

NORTH CAROLINA

CASTLEMAN'S **MIDNIGHT M.** (Brooklyn) **A** Fair business; performance good. **Joseph Murphy II** in **The Kerry Glow** was well received by good audience. **The Katzenhammer Kids 26**.—**SMITH'S OPERA** (Hudson) **James I. Smith**, manager; **A Cavalier of France II**

NEW JERSEY

100

MONTANA

MANCHESTER. - OPERA HOUSE (E. W. Ha

NEBRASKA

NEW MEXICO

NEW YORK

NEVADA.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THEATRE.—OPERA HOUSE

[illegible]

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

CHICAGO.

The Week Before Christmas Out Yonder—Attractions Billed.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 15.

The threatened raid on Sunday theatrical performances was a dismal fizzle, and it is hardly likely that the alleged "reformers" will make another manifestation to-morrow. If they do they will find the local managers well organized and ready to repulse any attack.

Mrs. Fiske will begin the fourth and final week of her engagement at the Grand Opera House next Monday evening with a revival of Tess, and on the eve of Christmas she will start on her journey to the Coast. Marguerite Sylva will follow her for the holidays, with Princess Chic, after which comes our old friend, Arizona, and then Richard Mansfield.

Manager Reynolds, F. Newton Lind, and Henry Norman, of Jeff De Angelis' company, visited us between trains Thursday, on their way to South Bend, Ind. They will open in Gotham on Christmas eve and will hang up their stockings at The Lamb.

The local sleuths have been looking at William Gillette's thrilling performance of Sherlock Holmes and telling the newspapers that his detective is all right on the stage, but would be a horrible bluff in real life. Meantime Mr. Gillette is filling "Powers" nightly and caring little whether school keeps or not.

Our volatile friend, Joseph Howard, Jr., was here last week on a pleasant errand to attend the marriage of his talented daughter, Grace, to a husky ranchman from the Far West. After a hurried "Bless you, my children," he left again for Broadway.

William Collier, Ted Lyons, Mr. Gillette, Arthur Forrest, Ralph Delmore, Wright Huntington, Dr. H. Harkins, and others are expected to attend the Christmas dinner of the Forty Club, at the Wellington, Dec. 20.

Paul Dresser is at the Auditorium, slowly recovering from the effects of a recent trip to St. Louis.

quo Vadis is packing McVicker's yet and the conflagration of Christmas provokes thunders of applause nightly. The coming attraction to succeed it is Lost River.

Next week is Ada Rohan's third and last at the Illinois in Sweet Nell of old Drury. The Rogers Brothers follow.

McFadden's Row of Flats will be followed at the Grand Southern to-morrow by The Telephone Girl, and over at the Academy of Music Krumping the Whirlwind will be succeeded by An American Gentleman.

John Doe, who has a wide Western reputation as Marks in the Stowe classic, Uncle Tom's Cabin, has begun his annual engagement here as Kriss Kringle in the toy department of one of our leading dry goods emporiums.

Across the Pacific will be replaced at the Alhambra to-morrow by Lincoln J. Carter's Chattanooga, which gives place at the Criterion to Reaping the Whirlwind.

At the Dearborn to-morrow the stock will follow Mue. Sans Gene with The District Attorney. The Hopkins' stock is giving Fallen Among Thieves.

Rose Coghlan, while recently playing here, purchased from Frank Ferguson, formerly the dramatic editor of the Saturday Evening Herald, two new sketches for vaudeville. One, Business as Usual, is light comedy and will be played by Miss Coghlan and her husband, John T. Sullivan, later on, and the other, The Ace of Trumps, is built on Miss Coghlan's great success, Forget Me Not, and is already in rehearsal. Louis Marsen will play the leading role.

The sent one for the two weeks' season of popular-price grand opera in English, by the Maurice Grau company, begins at the Auditorium next Monday. Aida, Martha, Carmen, The Bohemian Girl, Mignon, Lohengrin, Faust, and Il Trovatore make up the first week's repertoire.

A leading local authority informs me that the most popular Christmas stocking this year will be filled with a piece of lead pipe and used as a prod.

The Fall season of the Castle Square Opera company winds up to-night at the Studebaker with Martha, and the company will reopen Christmas eve with a production of Rob Roy.

Davy Crockett follows The Tide of Life over at the Bijou to-morrow afternoon.

Theatrical news is so dull here that the writers on amusement topics are beginning to build more theatres on paper, but as yet no ground has been broken.

Canada's crack regimental band, the Kilbicks, will give a return concert here at Central Music Hall next Monday evening.

Although Mr. Mansfield does not open at the Grand Opera House until Jan. 14, one of his representatives is already here to arrange for the production of King Henry V.

During the week of Jan. 7 the Castle Square Opera company will give an elaborate revival of Erminie, and Pauline Hall has been specially engaged for her original role. Frank Moulan should make an excellent Caddy.

Well, Merry Christmas, if I don't see you again.

BOSTON.

The Week's Bills—The Strange Case of Mrs. Apthorpe's Hat.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BOSTON, Dec. 15.

Next week will be the dullest and dandiest of the entire theatrical year in Boston, the only spice of the week being at the Colonial, which they hope to have completed so that it may be opened on Dec. 20 with Ben Hur.

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman will be at the Hollis for their last week with All on Account of Eliza, which has proved an unequalled success and has drawn larger houses than those stars ever had in Boston.

E. S. Willard will continue his engagement at the Tremont and will make four different changes of bill during the week, all selected from his familiar repertoire.

Cheney's sister, which was one of the society events of the week.

A Young Wife, which was given at the Grand Opera House just a few weeks ago, is under rehearsal for production by the stock at the Castle Square.

A new organization of theatrical men was formed last week called the Merry Makers' Club. The leaders are Frank W. Mason, C. Dunn and C. Williams, of Williams and Williams. Lodges will be formed in Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities.

William Harris and Joseph Brooks have both been in town during the past week on business connected with the new Colonial.

Marie Dressler closed her successful engagement at the Columbia to-night and the success of Miss Pruitt continued to the very end.

PHILADELPHIA.

Offerings at Combination and Stock Theatres—Grand Opera Notes.

(Special to The Mirror.)

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.

Richard Mansfield in his magnificent production of Henry V. has achieved a great success. Of the many able people in the supporting cast Florence Kahn is the most conspicuous. Chauncy Street Dec. 23 Jan. 5.

Francis Wilson continues at the Broad Street Theatre with The Monks of Malabar. Mrs. Leslie Carter Dec. 24. Olga Nethersole Jan. 7.

The Pride of Jennico, with James K. Hackett, opens for two weeks at the Chestnut Street opera house on Monday. Sarah Bernhardt Dec. 31.

Naughty Anthony and Mme. Butterfly close a two weeks' engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre this evening. Way Down East opens a two weeks' return engagement on Monday.

Sporting Life closes a good week's business to-night at Edmore's Auditorium, and will be followed next week by An African King. Superbia Dec. 24. West's Minstrels Dec. 31.

The Durban Shoe Stock company at the Girard Avenue Theatre will present June, with Bertha Creighton in the title role, next week. The Christmas week attraction will be Nell Gwynn.

The versatility of the stock company at Forepaugh's Theatre is remarkable. From The Still Alarm they shifted to Carmen, then to Alabama, and will change next week to Richelieu, with Frank Peters, John J. Farrell, and Florence Roberts in the leading roles. The Prisoner of Zenda will follow.

The National has A Guilty Mother this week, to be followed by The King of the Cattle Ring Dec. 17, Under the Red Robe Dec. 24, and In Old Kentucky Dec. 31.

Woman Against Woman, with Eleanor Barry and Frederic Bryton, will come to the Park Theatre next week. Sporting Life Dec. 24. The Still Alarm Dec. 31.

Oliver Dowd Byron has made quite a hit at the Standard, supported by the stock company, and for his third week, beginning Monday, will present Lost in New York.

Hearts of the Blue Ridge will be at the People's Theatre next week. McFadden's Row of Flats will follow.

Dumont's Minstrels, with unchanged bill, continue to draw large and pleased audiences to the Eleventh Street Opera House.

Harold Nason, pianist, aided by Inez Jolivet, violinist, appeared at Witherspoon Hall Dec. 13 and was warmly received.

The benefit for the Firemen's Pension Fund, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, afternoon of Dec. 14, was well attended. The Francis Wilson, Mme. Butterfly, Daniel Sulley, and A Hot Old Time companies were the volunteers.

The grand opera season will be inaugurated at the Academy of Music December 20 with Faust.

ST. LOUIS.

Standard Theatre Burned—Present Bills—Music Notes.

(Special to The Mirror.)

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 15.

The Standard Theatre was almost completely destroyed by a fire that started half an hour after the performance Thursday night. The loss on the property is estimated at from \$300,000 to \$500,000, insured. The Utopians, playing at the house, lost scenery valued at \$1,000, but their costumes and personal effects were saved.

Manager Butler says that the theatre will be rebuilt at once and he has arranged for his next week's booking the Dewey Barbersquers, to appear at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

The Bostonians did not do very well with The Victory at the Olympic. The new opera was not well liked, although Messrs. Earnshaw and MacDonald have the best support they have had for several seasons. Hilda Clark, Belle Fremont, Adele Kahler, Josephine Bartlett, John Dunsmore, Albert Farr and George R. Frothingham present a strong array of operatic talent. At Wednesday matinee The Serenade was given to a well filled house. Belle Fremont was the Yvonne, and quite the star of the production.

The Burgomaster entertained many old friends and made many new ones at the Century this week. To my way of thinking it is the prettiest musical comedy that has appeared since The Belle of New York. Gus Weinberg, who is probably the best known actor who ever played here in stock, made a splendid Peter Stuyvesant, and he was enthusiastically received throughout the week. Charles Allison was not as good an E. Booth Tarkington as Thomas Ricketts, who appeared here in the part earlier in the season. Edith Yerrington, Lillian Coleman, Laura Joyce Bell and Josephine Newman were well remembered.

Knock Wilson is still making a great hit with his musical specialty. Sunday evening Gertrude Coghlan will present Vanity Fair. Christmas week, The Battle of the Strong.

Souvenir week at Music Hall, where the Castle Square opera company presented The Queen's Lace Handkerchief, was not the success that Manager Southwell expected. Christmas shopping, charity entertainments and other musical offerings of local nature, together with comic opera and musical comedies at the Olympic, Century and Grand, no doubt interfered very materially with Mr. Savage's business. Maude Lilian Kerr as the King appeared to splendid advantage and was a strong favorite. Josephine Ludwig did well as the Queen. Gertrude Quinlan was not equal to the role of Irene. Arthur Wooley made a great hit with the comedy part of Sambo. Next week Il Trovatore will be the bill, with Joseph F. Sheridan, Miro Delamotte, Adelaide Norwood, Eleanor Kent, Josephine Ludwig, Gertrude Remington, Frances Graham, Maude Lambert, W. H. Clarke, Harry Luckstone and Lillian Rogers in the cast. Christmas week, The Merry Widow.

The Imperial stock company's production of Friends offered this season. William H. Pascoe, the new leading man, made a splendid impression. Donald Bowles was very good as the musician. His piano solo was encored at every performance. Maurice Darcy scored with some well rendered songs which he introduced in the second act. Dr. Witt Jennings did some clever character work in the role of the obdurate fond. Grace Scott played a very sympathetic Mar. The production was well staged throughout. For the coming week Manager Giffen will offer Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with N. Sheldon Lewis cast for the dual role. Sweet Lavender will be the holiday week attraction.

The Telephone Girl at the Grand did more business than any other attraction in town. Harry Bernstein, Miss Hurl, Marguerite Ford, Eugene Bernard, Edna Park and Winifred Douglas worked hard and seemed to please the houses. Sunday afternoon The Heart Song, with Mabel Howard as Maryland, will open for a week at the Grand. Others to appear are: R. J. Murphy, Frank A. Smith, Michael Redwood, Frederick G. Lewis.

Walter Belasco, Francis Justice, Regan Hughston, William McLaughlin, Florence Foster, Louise Kemmure and Anna O'Ryan. Dec. 25, A Wise Guy.

The Evening Hour pleased Manager Giffen's patrons at Havillan. The coming week The Musical Girl will be presented. Maude Rieck is featured. Others are: Louise Canfield, Leta Kall-ton, Maud Rayne, V. A. Varney, Jack Doyle, James P. Stenson, W. Sherman, Charles Besant, W. H. Hunt and M. J. Singer. Joseph Murphy will follow.

The Morning Choral Club entertained a large and brilliant audience at the Odeon on Tuesday evening. David Bispham was the soloist and he sang a lengthy programme in an admirable manner. The club chorus sang "A Midsummer Day," which was first given with great success last Spring. The soloists were Miss Oscar Baldwin, Jeanette MacIntosh and Mrs. W. A. McDaniel, with Mrs. Pittenger at the piano and Charles Galloway at the organ. The chorus was directed by E. R. Kroeber.

The Choral Symphony Society gave its second concert of the season Thursday evening at the Odeon. Ernest SchumannHeink was the soloist, and singing several selections in artistic style. The large symphony orchestra under the direction of Walter H. East presented a splendid programme, which was received with great enthusiasm. The audience was very large, completely filling the Odeon from top to bottom.

William Tooker, of the Imperial stock company, while on his way to the University of Chicago, accidentally turned his ankle, sustaining a strain that will likely disable him for a week or more. Mr. Tooker was unable to go on with his part at the matinee, and Oliver Edwards, assistant stage-manager, read the part, and he will continue the work until Mr. Tooker has recovered.

Maude Odell, waiting for a leading woman of the Imperial stock, departed for Chicago Wednesday, where she will begin rehearsals for the opera Rob Roy, in the castle Square production of which she will appear Christmas week in Chicago. Before going she said that she expected her operatic career to be short, as Sam Campuzza, and James Cunningham, well known in St. Louis, were preparing to start her on a starring tour as Nell Gwynn. She also said that sometimes had been made to E. J. Kato, late leading man at the Imperial, to take the leading male part, but he had not given a definite answer. Miss Odell said that she expected to open her starring engagement at the Olympic about Jan. 1.

Mr. Kato, who departed for New York Wednesday night, Miss Odell and Mr. Kato have made many friends in St. Louis.

CINCINNATI.

Goodwin's Big Business—Changes of Bill—Vine Street Venture Unsuccessful.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CINCINNATI, Dec. 15.

N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott to-night closed one of the most successful of the many big weeks they have played in this city. Almost every desirable seat for the entire engagement was sold before the curtain went up on the first performance, and the audiences have been enthusiastic as well as large. Monday night The Burgomaster will open. The cast includes Gus Weinberg and Laura Joyce Bell.

Led Astray will be revived at the Pike Sunday for its first local presentation in many years. A pleasing feature will be the return to the company of Agnes Maynard, who has been a member of the Grand Opera House Stock company, Indianapolis, this season.

Joseph Murphy will divide next week at the Walnut between The Kerry Giv and Sham Elue, in which his popularity never seems to wane.

Caught in the Web, a new melodrama by Joseph Le Brandt, it to be the bill at Heuck's. John F. Leonard and Mazie King are featured in Poverty Row, which comes to the Lyceum on Sunday.

A Soldier of the Empire will be seen in this city for the first time to-morrow, when it is given by the Baldwin-Melville company.

Changes in the local stock companies are occurring with bewildering rapidity. In addition to those chronicled last week, it is announced that Rosalie de Vaux has retired from the Pike company and will play second leads with the Baldwin-Melville company. Lorraine Drexel has resigned from the latter organization and will be succeeded Sunday, as leading woman, by Lisle Leigh, late of the Boyle Stock company, of Nashville. Miss Leigh is chiefly remembered here for her excellent work last season at the Grand in The Village Postmaster, and will be a valuable member of the company.

The Pike Street Opera House, that opened two weeks ago, closed suddenly on Monday night as a result of numerous attachment suits. It is stated that the gross receipts of the week were only \$528, while the expenses of opening the house were several thousand. Aside from the suffering caused the unfortunate actors, the fiasco is chiefly important as again demonstrating the fact that Cincinnati is supporting all the theatres it possibly can. The houses now open are enjoying a fair measure of success, and the Sunday audiences are invariably large, but it is only fair to warn managers unacquainted with local conditions, and who may contemplate investing here, that there is certainly no demand, and probably no room, for additional theatres in this city, even though the attractions offered be up to the standard.

BALTIMORE.

Bills for the Week—Burton Holmes' Lectures—Music.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BALTIMORE, Dec. 15.

N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in When We Were Twenty-one will be the attraction at Ford's Grand Opera House next week. "Way Down East" has drawn full houses during the week and has generally pleased its audiences.

The Belle of Bohemia will hold the stage of the Academy of Music for the week beginning next Monday. San Toy, with James T. Powers, has played a successful engagement this week.

The bill of Holiday Street Theatre next week presents A Guilty Mother. The Three Musketeers, with Harry Glazier as d'Artagnan, has enjoyed this week the usual liberal patronage of the Holiday Street.

Burton Holmes continues his course of lectures at the Music Hall. They are well attended and prove highly interesting.

Who is Who will be presented to the patrons of the Auditorium Music Hall on Monday evening next. Harry W. Williams' own company has presented a clever bill at this house during the week just closing.

The fifth Peabody recital took place last evening at the Peabody Institute. Emanuel Wad, pianist, and Charles Rabold, baritone, were featured.

WASHINGTON.

At the Theatres—Lectures and Concerts—Iceberg Injures Chorus Girl.

(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.

The theatres have been most liberally patronized during the week. The Centennial celebration Dec. 12 attracted thousands of visitors.

Mrs. Leslie Carter in Zara will be the attraction at the New National next week. Olga Nethersole, Dec. 24. James K. Hackett, Dec. 31. Maude Adams, Jan. 7. Sarah Bernhardt, Jan. 14.

San Toy will be offered at the Columbia Theatre for the coming week. Herbert Kelcey and Lila Shagan will follow, and Minnie Burroughs closes Dec. 15.

The Broadway Square Stock company will be seen in the Lottery of Love.

At the Academy of Music The Three Mus-

keteers will be the bill, with Harry Glazier as d'Artagnan.

Burton Holmes' last lecture will be given next Wednesday at the Columbia. The Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1900 will be the subject.

Ned Soren, treasurer of the Columbia, is seriously ill, being threatened with typhoid fever. The Kansas quartette gave the second concert of the season at the Raleigh Dec. 11.

Karl D. D. Spafford's new lecture on King Lear drew a large audience to the Lafayette Square Theatre.

Louis A. Rogers, having terminated her engagement with the Rinkus-Abell Stock company, Sewark N. J., has returned to her home here.

The Philadelphia orchestra will give its first symphony concert at the Columbia Sunday. The soloist will be Martinus Sieveking.

Winston Churchill's lecture on the Boer war at the New School at Carnegie, Friday, attracted a well filled house.

The Messiah will be given by the Choral Society at Congregational Church Dec. 26.

Ray Diamond, of the Edna May company, was severely bruised by a car on a recent morning and striking her on the leg during the dress rehearsal here and was unable to appear during the week.

QUEEN.

Mr. L. Lindholm has returned to Montreal to play leading roles for the rest of the season in the stock company at the Majestic Theatre. Miss Lindholm has been a member recently of the stock company at the Grand Opera House in Philadelphia. She is a great favorite in Montreal and her announcement of her return there has given great satisfaction to the patrons of her Majesty's.

R. A. Roberts is confined to his home by an affection of the eyes, which at first threatened to prove serious, but he is now recovering.

Because of William Faversham's illness, Charles Kuchman will join the Empire Theatre Stock to play the lead in Mrs. Danes's Delirium, to be produced at the company's home theatre on Dec. 31. Oscar Johnson will succeed Mr. Richman with Anna Russell.

E. H. Schorn will resume his tour at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, on Dec. 24, in Hamilton, going a week later to Chicago for three weeks.

The Happy Hippocrite, by Max Beerholm, was successfully produced on Dec. 10 at the London Royalty Theatre. Frank Mills and Winifred Fraser scored individual hits.

Charles Tingay will take in East Lynne company through Pennsylvania during the holidays. Marie Lamour and her company, in A Wise Woman, will rest at Altoona, Pa., for two days before Christmas.

Lost River is booked to open at Utica, N. Y., on Christmas Day.

OBITUARY.

Danford Marble, father of Mary Marble Dunne and Dan Marble, Jr., died on Dec. 4 at the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, of cancer of the stomach, aged fifty-nine years. He served in the Civil War, and was in Government service thirty-seven years. He was the son of Dan Marble, the Yankee comedian. His mother, Anna Marble, was sister to William Warren, and was related closely to Joseph Jefferson. He leaves two sisters, Emma Marble and Mary Myers, and two brothers, John and William. Ned Marble, who died last Summer, was also a brother. The remains were buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago, on Dec. 7.

Edmond Tarbe des Sablons died in Paris on Dec. 14, of apoplexy. His wife died the same day and the shock of her death brought on the stroke that killed him. He had written several plays of note and had been a collaborator of M. D'Ennery.

Norian (Nick) R. Flord died on Dec. 9 in Chicago of consumption. Born at Lebanon, O., in 1859, he was for twelve years gallery doorman at the Academy of Music, Chicago, and had also been employed since 1895 at the Chicago Cutlers.

Mrs. A. J. O'Donnell (Annie Ward), of the Bon Ton Stock company, died at Belvidere, Ill., Dec. 10, aged twenty-nine years. The remains were taken to her birthplace, McArthur, O., for burial.

Captain Edward Flaherty, father of John S. Flaherty, manager with Harry Glazier, died on Dec. 3 at Springfield, Ill.

Karl De Buben, music teacher and composer, died at his home in Philadelphia on Dec. 9.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Largest Dramatic Circulation in the World.

As in the case of the "one Broadway theatre" specified by the indignant theatre patron, the "business instincts" of the

December

16. Park Theatre, New York, burned, 1848.
American debut of Thomas Barry, 1826.
Death of Alphonse Daudet, at Paris, 1897.
William Terris killed, 1867.
New York debut of Bettina Girard, 1889.
Birth, at London, of William H. Kendal, 1843.
John Broughnan's *The Lily of France* produced at Booth's Theatre, New York, 1872.
Yvette Guilbert's American debut at the Olympia Music Hall, 1895.
17. Last appearance of Rachel, at Charleston, S. C., 1855.
Death of Lester Wallack, 1887.
Death, near Great Valley, N. Y., of Alexander Herrmann, 1896.
18. Birth of William Osberry, 1784.
Birth, at Baltimore, of Ellen Bateman, 1845.
American production of *Forget-Me-Not* at Wallack's Theatre, New York, 1860.
London production of *June*, 1890.
Birth, at Centerville, Ia., of Cora Payton, 1867.
Debut, at Charleston, S. C., of Charles Booth Parsons, 1827.
Irving produced *Fansie*, 1885.
First American production of *Ours* at Wallack's Theatre, New York, 1866.
Birth of George L. Allen, 1830.
19. Death of George Holland, 1870.
Death of Alfred Bunn, 1860.
Birth, at Brauborough, England, of Henry Arthur Jones, 1851.
Death, at Rockton, Mass., of Kathryn Price, 1889.
20. Death of Hepburn Johns, Chicago critic, 1890.
Birth, at Rome, of Alexander Salvini, 1861.
Charles's Aunt begins its four years' London run, 1892.
21. Birth of John Emery, 1777.
Death of Ann Jane Barrett, 1853.
Birth, at London, of Ada Harland, 1847.
July performs *Much Ado About Nothing*, 1899.
Two *Gentlemen* of Verona produced at Drury Lane, 1792.
New York debut of Modjeska as *Adrienne* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, 1877.

ELEANOR MERIDON

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

On Oct. 29, 1897, at which time William Harrison and Harrison J. Wolfe were playing the chief male roles in her support.

AMATEUR NOTES.

Columbia University sophomores announce a performance of Professor Whimsical for Dec. 18-20 at Carnegie Lyceum, the cast showing R. H. Keithley, M. Currie, G. S. O'Loughlin, C. A. Abbott, R. H. Wyle, G. F. Rambach, C. W. Ostrom, David Collie, and L. E. Wallace.

The story, "A Cattle Puncher in Church" which appears in this number, has a little history of its own. It is from the pen of an Antoxen Worm, who has been James O'Neil's business manager for several years. A

2

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[illegible]

THE NATINEE GIRL.



three more a Merry Christmas to Minnie friends near and far, over the sea and here at home, the Matinee Girl gives you greetings. Once again, good wishes in plenty and my hand in yours around the world, where stretches the wonderful silver line that binds people unknown to each other in chains of sympathy and kindness.

These friendships that foster souls without the potent influence of personalities to affect them are to the Matinee Girl the most mysterious and interesting of the world's secrets.

When we meet a person we admire, esteem and like, it is so largely a matter of looks, voice, dress, manner, intelligence of expression and the magnetism of the smiles that so often draws us higher and thicker like marionettes.

When one writes much with pen and ink, the emotions have an odd way of getting into the dashes and the tails of the letters and the spaces. And there are those awful blank places between the lines where we give away our inmost thoughts.

But when we meet in cold black and white type each week as we have, you and I, for your past and for ever so many years before, unhampered by any of our virtues, our defects all hidden in the occult shades of distance, it is like living in a world of dreams.

When the Matinee Girl regards the great box of beautiful letters that have come to her in the last year (all to be properly scapbooked some day), and to the collection of wonderful picture postals from far away China, Russia, France and Italy, it has all the charm that a double life has, they say, for the wicked.

Then there are letters and autographed photographs from some of you that I can only view with awe, from the other side of the footlights and that I wouldn't dare to meet for worlds—you'd be so disappointed in your Matinee Girl.

Everybody is, you know, I'm not writing through my hat. Many a time and oft I have stood trembling in the presence of actors that I have written about and they say, "Well! well! well! So this is the Matinee Girl! Do you know you are not a bit like what I imagined you to be?"

I never knew quite how to take this—whether to fall on their necks with glad tears of thankfulness or to feel offended. So I simply look sad and mysterious and say nothing.

I can't help it if I don't look the part—at least I suppose I ought to get a curly blond wig and a lozenge and sit on a table in Tim Minion office and swing my feet.

But I can assure you of one thing: I feel just as frivolous as possible at times, and at other times very serious, and occasionally sad, and very often cross, and at rare times I think I am the real thing and that there are only a few others.

I write you thusly. So the Matinee Girl is just the plain, ordinary every day sort of a sinner, and perhaps you other sinners realize it and this is the reason you write me as you do. Sinners are apt to be the chummiest people in the world. You see they were so thrown together during the flood! I fancy the devil was originally a good fellow and fell off from the idea of his setting up a bachelor apartment of his own. Then it got so popular he had to put in annexes.

But what I am getting at is this: These Minion friends are all doubly dear to me, because all the expressions of good will and the welcome idea that you are sometimes helped by my frivolousness are like roses drifting in from the sky across a horizon where the flowers refuse to blossom except in their regular season.

I think most of us would wish it were possible to spend our lives dancing in time to music like the nymphs and the fauns, in the moonlight, with rose garlands for favors.

But that is only possible in Arcady. And horrible to say, even this might get monotonous. The nymphs in the Hoffa House, I have often remarked, look rather bored.

And those of us who find more joy in digging away, studying, and trying to do things and smothering our beautiful pink nails over a type writer, instead of straying in the meadows, find the harp of life plays in a sort of monotone at times and in a minor key.

And the morning may bring a note like this: "At times I find you more warm, grateful and comforting than Blank's cocoa!"

It is like a strain of melody—the sound of a lost chord—or a rose thrown from the orchestra or the gallery over the footlights of fancy to an unknown.

You all know how very sweet a tribute of that sort is, for it is real, and while I don't have cocoa, I fancy from the ads, it must be a rather good sort, and the few lines from Kalamazoo or wherever it was are fully appreciated.

Luckily the Matinee Girl addresses an audience of born optimists. You are always glad to echo a sentiment that speaks of the beauty and the wonder of life and the world we live in.

The stage fosters in its people a spirit strong and fine and broad enough to carry the drama to a higher place in the future than has ever been dreamed of.

The strains of un-don plays, the cheap clog of commercialism, the successes that really are failures, all these are only so much residue thrown off in the impetus of the effort for higher, better things than the stage has yet known.

There should be no discouragement, no raven croakings over the conditions of things and the impossibility of success in certain fields. Conditions will reform themselves, from chaos order will emerge, and dreams will come true beyond any present adverse circumstances or pessimistic prophecies.

The world is not standing still nor is it traveling hap hazard, but in accordance with fixed, immutable laws. The only false prophets are the grumblers and the disgruntled hosts, who declare that evils exist and may not be righted.

It is amusing to hear people make assertions, as they often do, especially in relation to things of the stage. It is as though one man in his little span of life knew how to juggle in a box office with eternity.

At a dinner one night recently, a libretto writer of reputation said: "There is no use managers

will only accept music written by these men"—he mentioned a few names associated with the extremely machine-made school of music, to which our comic opera villagers trip and our sudden-hipped soldiers click their glasses—"there's no use," he said, "they will never take anything else. They are afraid!"

Predictions of this sort in every line of art are like the toads and serpents that fell from the tips of the girl in the fairy tale.

If Kipling had listened to the copy reader he would probably still be a bamboo-fod reporter over in Bombay. If Sullivan had written the usual tra-la-loo that we have had in his line of operatic work, he would not be in Westminster Abbey to-day. Evidently, I am sure, could have been an adept of historical novels.

Individual aspirations, striving, struggling, often plodding, after ideals is what will open new worlds in the literature and, above all, the music of the stage. This clinging to conditions that exist in the mercantile imaginations of a few dramatic thimble-riggers and gold brick sellers is a doctrine that must be thrown off by those who wish to be true to themselves and their ideals in art.

As it is, these managerial hucksters are standing in the graves of past successes bargaining with managers of the arms for wars of the same old brand.

Originality to them is madness, courage is criticism. They live in a perpetual eclipse, illuminated only by the footlights and the occasional twinkle of chorus legs.

This holiday time means more to the people of the stage and the writers for the stage and the managers and employes in every department of the theatre than a time of good wishes and rejoicing.

It means the ending of another year in which neither you nor I have done even a fraction of what we should have achieved in the work of the stage.

We stop too often, like the man with the hoe, to rest and look over the landscape, so that poets may leap into fame pondering upon our lack of intelligence.

Looking forward is one thing. Putting off is quite another. The Matinee Girl would much prefer to be a whip or a spur to good people on to effort to achieve than all the warm, comforting cocoa in the world. There are too many cocoa girls.

Above all, if you once get into the swing of striving for a goal of some sort higher than may be reached by mere holding out of the hands, beggar fashion, you will find life lit up by a new glory.

You will wake suddenly, like a Rip Van Winkle, and look about you over the world, and will realize how much you hold within your grasp.

The blue skies, the rising and the setting of the sun, the ripple of waves, the ice-gemmed branches of the trees, the music of human voices, the harmony of orchestras, the scent of flowers, the joy of enduring friendships, books, plays, pictures, tears, smiles, life's very caresses, all await you.

But only when you wake from your dream, with folded arms contented in unattainment, wake to a sense of accomplishment, then you will realize the joy of a Monte Cristo, with a whole world at your feet.

Amid all the bright, happy stories and poems that fill the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, I know there will be room for this sermon. I feel exactly like a revivalist, and if I twanged a tambourine along the Rialto this moment I am sure that I would lead a notable cake-walk.

The dead might not arise and walk, but many of the half-dead would come forth and pull themselves together and there would be much joy in the land.

THE NATINEE GIRL.

ALBERTA GALLATIN AS NELL GWYNNE.

Alberta Gallatin, under the management of Edwin C. Child, opened her tour as Nell Gwynne, in "The Restoration," at Bristol, Conn., Dec. 10, and was favorably received. The scenes are laid at a millinery shop; at Whitehall; at Lord Buckhurst's; and at the Crowning Hen Inn. The cast:

Charles... Captain Rupert Wyndham... Walter Pritchard...
Sir Charles Berkeley... Allen Davenport...
Samuel Wye... Hamilton Harris...
Samuel Papes... Otto Hoffman...
Lord Buckhurst... Louis Talbot...
Lord Guilford... Wilson Bennett...
Barton... A. L. McNally...
Swain... J. G. Andrews...
Drummond... Myron Crane...
Landlord... Charles Stanton...
Pravdes... Thomas Low...
Betty Fairfield... Margaret Hale Owen...
Lady Cartmelaine... Florence St. Leonard...
Machintosh of Rockford... Clara Rainford...
Countess Fairfield... Louise McCullum...
Madame Marie... Cecelia Griffith...
Page... Frances Abner...
Nell Gwynne... Alberta Gallatin

MISS BROWN CATCHES A THIEF.

Secretary Alice Brown, of the Professional Woman's League, became a heroine last Tuesday by catching a thief red-handed and forcing him to give up his booty. Miss Brown was at her desk in the League house, when she was confronted by a rough-looking man, who gruffly demanded money. The secretary was alone in the building at the time, but ordered the fellow out and called for help to a mythical man upstairs. At this the fellow made his escape. As he departed, Miss Brown found a rustling of paper in the front hall, and rightly surmised that the man had helped himself to some of the packages waiting there to be sent to the League's bazaar at the Waldorf-Astoria. Miss Brown went downstairs outdoors in a hurry and espied the thief, package in hand, footing it up Broadway. With remarkable nerve she gave chase, caught the thief, wrested the package from him after a struggle, and returned in triumph to the club house.

THE P. W. L. BAZAAR.

The annual bazaar of the Professional Women's League at the Waldorf-Astoria continued with unabated success throughout the week. Among the notable visitors were Lord and Lady Francis Hope, and Friday evening was designated Masquerade night, when many Sir Knights lent their presence and opened their purses at the various attractive booths. At the doll booth prominent professional people in miniature were in evidence. Ellen Terry was represented as Charlotte in Robespierre, Mary Manning as appeared as Janice Meredith, Bijou Fernandez as Lydia, and other smiling bisque beauties represented their principals. The bazaar closed on Saturday evening with a box auction presided over by Robert Edison.

PERKINS AND BECK IN HEROIC ROLES.

Walter Perkins played The Man from Mexico at Fredonia, N. Y., on Dec. 13, when the State Normal School burned. Perkins and Mr. Beck, of his company, dashed to the scene and rescued four of the girls from the blazing building.

TO REDUCE RAILWAY FARES.

It is said the railways west of Chicago are to reduce materially the present rates for theatrical companies. At a meeting of general passenger agents in Chicago last week, a proposal was made that all the lines unite in fixing a new tariff.

ROLAND REED'S CONDITION.

Roland Reed remains in a very serious condition at St. Luke's Hospital in this city. On Saturday the physicians reported improvement, although at times during last week he seemed better.

THE DENVER CASE.

The Decision Against the Theatrical Trust—Rebuked by the Press.

The fact that Frank E. Castanphen had won his case against the Denver Theatre Company (the nominal defendants in the suit to prevent the Theatrical Trust's effort to shut Mrs. Fiske out of Denver) was noted briefly last week. Judge Calvin P. Butler, of the District Court, in rendering his decision on Dec. 1, spoke at length regarding the chief points involved in this case, and as they are of special interest to traveling and theatre managers, The Mirror gives them space. Said Judge Butler:

At the time of considering the application to dissolve the temporary injunction I went over the authorities very carefully, because I had a grave doubt concerning the right of the plaintiff to maintain the action. As it appeared to be an application to restrain a party from doing a contract which had been entered into I thought he should be regarded to a court of law. But after considering the matter and reading the pleadings I thought of the question of the multiplicity of suits, and of the suggestions made at the time by counsel for plaintiff, of his absolute inability to determine what the measure of damages would be in case defendant should absolutely refuse to carry out this contract and suit was brought in a court of law, because plaintiff's profit was unascertainable from the very nature of the business. He could not tell whether he would have a good house or a poor house one night or every night. He could not tell what his profits would be. There was no way he could satisfactorily prove to the court the value of his damages would be. On the other hand the compensation of the defendant was fixed under the contract, whether or not this engagement was filled, the value of the plaintiff was fixed by the contract at a stipulated sum which he would have to pay and, therefore, at that time I refused to dissolve the injunction. I wanted to hear the testimony. I thought prima facie that plaintiff was entitled to maintain the action and I thought that the state of mind should be maintained until we had the testimony.

We have had the benefit of the testimony now, and there are just three branches of the case. First—The question of fraud—whether or not this defendant was induced to enter into this contract by fraud or misrepresentation such as would nullify the contract. I do not find there was any such fraud as to warrant the court in finding that that is true. The contract made at one end and the other was not only satisfactory to both parties, according to the testimony, Mr. Barton, it is true, said that if he had known Mrs. Fiske would play upon a percentage basis he would not have given the plaintiff a contract for a specified amount; but I do not think there is sufficient in that.

Second—The contention that Mr. Barton had no authority to make the contract I do not think is maintained. He had authority to make the contract, and he made all the contracts for the defendant, sometimes signing them "The Denver Theatre Company," by himself as secretary, and at other times by himself as manager, and he did this without any resolution of the Board of Directors, and he was not authorized by the Board of Directors, and it is a contract which the Board of Directors now recognize as valid.

Third—Mr. Barton, when on the witness stand, said he thought they had made a good contract, but since that time he seems to have changed his mind. Courts cannot allow people to do that sort of thing. If they did there would be no security in contracts at all. So it resolves itself down to whether or not courts of equity can, under the law, interfere. Mr. Barton, while on the witness stand, said that he, or the defendant, rather, was seeking to get out of the house; and it is in a position, so far as this case is concerned, to carry out this contract; and I do not think he should be permitted to leave that house to any other person during that time, and that this is a binding contract between the parties, plaintiff and defendant.

This is as far as I think I can go in this matter. Of course, as to what he has done, if he has done anything before this suit was commenced, that is between the persons with whom he made that contract, and that is not in this case. I only admitted that Exhibit 1 to show that so far as that contract was concerned, it was made before this injunction was brought, but was not going to do with that one way or the other. That is between Mr. Barton and the people with whom he made that contract.

The plaintiff can prepare findings and a decree, not quite as broad as in previous cases, but temporary injunction that Judge Palmer issued, but specifying that defendant shall do nothing to interfere with the plaintiff's rights that he has acquired under this contract for the use of that building beginning Jan. 6, 1901.

In accordance with the judgment of the Court, findings of fact and a decree were prepared and submitted to Judge Butler, who entered the following order in the case:

STATE OF COLORADO, ss.
COUNTY OF ARAPAHOE, ss.
In the District Court,
No. 31,630.

FRANK E. CASTANPHEN, Plaintiff,
vs.
THE DENVER THEATRE CO., Defendant.

FINDINGS AND DECREE.

The foregoing cause coming on for final trial on the 17th day of December, A.D. 1900, before the Court, without the intervention of a jury, the said parties appearing in person and by their respective counsel, all the evidence on behalf of both plaintiff and defendant having been heard on the 6th day of December, 1900, and as well as the argument of counsel, the Court being now fully advised in the premises, doth make and enter the following findings and decree, to wit:

FINDINGS.—That defendant company, by its duly authorized officers and agents, made and entered into the contract of June 9, 1900, with plaintiff, and thereby bound itself to furnish and provide the Denver Theatre and other property named in and contemplated by the contract of June 9, 1900, to plaintiff, for the time therein specified.

Second.—That said contract became, was and is a valid and subsisting contract between the parties.

Third.—That plaintiff, relying upon the said contract of June 9, 1900, and as well as the argument of counsel, the Court being now fully advised in the premises, doth make and enter the following findings and decree, to wit:

FINDINGS.—That the defendant company, its officers and agents, have wrongfully and unlawfully attempted to annul and set aside its contract of June 9, 1900, and have wrongfully and unlawfully threatened, and still threaten, to annul and set aside said contract and to prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

Fourth.—That the effect of the consummation of said attempt, and the carrying out of said threats, will be to irreparably injure the plaintiff; that it will injure him in a multiplicity of suits; that he has and will have no adequate remedy at law in the premises; that he is entitled to equitable relief as herein given, and his costs.

WHEREFORE, this Court being now fully advised in the premises, doth find the issues joined herein in favor of plaintiff and against defendant; and doth decree, adjudge and decree as follows, to wit:

FIRST.—That the temporary injunction heretofore issued herein be and the same is hereby modified in accordance with this decree and made permanent; that defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

SECOND.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

THIRD.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

FOURTH.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

FIFTH.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

SIXTH.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

SEVENTH.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

EIGHTH.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

NINTH.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

TENTH.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

Eleventh.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

Twelfth.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

Thirteenth.—That the defendant company, its officers, agents, servants, employees, and all persons acting by or under its authority be, and the same are hereby forever restrained and enjoined from annulling, or attempting to annul, or prevent plaintiff from completing said premises, and such attempt and threats on the part of said defendant, its officers, agents and servants, will be carried out unless restrained and prevented by this Court.

and its local agent were expressed in the following editorial, which appeared in the Denver Post, of Sunday, Dec. 9:

THE THEATRICAL TRUST.

It is a source of much gratification that our local courts have swept away the legal obstacles put in the way of the appearance of Mrs. Fiske in this city next month. As a result of the action of Judge Butler in making the temporary injunction granted permanent, the Denver public will have an opportunity of seeing this gifted woman and most accomplished actress in two of her notable parts, "Rosa Sharron" in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and "Loss of the Deceitful," a dramatization of Thomas Hardy's famous novel.

It seems incredible that a foreign theatrical syndicate or trust should have the hardihood to seek to prevent this gifted woman from playing where and when so desired, if local arrangements could be made, and satisfied, to all immediately interested parties.

Briefly, the circumstances are these: Mrs. Fiske, whose husband is the proprietor of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, the representative theatrical newspaper of the country, and which is opposed to the creation of the theatrical syndicates—sought to appear at Denver. The trust, which directs affairs from New York city, controls practically the Broadway Theatre and the Tabernacle Opera House, and of course barred Mrs. Fiske from the portals of these two establishments.

The Denver Theatre was last Summer outside the fold and Mrs. Fiske's agent engaged the house for one week in January. As soon as the trust heard of this arrangement it promptly secured control of the Denver Theatre, making as a condition of the new arrangement with the local manager that he cancel the engagement of Mrs. Fiske. This he attempted to do several weeks after the contract for her appearance was signed by him. Mrs. Fiske's managers declined to accept the cancellation and asked for an injunction forbidding the trust to interfere with her appearance. The matter dragged for some time, but finally the injunction, which was temporary at first, was made permanent. The original contract therefore stands and Denver will have an opportunity of seeing this actress.

The extraordinary feature of this whole matter is the insolent and arbitrary proposition of this huge theatrical trust. It is not content with securing control of nearly all the leading theatres in the country, of browbeating prominent players into accepting its high-handed direction, but it seeks to prevent the appearance of those who independently resist its dictation, and to force them into abject submission. The very idea is monstrous and touches the public nearly.

If it was a matter of differences simply between individuals, equity and justice would demand sympathy for Mrs. Fiske. But it is more. The trust decides who shall and who shall not come to Denver. If Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Mansfield, and players of that stamp desire to visit this city professionally, they can only do so by the grace of, and with the permission of, this syndicate. Personally and individually they have no choice in the matter. If, however, they are content to remain in this condition of servitude, that is their business. When a star like Mrs. Fiske, however, asserts her independence and wants to appear in this city, public opinion will very properly rise up against any attempt to forbid her the privileges of a free and independent citizen. Under the circumstances this community will give Mrs. Fiske a much more cordial reception next month than would have greeted her had she appeared at one of the trust houses.

THE CIPHER CODE IN NEW YORK.

Contracts were signed on Dec. 8 by J. Wesley Rosenquest and John E. Kellard by which Charles Klein's American play, The Cipher Code, will be produced, with Mr. Kellard as the star, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Oct. 14 of next year for a long run. The trial performance of the play, which took place in Detroit, Toronto, Montreal and several other cities, more than fulfilled Mr. Kellard's expectations; and Mr. Rosenquest has such a firm belief in the play and its drawing power and in Mr. Kellard's popularity that he has kept practically the whole season at his theatre at his disposal. The play will be given a complete scenic production and a cast comprising the very best actors will be employed.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM'S ILLNESS.

William Faversham, who is ill with appendicitis at his home in this city, suffered a serious relapse last Tuesday. A consultation of physicians was called and it was found that the actor's heart is affected, and Wednesday he lay in a critical condition, but later began to mend, and on Saturday Dr. J. A. Burke, the attending physician, reported that his patient was steadily improving.

GOSSIP.

A Supreme Court justice put A. H. Chamberlain under \$2,000 bond last week to pay any judgment that may be awarded against him in the suit of Ludwig Engländer, who claims that Chamberlain agreed to pay \$3,000 a week for the music of The Native Girl so long as it should be sung, and that \$1,000 is now coming to him.

Samuel Blair has secured from Daniel I. Hart, the author of The Parish Priest, his latest melodrama, Down Lehigh Valley, which he will produce in January. He has also the rights to a musical comedy, an adaptation from the French, entitled A Cat in the Bag, which is scheduled for an early production.

Al W. Martin's Uncle Tom's Cabin will rest for five days this week, opening at North Adams, Mass., on Dec. 22. Mr. Martin has purchased a new sleeping car for his Western company at a cost of \$5,000.

The Eastern Lost River company, headed by Hallett Thompson and Violet Rand, is resting in town this week.

Elizabeth Marbury began an action last week against Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Samuel E. Rock, and S. S. Williamson, alleging that they should pay royalty for The Rounders, now presented by them on tour. The case was adjourned and the company is resting in town this week. Mr. Seabrooke, it is said, will appear in April in a new opera by De Koven and Smith.

Mrs. Lawrence Allen (Ida Allen) was taken to Bellevue Hospital last week for examination as to her sanity.

Two masked men attacked Treasurer Halsey S. Rounds, of the Sioux City, Iowa, Grand Opera House, during a performance of Shore Acres on Dec. 13. Manager Wilson S. Ross, of the company, was in the box office, too, and the robbers were frightened away after they had clubbed and shot at Mr. Rounds. They got nothing for their trouble.

A divorce was granted in this city on Dec. 12 separating Flora M. Blaney from her husband, Charles E. Blaney.

Miriam Lawrence, comedienne of A Runaway Girl, has been ill with diphtheria tonsillitis, but pluckily continued playing until compelled by her physician to retire, in Memphis, and submit to heroic treatment, which enabled her to rejoin the company after a brief rest.

E. H. Russell has just issued a L'Alphonse souvenir, picturing the characters and scenes of the Maude Adams' production of this play. There are twenty pictures in all. The cover is designed by Ernest Haskell.

Bert Coote will temporarily abandon vaudeville for a Spring tour in Canada, opening March 17. He will fill his vaudeville engagements until his starring tour commences in the lead. Elsie Escott, in a cross the people distributing her last season's success.



THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

Tony Pastor's.

Leslie Venturini Titus makes her American reappearance and heads the bill, assisted by Frederick J. Titus at the piano. Others are: Fields and Ward, comedians; the Seven Reed Birds, sketch artists; the Three Kissandies, acrobatic musical comedians; Mason, Frances and Quinn, comedy trio; Billy Link, comedian; Ed. H. and Kitty Deagan, comedy duo; Henderson and Ross in "Fun at Gracie's Corner"; Daniel J. Harrington, ventriloquist; the Cupentis, sketchists; Wilhelmina Charters, contralto; the Razafra, musicians; Lou Wells, musical comedian, and the vitagraph.

Keith's Union Square.

Joseph Hart and Corrie De Mar, in "A Close Call"; McIntyre and Heath, in "The Georgia Minstrels"; Will H. Fox, comedian; Clayton White, Marie Stuart and company, in "Duckie"; Felix and Harry, comedy duo; Fox and Clark, in "The Spring of Youth"; Lee Duvall, spiral ascensionist; Rudman and Adelle, in "The Door Key"; the Four Rontons, musical sketch; Satsuma, juggler; the biograph, and stereopticon, make up the programme this week.

Proctor's Twenty-Third Street.

That bill includes the Russell Brothers, comedians; Clifford and Huch, in "The Chapple's Call"; Le Roy and Clayton, comedy duo; Fisher and Carroll, Irish comedians; Conroy and Leary, comedy duo; Lee Duvall, spiral ascensionist; Rudman and Adelle, in "The Door Key"; the Four Rontons, musical sketch; Satsuma, juggler; the biograph, and stereopticon, make up the programme this week.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue.

Jean Marcel's Living Pictures (second week) and Ezra Kendall head a bill that embraces Grapevine and Chance, in "Above the Limit"; Lottie Gibson, comedienne; Staley and Richey, musical duo; the Three Diamonds, instrumentalists; Genaro and Bailey, cake walkers; the Young America Quintette; Conkley and Husted, comedy duo; Charles Clark, barrel juggler; Arthur Amosen, musician; Horace Golden, magician; the Juggling Johnsons; the kaleidoscope, and the stereopticon.

Proctor's 125th Street.

The Four Cobans, in "Money to Burn," are the stars of a bill including Sager Midgely and Gertie Carlisle, comedy duo; Ethel Leary, comic song singer; York and Adams, Hebrew comedians; Charles H. Ward, vocalist; Zeno, Carl and Zeno, gymnasts; Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Neville, travesty duo; the Heltons, dancers; the Brunelles, and their miniature theater; Charles Blodgett, pool expert; the kaleidoscope, and stereopticon.

Proctor's Palace, Fifty-eighth Street.

The entertainers are Della Fox, comedienne; John Kerner, Irish orator; Felle and Senon, musicians; Maudie Caswell and Arthur Arnold, acrobats; Charles Vance, comedienne; Ramona and Arno, grotesques; the Olympia Quartette; Collins and North, comedians; Reed's bull terriers; Willard Reed, musical comedian; the kaleidoscope, and stereopticon.

Koster and Hail's.

The bill includes Gertrude Haynes and her choir; Dolan and Leubart, in "A High-Toned Burglar"; Tim Cronin, comedian; Maxwell and Simpson, B. illustrated songs; Herbert's dogs; Juan Calenda, wire performer; McBride and Goodrich; the Donovans, and Lawrence and Harrington, comedy duo; Sherry and Platt, musical comedians; Williamson and Stone, dancers; Bicknell and Watson, Dutch comedians; and Stella Lee, vocalist.

Water and Fields.

Fiddle Dee-Dee and the Arizona travesty will be continued until Thursday evening of this week, when the Arizona skit will be withdrawn. Fiddle Dee-Dee will be lengthened and brightened up by the addition of short burlesques on "A Royal Family," "L'Aiglon," "The Gay Lord Quex," and other plays now running in New York.

New York.

The list of entertainers embraces Filson and Erroll, in "A House Divided"; Violet Friend, English serio-comic; Ida Mullie, comedienne; Emma Carus, baritone; Pat Rooney and Maxine Gertrude, dancers; Grafton Baker and company; Herbert's dogs; and a new burlesque called "The Giddy Thru" will be produced shortly.

Duffy and Seamon's.

Isabelle Erhardt and Gerald Griffin, James O. Barnes, John Lawrence and company, O'Brien and Havel, Ed Lat-B, Louise Gunning, Two Judges, Three Belmonts, Clark and Argoline, and Cobb and Edwards, make up the bill.

THE BURLESQUE HOUSES.

MINER'S BOWERY.—Al Reeves' company provide the week's entertainment.

LONDON.—T. W. Dinkins' Vagabonds will amuse the Londoners this week.

MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE.—Ala Leavitt's Rantz-Santley company is the week's attraction.

OLYMPIC.—The Treacherer Burlesquers have gone northward for a week in Harlem.

DEWEY.—The City Club company holds the boards this week. The usual burlesques and olio make up the bill.

LAST WEEK'S BILLS.

KEITH'S UNION SQUARE.—J. E. Dodson headed the bill, and repeated his great success in "Richie's Struggle," one of the best sketches ever seen in vaudeville. Lawrence Griffith and Gertrude Perry assisted. Frederick Hallen and Mollie Fuller were very amusing in Winslow's skit, "A Desperate Pair." "Joss" Handy sang several new parodies of his own writing, and was cheered until his repertoire was exhausted. He is a great favorite at this house. The Rossow Midgelys made their usual hit, and Charlie Rossow imitated Sousa with great success. Frederick V. Rossow sang his own songs, "Because," "Always," "When I Think of You," "Wait," and others, playing his own accompaniments very cleverly, and receiving his full share of applause. Linton and McIntyre scored heavily in "A Doctor's Patience," which has been brightened up with new songs and gags, some excellent work was done by Mason and Francis. Le Page, assisted by Mlle. Florence, McRitt and Rozella Armstrong Brothers, Kelly and Corrier, and Marie Tannan. The biograph and stereopticon had few views.

TONY PASTOR'S.—Routledge Moreland presented for the first time in this city a new farce called "Poppy," by Ida Von Trautman. The piece is by far the best that Miss Moreland has ever had. The lines and situations are very amusing, and follow each other with such rapidity that laughter is almost continuous. The scene is laid in a room in a boarding house. Phoebe Pare enters, under the impression that she is coming into her uncle's apartment. It happens, however, that she has made a mistake, as the room is occupied by a young named Jones, who is preparing to go to a French ball. He is absent temporarily and she takes possession of his dress coat and vest, and goes out to pawn them, thinking they belong to her uncle. He returns, finds his garments are gone and retaliates by taking the young woman's cloak out to the pawnshop. They finally meet and there ensues a warm war of words, which is amusing in the extreme. He finally discovers that she is a girl with

whom he has been holding a correspondence, started through a newspaper personal. She has signed her letters "Poppy," and it is from this that the play takes its name. Mutual explanations are in order, he proposes and she accepts, and after hastily changing costumes, they go off arm in arm to the French ball. The most amusing bit of business in the piece occurs when, both having claimed a right to use the room, the man takes a piece of chalk and divides the room in two, by drawing a line down the center. There is a bed in the room and the line is drawn on the headboard and footboard and over the centre of the quilt. When Miss Moreland has made a few necessary changes in the sketch, she will have as bright a career as has ever been seen on the local boards. Miss Moreland acted with her accustomed spirit and got full value out of her lines. The feminine portion of her audience were more than delighted with her gown, which is an imported creation, made in the very latest Paris fashion, and is topped by a very striking hat. She is fortunate in having secured the services of Harry Jenkins, who is the best leading man seen here this season in support of a female star in vaudeville. His manner is bright and breezy and he is a comedian of unusual merit. Dan and Dolly Mann played a return engagement in "Mandy Hawkins," in which both do some very natural character work that met with great favor. Lavender and Tomson were amusing in their skit, "The Real Artist," but Miss Tomson needs a new song badly. James Richmond Glemay aired his dulcet voice to great advantage. The Willett Thorne Farquers made their entrance in their screaming farce, "An Uptown Flat," which appears to be as good a generator of laughs as ever. Others were: Deawee, Glorine, Williams and Melburn, the Criggs, Collins and Hardt, Joe Collins, Masse and Masse, Myra Deane, and the vitagraph.

PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE.—The event of the season at this house occurred last week, when Jean Marcel's Living Pictures, statuary, and has re-bills were shown for the first time in America. The attraction was specially engaged by J. Austin Fynes during his recent trip to Europe, and the result reflects great credit on Mr. Fynes' judgment. The display last week consisted of ten subjects. Five were pictures, two statuettes, and three had reliefs. The titles were: "And My Corn," "Forecell," "Phonograph and Medicine," "The First Funeral," "The Agony," "Separation of Achilles and Priests," "The Sailor's Return," "Apollo's Song to the Shepherd," "Love's Messenger," and "Forward." The pictures and statuettes are very beautiful, but Mr. Marcel has proven himself part master of his art in the best reliefs, which are gems in their way. The dresses, groupings, and accessories are perfect; the models handsome and well proportioned, and the lighting effects admirable. The lighting of all pictures is a notable feature of the exhibition. The absence of vulgarity or suggestiveness is also a thing that calls for high praise. The Marcel pictures will undoubtedly prove a strong attraction here for several weeks to come. Milton and Dolly Mann scored as usual in "Why Walker Reformed." The Russell Brothers, for their second week, reverted to their old act, which made a hit. Alice Pierce imitated several well-known stars, including Mrs. Carter. Others more or less pleasing were the Juggling Johnsons, the Three Yocarsys, Lew Sully, Charles Coburn, Duffield and Duffield, Florine, Sheridan and Flanagan, Forbes and Quinn, and Donohue and Nichols. The kaleidoscope and travel views were shown as usual.

PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET.—Della Fox's name headed the bill and the strength of her admirers gathered to listen to her songs, which are reminiscent of other days. John W. Albright, Jr., and company were seen once more in Mr. Albright's pretty romantic play, "Trouton," which duplicated the hit it made on its first appearance. The play is a comedy in town. George Evans, who recently returned from the Pacific Coast, had some new things to say and sing, and his efforts met with the usual hearty response. Louise Gunning, dainty and pretty as a fruit show nose, won all hearts with her charming rendition of "Sow-balls." Her clear bird-like voice never was in better form. The three Diamonds were seen at this house for the first time and scored a hit with those who like good music. The combination of funny and serious was the Juggling Johnsons, the Three Yocarsys, Lew Sully, Charles Coburn, Duffield and Duffield, Florine, Sheridan and Flanagan, Forbes and Quinn, and Donohue and Nichols. The kaleidoscope and travel views were shown as usual.

PROCTOR'S PALACE.—McIntyre and Heath made a successful appeal to the patrons of the Palace for the second time this season, and more than duplicated their former success. Mark Sullivan, in his imitations of famous actors, gave some likable portrayals. Elizabeth Murray's songs and stories aroused the risibilities of her hearers to a high pitch. Ed Latell joked and excoriated and belittled himself into favor. Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Neville appeared in a diverting skit, called "A Rehearsal With Interruptions," which won many laughs. The "stunts" of those one-legged wonder, Conway and Lealand, evoked numerous expressions of approval. Charles Clark did some extraordinary tricks with barrels. Maxwell and Dolly scored a hit in "The Trial Lesson." Calabrese made faces in wet clay that looked exactly like the originals. Frank Emerson entertained and Puley's kaleidoscope and the stereopticon filled in their usual time.

KOSTER AND HAIL'S.—Ezra Kendall played a return engagement, and repeated his tremendous hit of a few weeks ago, using an entirely different monologue, so that those who saw him on his last visit were greatly surprised and pleased. Juan Calenda won unstinted applause for his great work on the wire. Pauline Hall continued to win encores with her well-rendered songs. Genaro and Bailey, Jennie Joyce, Ward and Curran, Gusie McKee, and the Fettes McKee, finally were holdovers. All except two of them made hits. Tim Cronin was entirely successful with his skit, "A Trip to the Vandewilles," by George M. Coban, Sharp and Platt, the Brothers La Kola, Herbert's dogs, Lawrence and Harrington, Carmichael, a new dancer, and Almont and Dumont were also on hand.

HURTING AND SEAMON'S.—Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic company presented at this house last week the following list of artists: The Allison Troupe, who did things acrobatic; Barnes and Sison in their new and pleasing act, "When Greek Meets Greek"; Will H. Fox, who made a feature, Horace Golden's magic was entertaining. Nick Long and Malene Cotton in "Mammoth Troubles" made a hit. Edward Kernell, Williams Comedy Trio, Billy Link, Adele Purvis Gori, Fisher and Carroll, Reed's bull terriers, Evans and White, Tando, the acrobats, and the stereopticon completed the programme.

NEW YORK.—Corinne continued to make a hit with her very attractive specialty and was repeatedly cheered. Violet Friend, an English subterfuge made her American debut, scoring a fair hit. Ida Fuller, in her new dances, George Fuller Golden, Emma Carus, McElroy and May, Pat Rooney and Maxine Gertrude, Kelly's Zouaves, Hines and Remington, Matthews and Harris, Grafton Baker, the Jennie Eddy Trio, and Maxwell's ballets were also in the bill.

WATER AND FIELDS.—Full houses ruled here last week as usual, and the burlesques "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" and "Arizona" were laughed at and applauded hysterically.

The Burlesque Houses.

MINER'S BOWERY.—Waldron and Bryant's Trans-Oceanic Burlesquers presented a capital bill to good business last week.

LONDON.—The Gay Butterflies offered a first-rate programme to large audiences.

MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE.—The Broadway Bur-

lesquers presented the bill over a week earlier at the Bowery.

OLYMPIC.—Fred Rider's New Night Owls moved uptown for the week and edited the Harlemites.

DEWEY.—The Ben Ton Burlesquers, controlled by Ed. F. Quirk, attracted large audiences and played them with a very good entertainment. The burlesques, The Homely Twins, and A Janaboree afforded every member of the company excellent chances to display his or her talents. The olio is about the strongest and embraces Shays and Warden, Barrett Brothers, Gladys Van Nite, Daria, Viola Stables, who is an exceptionally good singer and made a deserved hit; David Novilla and Byron and Langdon. As a special feature there was a wrestling bout between Ernest Roeder and his partner.

MR. WILSON EXPLAINS.

To the Editor of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR: In your issue, dated Dec. 15, in the review of the previous week's bill at Proctor's, my longest encore was mentioned, and the question of its originator was brought up. I would like to state that I did this little trick seven years ago, in Little Christopher, at the Garden Theatre, and have used it ever since.

I learned some time ago that Kot M. Willis was doing it. I believe he claims that it was given to him by Ritchie, the cyclist, who claimed it was his own. I write this in order to set myself right before my fellow White Rats and others. In regard to the encore, as Shakespeare says, "It is a poor thing, but mine own." I refer to see that one of the good principles of the White Rats is the protection of original material.

Yours respectfully, JOHN WILSON.

MINES AND REMINGTON.

William E. Mines and Earle Remington have picked a winner in their new act, Miss Fatter of Paterson, a dialogue in one, in which they impersonate respectively The Professor on Love, and an Up to Date "The Mail." Miss Remington, who is the author of all the acts used by the team, has fairly spread herself in the way of personage, and the general verdict of the critics is that they have in this the best thing they have ever produced. Their number on the bill at the New York Theatre last week placed them on a par with the best of the "made" men, and the Broadway patrons found there was something new under the sun.

NO LICENSE FOR PARK CIRCLE.

Justice Fitzgerald, of the Supreme Court, on Wednesday last, denied the motion made on behalf of Evans and Mann for a mandamus to compel the Police Commissioners to grant a license for the Circle Music Hall, at Broadway and Stuyvesant Street. The company represented by Evans and Mann spent \$12,000 in improvements before applying for a license, and are naturally much chagrined at their failure to obtain permission to open. The justice held that the matter of licensing the place was entirely at the discretion of the Police Commissioners.

LARRY E. LUND.



Larry E. Lund, whose picture appears above, was born in Warren, Pa., Sept. 2, 1862. At the age of twelve he joined Howard and Ross's Union Square company as Jim, the Drummer Boy, remaining with them one season. Having a natural liking for the profession, he continued to study, and at the age of seventeen left school again, and joined the McKinley Concert company, with which he won some favor as a boy tenor, after which he shifted from one line of business to another, until 1885, when he went on a Pacific Coast trip with Alby's Uncle Tom's Cabin company. Being infatuated with that part of the country, he remained in San Francisco and entered vaudeville as a descriptive singer and monologue artist. He afterwards joined the stock at the Wigwam Theatre, under the management of Charles Hyer, where he remained for fourteen months, and became a universal favorite. Since then he has been with various companies, and has acted as director of several houses and enterprises in the Northwest. This season he is playing comedy roles and introducing his character specialty in the olio with Mines's City Club company, which is at the Dewey Theatre this week.

A NEW COMPANY.

A novel entertainment will be presented shortly after the holidays by J. Leslie Goodin and company. It will be called the Goodin Lyceum Vaudeville. The programme will present Mr. Goodin in character recitations, with orchestral accompaniments. The company will also include Nora Yaine, an English costume ballet singer, Phoebe Bird, pianist, and others. The tour will be headed from Broadway and Broadway's Metropolitan Exchange, and will be under the direction of James H. Alliger.

MINE AGAIN.



JOHN WILSON.

John Wilson and Bertha Waring, whose pictures appear in this column, returned recently from Europe after an absence of nearly four years. They will be best remembered here for successes in Little Christopher, which had a long run at the Garden Theatre, and in which Wilson made one of the hits of his career as the tramp. Miss Waring is also pleasantly remembered for her clever performance as the dancing girl.

The success of this team in England and on the Continent has been very great. No American performers have ever played as long a continuous engagement as they have. Their popularity in London was so pronounced that they broke all records at the Palace, their engagement at that house lasting sixty-eight weeks. They had the honor of winning laughs from the Prince of Wales on no less than four different occasions. Mr. Wilson was engaged to appear in the principal comedy part in "Puss in Boots" at the Garrick Theatre, London, last Christmas. For an injury to his knee compelled his retirement and a rest of several weeks.

Mr. Wilson is a clever and original comedian, and has inserted many diverting bits of business that have helped to build his reputation. Miss Waring is one of the most vivacious and pleasing comedienne in vaudeville, and shares the honors with Mr. Wilson. They are now playing a season of twenty weeks in



BERTHA WARING.

the Association houses. They have been busy for the past few weeks renewing acquaintance with old friends. The demand for their services on the other side is so great that they will leave in May next, to fill bookings covering two solid years.

FRANK CUSHMAN.

Frank Cushman, "the progressive minstrel," was born in Baltimore, Md., of an old Southern family, and from early childhood took to theatricals as the proverbial duck takes to water. He gave violin solos to his playmates, taking for admission buttons and marbles if no money was in sight. These same boys who looked up to young Frank as the star have in most cases made their mark in this life as actors, managers, lawyers, and architects. Who has not heard or seen Frank Cushman from Maine to California, or, in fact, in his tour of the world? Candidly speaking, there are few that cannot recall his songs, which live just as green and fresh to-day as if they were sung but yesterday—"Dear Them Bells," "Tuck Pete," "Over the Hills to the Fairhouse," "Don't Marry Me Before I'm Ringed." Among his topical dramatic scenes from news life are "The Reverend Doctor Julius S. W. Smith," "The Negro Wedding," "Jim De Lilly At De Parole," "The Old Kentucky Home," and scenes on the Mississippi. Frank Cushman has attained the zenith of popularity by his ideal negro character acting, and never since the days of Dudley Rice, Dan Bryant, Eph Horn, and Billy Emerson, has his superior been seen. Such world-renowned actors as John E. Owens, John Sheperd Clark, Lee Hudson, Maudie Mitchell, and the Rothers, each and all, have encouraged and praised Cushman, who has traveled with John T. Ford's, Hawley's, Cleveland's, Earlow, Primrose and West's, Simmons, Skeem and Sweetman's, the San Francisco, Camerons and Wiley's, and Sweetman, Rice and Fagan's minstrel troupes.

STAGE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

A meeting of the Ladies' Committee on the Christmas Festival for the Little Children of the Stage was held last week when the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. E. L. Fernandez; Vice-President, Corn Tannan; Secretary, H. S. Sanderson. It was decided that the festival will be held at Tony Pastor's Theatre on Sunday evening, Dec. 23. The usual number of generous contributions have been received, and everything possible that can add to the happiness of the tots will be provided. "Aunt Louisa," Eldridge, who has retired from the presidency of the committee, will be on hand to greet the children. The usual entertainment will precede the distribution of gifts.

MRS. POTTER'S "ACT."

Mrs. James Brown Potter, according to the London "Music Hall," will be in the Christmas bill at the London Palace, and will recite seasonal poems, in the midst of giant Christmas trees, from which all the children attending will receive presents. This is certainly a novel role for Mrs. Potter, but she will probably make a hit when she hands out the toys to the eager youngsters.

R. G. KNOWLES ARRIVES.

R. G. Knowles arrived on the "Mahoe" on Dec. 17. He will begin a tour of the Keith circuit on Dec. 24, at the Union Square Theatre.

VAUDEVILLE.

VAUDEVILLE.

VAUDEVILLE.

VAUDEVILLE.

BEATRICE MORELAND IN HER ONE-ACT FARCE "POPPY"

Scored a Brilliant Success at TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE last week with MANAGER and PUBLIC.

TONY PASTOR says: One of the best acted and brightest sketches I have ever seen.

"HERALD."—Beatrice Moreland scored a hit in "Poppy."—Dec. 11, 1900.

"TRIBUNE."—"Poppy" is amusingly contrived, and was the occasion of much merriment to the audience.—Dec. 11, 1900.

"JOURNAL."—"Poppy" is a highly amusing sketch.—Dec. 11, 1900.

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BOOTHS AND SUB-CONCESSIONS TO LET

IN THE Streets of Mexico, at the Pan American Exposition.

Buffalo, N. Y., opens May 1, closes Nov. 1, 1901.

Estimated attendance, 25,000,000 people. For particulars address

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Presenting Bill Toddle's Reception

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

MONOLOGIST—No, your big American reputation will not guarantee you a hit in London. You must deliver the goods. You go there to please the audience. It is there to be pleased. If you fail it's your fault alone—**"Don't Kick."**

MR. and MRS. JOSEPH KEATON

Mr. Keaton is the man who does impossible things with a table—and without a table. Mrs. Keaton sings, dances and is artistically sublimely. The act is a laugh producer with a refined trend, and with just enough of the wonderful to interest the skeptical and cause the ordinary to gaze.

A MERRY XMAS TO YOU ALL.

CLARICE YANCE

This week,

Proctor's Pleasure Palace,

The Southern Slinger.

New York.

SAR. P. IDA
DOLAN AND LENHARR

A Record Breaker.

Whoop, Hooray, Merry Xmas to the Bunch.

"There is but one."

ETTA BUTLER

"The only American Mimic."

So say the leading critics.

WINTON and MCGINTY

Every inch of standing room was taken up. In fact, in J. W. Winton, the Ventriloquist, the management presents one of the most attractive entertainments which has ever appeared at this theatre. His vocal antics are as mysterious as they are amusing, he is a whole show in himself, etc.—*Nashville American*, Nov. 30.

Grand Theatre, Nashville. Specially Engaged.

ANNA BOYD

IN VAUDEVILLE.

Address Mirror.

JOS. CARRIE
HART AND DE MAR

Keith's, Boston, Dec. 3-15.

ARTIE THE ORIGINAL
HALL Georgia Coon Shouter.

BEATRICE MORELAND

In connection with her new act, will also play this season in vaudeville

THE FOLLOWING **TRIED** AND **ACKNOWLEDGED** SUCCESSES

"TAMING A HUSBAND,"

"THE FINANCIAL QUESTION,"

"A GAME OF GOLF,"

"BETTY'S DILEMMA."

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A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to All

FROM

FLORENCE BINDLEY

THE VERSATILE ARTIST.

American Re-appearance Dec. 24, at Tony Pastor's Theatre.

First Open Date, May 6.

A MONTH AT KEITH'S, BOSTON,

From Nov. 3 to Dec. 2, 1900.

MR. J. K. MURRAY AND MISS CLARA LANE

In condensed version of Grand Opera.

IL TROVATORE, HEART AND HAND, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and L'OPERA.

This season in Vaudeville. A few open weeks. Managers write.

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Presenting their own original musical novelty.

THE ELECTRIC ROSES.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY

AT PASTOR'S LAST WEEK WE MADE

THEIR ROAD.

THORNE

Formerly WILLETT AND THORNE.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and Company have appeared many times at Tony Pastor's Theatre in their screaming hit, An Up-Town Flat. Yet the way the people roared at it last week you would think they had never seen it.

This Week Duquesne Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa.

ARTHUR J. LAMB

Author of some of the season's greatest successes in Songs and Sketches.

320 Chicago Opera House Bldg., Chicago.

George Fuller Golden

DIG CHIEF RAT

OF THE WHITE RATS OF AMERICA.

MR. and MRS. **JIMMIE BARRY**

Burke and Chase Vaudeville Co.

AS PER ROUTE.

HARRY WALTERS

FEATURED WITH TERRY MCGOVERN IN THE BOWERY AFTER DARK.

The Chicago American says: "Mr. Walters' picture of the familiar Bowery Hebrew is artistic and one of the few that does not offend and become tiresome."

Next week Academy, Chicago.

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**NOW IS YOUR
CHANCE TO SEE**

In a condensed version of
the laughable pantomime,

JAMES R. ADAMS and His PANTOMIME COMPANY HUMPTY DUMPTY

Introducing the world's renowned
clown, JAS. R. ADAMS.

The above vaudeville attraction has been engaged as a Special feature at the Eden Music, N. Y. City, appearing twice daily, 3 and 9 P. M., commencing Dec. 17th for four weeks.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MERRY XMAS TO ALL.

DON'T OVERLOOK THIS.

MR. and MRS. NEIL LITCHFIELD

Return date, Burke's Penna. Circuit, Jan. 11.
Return date, Pastor's, Jan. 28.
Return dates, Proctor's Circuit, Apr. 15, 22, 29 and May 6.

SCHOOL FOR VAUDEVILLIANS.

N. Hashim, of the Hashim Brothers, managers of Koster and Bial's, has started a scheme that deserves to succeed. On the top floor of Koster and Bial's he has fitted up a small theatre to be devoted to the reformation of performers whose acts are suffering from old age. Liberal prizes will be offered for original suggestions for new acts. The competition is open to authors and performers, and it is hoped that by this means a spate of novelty will be injected into vaudeville, which is what it needs most at present. The new vaudeville academy will be open every day and when anything is shown that promises well, it will be given a trial in the regular theatre, and if it succeeds, will be booked immediately.

VAUDEVILLE JOINTINGS.

There will be two entertainments and receptions in January in which all vaudeville performers who play Tony Pastor's are expected to take a vital interest. One is the ball of the employees and the other that of the M. Bernard Association, made up of one-half of the musicians of Pastor's Theatre. A vaudeville entertainment will be a feature of both affairs.

Barney Fagan, has staged his "Phantom Guards" at the Empire, London, and the effects being new to England have caused considerable comment.

Eschert, the hoop juggler, made his first appearance in Berlin recently with great success. He will remain abroad for three years.

The White Rats had a list of twenty-three new members ready for initiation at their meeting on Sunday last.

Frances Koppal has turned sixteen and is now doing her full specialty alone. She made a big hit recently at Proctor's Albany house.

It is said that Charles J. Ross will return to playing dates next season in vaudeville if he can obtain his release from Weber and Fields.

Jones and Sutton are at the Novelty, Brooklyn, this week, with Boston to follow.

Owing to the fact that the Kelly and Wood Show is laying off this week, Ollie Young and Brother are having a pleasant visit at home, and resume their tour next week at Cincinnati.

Harry Burns writes that he has disbanded the Nina co., and that he and his wife will play dates, commencing Jan. 7.

Arthur J. Lamb gave an interesting interview to a representative of the Detroit "Journal" recently. His new sketch, "A Sad Awakening," written for Shyne and Worden, is said to be a big success.

The Theatre Comique was scheduled to open on Saturday evening last, under the management of G. Well, with a stock burlesque co., including Barnum Von Zieher, Countess Von Hatzfeldt, and Julia Morrison.

Murry Woods and Mattie Keene produced their new sketch, "The Last of Smith," at Hochstetler's, Wilmington, Del., week of Dec. 3, and it is said to have made an emphatic hit.

A. H. Chamberlain was commissioned last week by Manager Fagan, of the Lyric Theatre, London, to engage the Clayton White and Marie Stuart co. to present their playlet, "Dicker," there in the near future as a curtain-raiser. Negotiations are still under way.

X-well and Niblo introduced their musical novelty, "The electric room," last week at the Academy of Music, Chicago. Both instrument and electric effects were well received. They have applied for a patent.

The Sisters Laurence have gone to Boston to spend Christmas. They will appear on the Proctor circuit in February.

Several performers were stranded in Cincinnati last week, owing to the closing of the Vine Street Theatre. John Avery, the manager, is said to have disappeared.

VAUDEVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The bill at Keith's week of 17 includes Katherine Bloodgood, who remains for second week; J. E. Dobson in Richelieu's Stratagem, Papina, Caron and Herbert, Howe, Wall and Walters, Kittle Mitchell, Elson Claryette, Wartenberg Brothers, Clayton and Jennings, the Tobins, Mitchell and Cain, the Hoopers, Tom Brown, and the biograph. Business continues up to the usual high standard. A double bill will prevail at Hashim's Grand Opera House for week of 17. Hyde's Comedians, to which the Hashims have added several novelties, make up the bill, which includes Helene Mora, Fred Niblo, George Evans, Holloway Trio, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hughes, Nichols Sisters, Burton and Brooks, Colby Family, O'Neil and Torpe, and La Noble Brothers. This is the second engagement of Hyde's Comedians this season. Sam Devere's Own co. week of 17 at the Trocadero includes Empire Comedy Four, the Rozins, Weston Sisters, Parker's dogs, Gertrude Le Claire, Engstrom Sisters, Loretta Claxton, and the Rontzes. The Lyceum will have Hurlitz and Seamon's Social Males week of 17. The roster includes George E. Behan, Edwin and May Belle, Wrothe and Wakefield, Finks and Finks, Georgia Franklin, Howard Sisters, Elsie Houshaw, and Helen L. Bean. The Little Egypt Burlesquers are booked at the Star. Fred Edwin's Majesties will be the attraction at the Kensington. The hit of the season at the Arch Street Museum is the female boxing tournament, which will be continued for week of 17. Patronage large. Item: There was a slight fire at Keith's Theatre 12, caused by the blowing out of a fuse. Joseph Hart occupied the stage at the time and the pianist continued to play. The well equipped fire brigade of the theatre, with axes and hose, quickly conquered the blaze, and the programme continued without interruption. S. FERNBERGER.

BOSTON, MASS.—Jessie Bartlett Davis will remain the headliner at Keith's. Others are Tschernoff's dogs, Ralph Johnston, Barnes and Sison, the Seven Allisons, A. O. Duncan, Hall and Staley, George C. Davis, the Four Stripes, Grant and Grant, Joseph Adelman, Le Page Sisters, Merritt and Rozelle, Francis Le Page, the Two Lancers, Ford Brothers, and the biograph. Music Hall will be closed next week, so as to admit of some elaborate changes. A program will be added. The house will reopen on Christmas eve with Plunka's lions and other features. At the Howard Athenaeum next week will be the Wine, Woman and Song co., including Gilbert and Goldie, the Eton-Gough Trio, Backett Brothers, Sheehan and Kennedy, and Kine and Gotthold, and the Howards' own co., made up of Ryan and Richfield, Irving Jones, the Yampetop Japs, Mile, Klatta, Charles Burks, La Toque, Bely and Currier, Jugg Turner, Myers and Davis, Lucene Bayard, and Fred Bayard. The Parisian Widows will be at the Palace next week, with Ellsworth and Bart, Snyder and Buckley, Falke and Lillian, Elliott and Albert, Gallagher and Hazzett, and Williams and Allen. Miss New York, Jr., will be at the Lyceum next week, with Madge Fox, Fernum and Nelson, Hilton Brothers, Emma Brown, Hill and Mills, Clifford and Burke, and the Browns. JAY BENTON.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Keith's (Charles Lovenberg, resident manager); Large house and a strong bill made a glowing combination 10-15. Rose Coghlan

THE GYPSIES.



J. KNOX GAVIN and JENNIE PLATT
Presented George Tazart's Comedy, **THE GYPSIES**, at Keith's Theatre, Providence, R. I., Dec. 10-15.
News, Providence, Dec. 17.

J. Knox Gavin and Jennie Platt offer a picturesque operatic sketch in which solos and duets are combined with very witty dialogue and other comedy features; and both in the pleasing character of their vocal efforts and in the effective way in which they bring out the comedy qualities of the act they are highly successful, and won appreciation that was hearty and merited.

Telegram, Providence, Dec. 11.

J. Knox Gavin and Jennie Platt, in their comedy musical sketch, "The Gypsies," sing very sweetly together and develop a fine blending of voices. Their act is highly picturesque and is of the sort to create a most favorable impression, as it did in their opening performances, to judge from the applause accorded them.

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 Walter Perry, in The Catholic News, New York, Nov.
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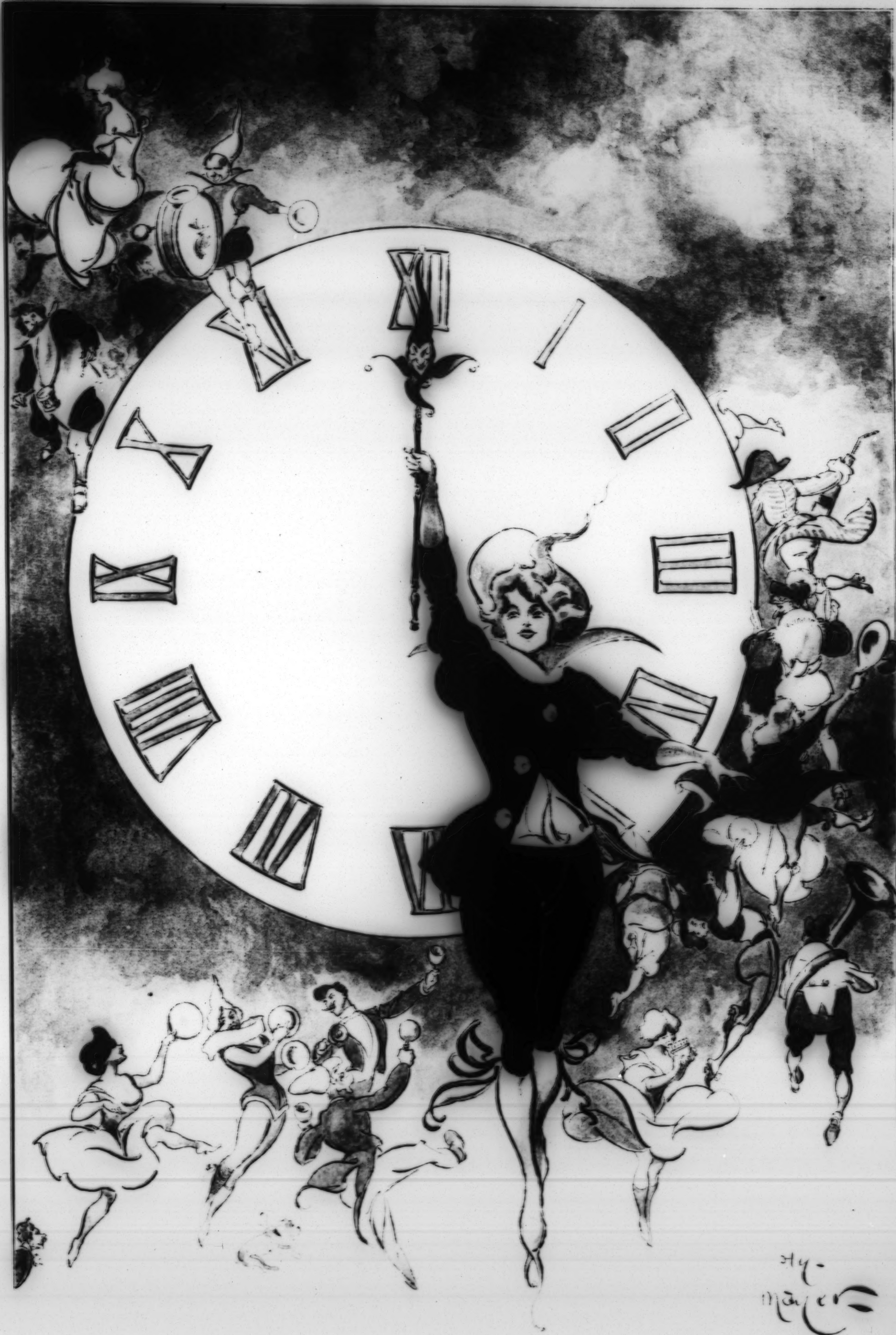
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ROMEO AND JULIET AT PIONEER GULCH.

In the early territorial days of Montana few and far between were the dramatic companies that were tempted to make a journey to that then distant land. It was an undertaking expensive as well as venturesome. The few mining towns that contained the bulk of the Territory's population were hundreds of miles from the nearest railroad. Montana was then, in a measure, cut off as much from outside civilization, especially for theatrical enterprises, as was the Klondike country a year ago.

Many and wonderful were the reports of the great discoveries of gold in the "Alder" and "Lost Chance" gulches that found their way to "the States." They were sufficiently alluring to tempt some Thespians to cast their fortunes "on the hazard of the die."

During those days, when Montana's yield of "dust" was exported in butter tubs—the time that aptly may be termed Montana's golden age—there were occasional visits of theatrical companies, and nearly all of them composed of well-known players. The late C. W. Coudock and his daughter, Eliza, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Waldron, Julia Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Selden Irwin, and dear old Jack Langrishe, "the noblest Roman of them all," were the "trail blazers." In Langrishe's company there were quite a number who since then scored successes in their profession, while others are fondly remembered for their genial social qualities.

In the course of time the yield of the placer mines decreased and the population grew smaller. Quartz mining being as yet unknown in Montana, the Thespian eventually had to move his cart to fresh fields and pastures new, leaving a dramatic dearth behind. There was yet, however, a harvest for what are called parlor entertainments, such as elocutionists, concerts, magicians, monologists, etc. It was refreshing to the people to have something beyond and above their own resources to break the monotony of the long Winter nights. In their amusements they were not overexacting and they attended predisposed to enjoy "the show." They had not advanced to that stage of critical culture which prompts the picking to pieces of performers and performance alike. I often think that the entertainments and dramatic performances of those days, given as they were amid the most crude surroundings, were to the people of that time much more delightful than are the most artistic performances of great players to the blasé audiences of the present day.

It was at this period that a lady who possessed considerable talent, both as an actress, musician, and vocalist, made her appearance in Montana. Her name was Laura Honey Stephenson. In private life she was Mrs. Church. She was accompanied by her husband, who acted as manager and impresario in general. They arrived in a "prairie schooner" from Corinne, Utah, and were destined for Deer Lodge. The freight team on which they traveled the long and weary journey of five hundred miles camped a little way outside of town. There was a creek nearby, and a hasty toilet was made by the wandering minstrels, and soon the signatures of "Europe's most famous prima donna" and her impresario, W. A. B. Church, graced the hotel register. It did not take much time for Madame Rumor to get her poke bonnet in order and confidentially whisper to the nearest listener how the great singer happened to honor Deer Lodge with her presence. She was suffering from an affection of the lungs, and an enlargement of the heart, and only

the ozone of the Rockies and the inhalations of the salubrious breezes from the pines, the aroma from the sagebrush, together with a gypsy style of living, could bring back the regular pulsations of an artistic heart and the thrilling bird-like warbles.

By a petition of prominent citizens Miss Stephenson was prevailed upon to give one of her Shakespearean readings in character, a great condescension on her part, of course. Impresario Church secured the court house, the only place available for such a purpose for the appointed night. As I have already stated, Miss Stephenson was a clever entertainer. Socially, artistically, and pecuniarily she scored an undoubted success. The beauty, culture, and fashion of the then lively and hospitable little city were out in full force on the occasion, and after felicitous adieux between artist and audience Miss Stephenson and Mr. Church took the next morning's stage for what was then one of the liveliest placer mining camps in Western Montana—Pioneer Gulch.

This place had not a large population, but the big hearts of the fellows that were there made up for the paucity of their numbers. Pioneer Gulch and Bear Gulch were then the only typical camps in Montana that brought back memories of the early days in California to the chance visitor from the Golden State. There was the same happy-go-lucky life, the same happy, good-natured, joyous gangs who, especially on the Sunday afternoons, came from the surrounding gulches for a good time, and drank and gambled and danced together. The glory of Pioneer Gulch has vanished. Many of the quaint characters it boasted of now rest on the hillside, overlooking the old camp. The setting sun lingers lovingly over the little mounds, kissing into shadows the little crosses or headstones that mark their last resting place. The evening breezes sighing through the wide pine branches and the tall bunch grasses chant for them a gentle requiem. May their awakening be where there is no night, and their claims be staked for all eternity in that city whose streets are paved with gold.

It was to Pioneer Gulch that the Gilmer and Salisbury stage coach conveyed Laura Honey Stephenson. Pioneer Gulch had what few other camps possessed in those days, a public hall. It was situated about fifty feet from the little hotel, on the same side of the single street, and was called Fenian Hall. Bills were duly distributed announcing the arrival of the peerless Shakespearean actress and vocalist, Laura Honey Stephenson, who would present for one night only, "by request of the citizens of Pioneer Gulch, the Bard of Avon's greatest and grandest tragedy, 'Romeo and Juliet,' as presented by Miss Stephenson before the most cultured and delighted audiences in the principal capitals of both hemispheres. Miss Stephenson's versatility will be wondered at, when the audience will perceive the many and varied characters which she so eminently displays, and in every one, as Shakespeare says, she holds the mirror up to nature."

"The great feature of the entertainment," continued the bills, "will be the balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

Juliet Laura Honey Stephenson
Romeo Mr. Nemo

"The curtain will rise promptly at 8 P. M."

To let the reader into the secret, Mr. Nemo, of the balcony scene, was nothing more than a dummy clothing figure, a wire frame shaped like a man's body, and

surmounted by a wooden head. This figure was artistically costumed with a rich velvet hauberk, a cap plumed with ostrich feathers, and a heavy folding cloak that draped the nether part of the figure. Mr. Nemo was staked in the centre of the little platform that served for a stage. A large kitchen table, masked in by a large kitchen clothes horse draped with red blankets constituted the balcony. While the necessary stage was being set for the balcony scene a curtain was drawn across the stage. It was made of some bright colored cotton cloth, with brass rings sewn on at the top, and strung on a wire stretched from side to side by screw eyes. Such a curtain was the principal prop of the itinerant stroller of the palmy days.

In due time the curtain was drawn aside, and the dummy Romeo was propped a little right of centre. Juliet appeared in the effulgence of a full moon, effected by a coal oil lamp and a glass reflector. There was a dead silence. Then the lines came in a gurgly whisper, "But soft, what light through yonder window breaks," etc. The applause at the close of the scene was tumultuous. It was Shakespeare's introduction to a Pioneer Gulch audience. When, at the close of the performance, the audience left Fenian Hall, it was unanimously agreed upon that "the Honey Stephenson show was a hummer." Of course, it was only natural that opinions should be exchanged over something to quench the thirst, and as those opinions were exchanged, it so happened that they were frequently at variance. Some maintained that the fellow who played Romeo was a d—n stick, that he never said a word, and that the girl spoke all the lines herself. The dispute on this point grew so warm that a wager was made, and it was in order for the man that lost to set up the drinks for the crowd. During the altercation the crowd grew larger and the excitement higher. Finally some one ventured to say that "Romeo was not a live man at all, but only a wooden man."

To determine this point the crowd went back to Fenian Hall, struck a light, and found Romeo lying on the wooden table that did service for the balcony. The boys were ready for fun. They carried Romeo along with them. Every saloon in the gulch was visited. Romeo was laced up against every bar in Pioneer that night. His drink was never wanting, until at last, tired out with their diversion, Romeo was taken away to some miner's cabin, converted for the nonce into a calaboose, and there the love-sick scion of the house of Montague was laid, a prisoner, charged with being drunk and disorderly.

About nine o'clock in the morning the stage coach that was to carry the "company" to Missoula was due in Pioneer. Church, who was property man as well as impresario, went to the hall to get their belongings. Imagine Miss Laura Honey Stephenson's dismay when her spouse rushed into the hotel and excitedly cried:

"Laura, Laura, where is Romeo? I can't find him anywhere, what did you do with him?"

"Why," she replied, "I threw him on the old table I used for the balcony."

"Well," said Church, "you'd better go find him yourself, for I can't."

So she, in turn, went to the hall, crying: "Romeo! Romeo! Where art thou, Romeo?" But no Romeo was visible. Just as she emerged from the hall, a small boy in front of the door said:

"Are you lookin' for Mr. Rummy, ma'am?"

"Ye-yes," she tearfully replied.

"Well," said the lad, "the boys had him out last night, an' you bet, they had a good time; but I dunno what made them put Rummy in the lock up."

At this moment the distant, yet piercing sound of a tin whistle was heard playing a funeral march, and presently from a turn in the road a small procession hove in sight. Two men carried an improvised stretcher, upon which was placed the figure of Romeo, whose appearance after the night's debauch was anything but respectable.

A crowd had already assembled, as the stage coach was in. The laughs of the bystanders were loud and long as they gazed on the ruined scion of the house of Montague. Miss Stephenson was in tears, and an old miner, taking in the situation, called aloud:

"Now, you boys had a Hades of a good time last night, but I want to tell you

KISMET.

THEY were gliding o'er the ice
Hand in hand;
She was modest and so nice
Smile so bland;
But he rarely spoke a word—
Seemed afraid,
While she chirruped like a bird
Artless maid!

On they glided; twirls and curves
Followed fast;
Silence sometimes tries the nerves
Toward the last;
Roses on her roguish cheek
Tempted not,
Every vow he meant to speak
Was forgot.

Fate, at last, came to her aid
While they flew;
And the bashful youth and maid
Nearer drew;
For he tumbled; and he sat
In a trice
On the crystal lake, and that
Broke the ice!

MONROE H. ROSENFELD.



fellows a little story," and here in a crude but impressive way he related the fable of the boys and the frogs. "Now, you fellows was jest like them 'ere boys who pelted them 'ere frogs. What you thought was fun was death to this poor woman, fur she can't show ag'in 'til she gits a new Rummy. So, boys, let's chip in." Holding out his hat he dropped in a \$5 bill, saying: "There goes with a V. Now, you fellows jump up lively, for this 'ere coach are about to start."

And they did chip in. The old man struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the manly fellows, and, 'mid smiles and tears, Laura Honey Stephenson expressed her appreciation of the kind fellows around her. The crowd cheered lustily as the driver cracked his whip over the heads of the four spanking grays, and away whirled the stage coach with the participants in the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet" in the genial and generous old mining camp, Pioneer Gulch.

JOHN MAGUIRE.

THE SUREST WAY.

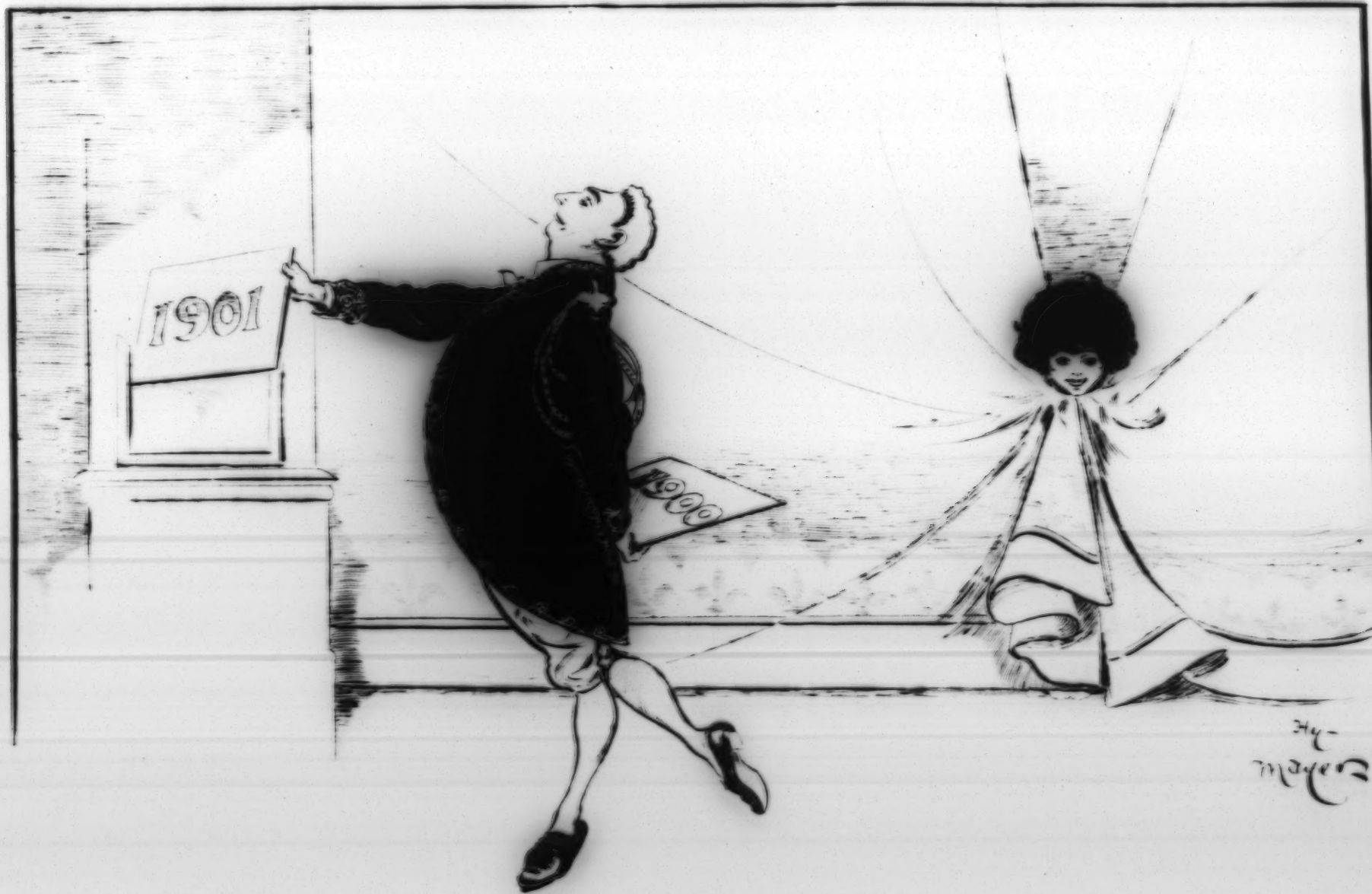
YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT: "My greatest desire is to leave a name to be handed down to posterity."

OLD CYNIC: "Then I should advise you to get married at once, Mr. Hope."

A DISTINCTION.

LITTLE RUTH: "Are all actors good men, mamma?"

MAMMA (forty years young): "No, dear, but all men are good actors!"



THE WORLD'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.
CHANGING THE CARDS FOR THE NEXT TURN.



A STAR'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

The New York Dramatic Mirror.

THROUGH LONDON WITH DICKENS.

Nothing which has found his way so surely as Charles Dickens to every English-speaking heart. It is no less true that no writer has more thoroughly understood himself and his writings with the great English metropolis. London, from many hours in which pain and sickness have been changed into cheerfulness and mirth through the wand of this enchanter—how many a combatant beaten down in the battle of life and nowhere is the battle more sharply waged than in this great commonwealth of America) has caught new hope, new courage, and new force from the many lessons of this unobtrusive teacher!

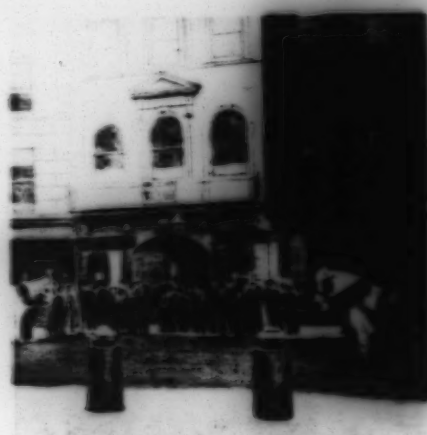


THE WHITE HART INN.

No other writer of English, except Shakespeare, has left as many characters as Dickens, that are known by their names as familiar as household words and that bring to the mind vividly and at once a certain well-understood set of ideas, habits, phrases, and costumes, making together a man, a woman, or a child whom we know at a glance and recognize at a sound, as we do our most intimate friends.

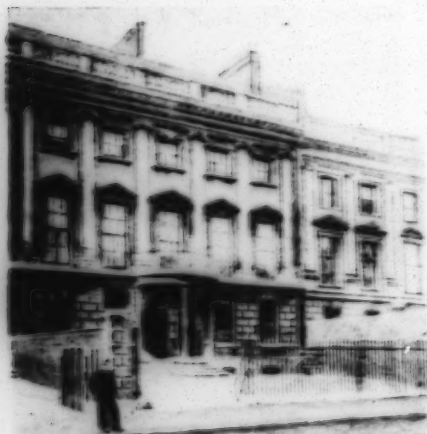
Rich as England is in historic memories, she possesses a charm and fascination to an American impossible to an Englishman, to whom such places have long been familiar in a common, everyday sort of way. Dickens was always very careful in the identification of the localities to which he referred. Many of these old landmarks are fast disappearing and many others are irrevocably gone. Being more at home in London and thus surer of his ground Dickens usually gives us a clearer identification of the places to which he refers, sometimes naming street after street, so that one can follow him through the very by-ways of old London. He studied up the location of his novels with nearly the same zeal he bestowed upon his characters.

It was a rainy morning that I found myself, after much aimless walking, in "The Borough." It is the same commonly given to that portion of London that lies on the Surrey side of the river Thames, and is directly opposite that great centre, The City. The great artery of The Borough, High Street, was for centuries the only road from the south and west to London Bridge, before crossing which horses were put up at one of the



DOCTOR'S COMMONS.

many inns. None of these inns is now in existence. Crossing the Thames by London Bridge we find an immense traffic still pouring through High Street, we pass where The George, The King's Head, and The Queen's Head, famous old inns in their day, once stood; but, alas! they now are gone forever, the last disappearing only a few years ago to make way for the many improvements in modern London. I write of the celebrated White Hart. In Shakespeare's day it was the spot on which the temporary stage was erected for dramatic performances, the spectators being grouped around or looking down from the balustraded galleries. This inn, it will be remembered, was the place of meeting of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, after the elopement of Miss Rachel Wardle



TULKINGHORN'S RESIDENCE.

with Mr. Alfred Jingle. The room in the second balcony was pointed out to me as the identical chamber to which the old maid retired after her hurried trip with Jingle.

On the morning I first visited The White Hart I entered through a sort of alleyway. Over the entrance was an old-fashioned lamp which bore a sign, The Old White Hart. Tramping down the muddy alley to the yard I was struck by the accurate description given by Dickens's remarkable pen, and also by some of the illustrations in several editions of his works. There were the rows of galleries and the stairway. Several country wagons were in the yard and a few horses; men were lounging about. On the right hand side was a public house. I entered and ordered luncheon. Game being then in season, I was served with half a pheasant, with an apple tart, and was greatly surprised when I paid my bill. Including a pint of Bass, the modest sum of two shillings was all that was asked.

On my way back to the city I stopped just before I crossed London Bridge near the scene of Nancy Sikes's interview with Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie, which took place at midnight on the steps of the Bridge near St. Savior's Church, and it will be remembered that Noah Claypool here ensconced himself as an unseen listener.

From London Bridge I took a cab and drove to St. Paul's churchyard, determining to look into Doctor's Commons. Sam Weller says, "A low archway, with a dingy lamp over it." On the right hand as you enter you read the sign, Heath and

Ross, on the left, Arthur and Co. In 1890 nothing about the old place had changed, and I was not at all surprised when I saw approaching me an old man in a high hat, very well worn and ancient, with a white apron on "as tools for license."

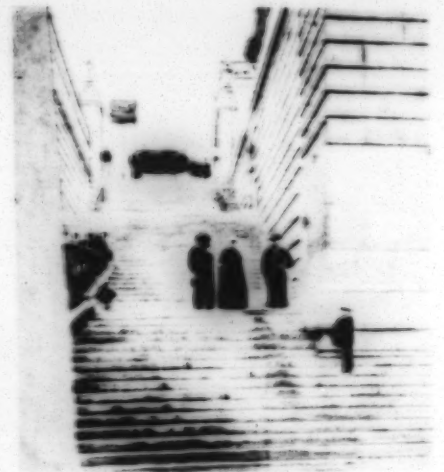


THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

Upon good authority I was informed that this old party was a "Tout." When Dickens wrote the "Pickwick Papers" this tout was garrulous enough, and when I requested the favor of taking a photo of him he was very indignant and gave the immortal "Boz" quite a raking over, but in the end gracefully stood in position before the camera. Outside of Doctor's Commons all was noise and bustle in the busy thoroughfare, but it was very quiet within, surrounded as it was by old-fashioned offices, in one of which the Vicar-General to the Archbishop of Canterbury used to preside, as you could learn from a sign on the door, and all London went there before a man could take unto himself a mate. Tulkington's house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which takes place so much of the action and around which moves so much of the current of Bleak House, has always had a peculiar fascination for me. The reason is not difficult to find. Dickens has taken the house of his friend, John Foster, with which he was so familiar, as the residence of Tulkington. It is on the west side of the square, No. 58, and if any other corroborative evidence is needed let the reader turn to Macdise's sketch in the "Life" of the gathering in John Foster's chambers to hear Dickens read his then new Christmas story of the "Chimes." He had come up from Italy for this reading prior to publication, having written to Foster to invite Carlyle, Jerrold, Macdise, Stanfield, and others to be on time. Macdise made a sketch of the room and its inmates, and there in the left hand corner you can still see the very frescoes, weird figures with waving arms and pointing fingers, that Dickens placed with such ghostly effect on Tulkington's ceiling.

Just out of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in crooked little Portsmouth Street, stands, or I should say, totters, a queer-looking old house, it is one of those ancient buildings that are fast disappearing from the London streets. Its knees are crooked and its back all awry, and on its cross timbered front we read in quaint and odd-looking lettering, "The Old Curiosity Shop."

It is only two stories, the first floor being a musty little shop, with its counter, floor, and shelves heaped up with old books and newspapers of every description. As I entered through the old door a stout little man shuffled down the narrow stairway from above, rubbing his spectacles and volubly trying to sell me some of his stock. The old fellow informed me that Charles Dickens took the title from this house and made it the scene of his story. I was a little doubtful about this, but I am not forbidden to believe that it is the original old shop, and it is a pardonable pleasure that comes to me as I look at the book stall and through the begrimmed window across to the old public house nearly opposite. I can easily imagine Dick Swiveller waiting and quenching his thirst in the "Rosy," while young Trent has come over to see if the old man is friendly, and will respond to Dick's watchword, "to fork over, sir, fork." The public house is the Black Jack, and of it local gossip relates that most of the story was written within its walls. In 1808, when I was last in London, it was with regret



LONDON BRIDGE.



SIKES'S HOUSE.

that I found workmen busily demolishing this old landmark of the great novelist's wondrous pen.

I want to take you to one more interesting spot before we go down to Rochester, and that is the house in which Bill Sikes murdered Nancy. By far the most touching portion of "Oliver Twist," and that which shows Dickens's masterly perception of character, is the story of Nancy. The story culminates after her visit to London Bridge, where she endeavored to harmonize the best instincts of her nature, to save the boy and still cling to the man who would ruin her, and for this effort paid the penalty of her life. The house was in Fetter Lane, and was not demolished until about 1886.

I cannot resist the temptation to relate a story given me by the great French actor, Fechter, about Dickens. One night Dickens and several others, Fechter and Wilkie Collins among the number, were dining in extempore fashion with him in his rooms over the office of *All the Year Round* in Wellington Street. It was a simple meal—some fish, a joint, an entree, cheese, and a salad ordered from a nearby restaurant. The wines passed around freely, and there was much smoking. "Dickens," said Wilkie Collins, "how about a glass of port—is it possible here?" The eyes of the host twinkled. An idea had evidently shot through his brain.



THE GAD'S HILL PLACE.

"Wilkie," said he, "you are a fine judge of port, are you not?" Collins shrugged his shoulders, but the smile that decorated his features plainly indicated his belief in his judgment.

Dickens wrote a hurried note, and summoned a servant, who departed. "Now, gentlemen," said he to the guests, "I am going to give you a glass of wine such as you rarely enjoy. It's a wine with a history, and ought to be drunk in silence with a prayer." And so he went on praising the port in exaggerated sentences. In a few moments the messenger returned, and a bottle of port was opened and passed around. Dickens pretended to admire the rich deep tint of the wine. Then he applied it to his nose and burst forth into panegyrics about the sublimity of its bouquet. Finally he tasted it, and his palate seemed to experience an ecstasy of enjoyment. His enthusiasm was infectious. Wilkie Collins and the others imitated the master. They all looked wise, smelled languorously, and sipped with deliberation. "What do you say, Collins?" asked Dickens. "How does it strike you?"

"A glass of delicious wine. I should say it must be twenty years in bottle, and it has the perfume of a flower."

They filled their glasses, and the bottle was soon empty. "Now, gentlemen," said Dickens, as the last drop fell from the bottle, "I am really glad you like that wine, and it is a further evidence of what I believe to be true—that few are capable of judging wine correctly after eating heartily, drinking generously, and smoking immoderately. Imagination has a good deal to do with the formation of opinion under such circumstances. I have praised that wine more than it deserves. I am sorry to be compelled to shatter your illusions, but what you have drunk is Short's port, and cost three and sixpence a bottle."

Early one Wednesday morning, from Waterloo Station, I left London and all its bustle, determined on a brief trip down in Kent. The morning was bright and beautiful. Rochester to Gad's Hill Place is three miles distant. A more beautiful walk could not be found in all England. The country was in blossom, the grass and the hedges green, the hop-vines just sprouting, the maple, oak, and ivy glorious in new leaves. The old and quaint buildings on every side, so picturesque, and the most perfect roads—what a surprise they would be to our street commissioners!

At last I approached Gad's Hill Place, and sat down on a stone by the roadside to contemplate it leisurely. It is inclosed by a brick wall, a handsome hedge overtopping it. The house is built of brick, two and a half stories high, and almost completely covered with ivy. It stands a little back from the road, and is surrounded by a most beautiful lawn and flowers. Since Dickens's death it has passed into other hands. It is now owned by Sir Henry Latham. The gentleman was not at home when I called, so I presented my letter to one of the servants, who kindly consented to show me around this now historical house.

To the right of the hall was Dickens's library. As you enter the door you are surprised, for the inside of this door is apparently filled with handsome books. Upon closer investigation I found they were only dummies. I dotted down a few of the titles. They are as follows: "Had Shakespeare's Uncle a Singing Face?" "Was Shakespeare's Father Merry?" "Phrenology," "Italian Organs," "Cats' Lives," "Captain Cook's Life of Savage," "Five Minutes in China," "The Quarterly Review," "The Scotch Fiddle Burns," "Shelly's Oysters," "The Pleasures of Boredom," "Water Works of Father Mathew," "The Gunpowder Magazine," "Darwin's Recollections of Nothing," "A Carpenter's Bench of Bishops," "Forty Winks of the Pyramids," "Jonah's Account of the Whale," and many others.

To the north of this room, and opening on the hall, is the dining-room. It is large and comfortable. At one end is an immense old-fashioned fire place, at the other end is a conservatory filled with beautiful and fragrant flowers. Dickens died in this room. He was sitting at dinner, and being taken suddenly ill started for the conservatory, at the door of which he staggered, reeled and fell headlong, dead.

After a glass of wine I wandered about the lawn. I could see a tunnel leading from the lawn to a beautiful park on the other side of the roadway. Dickens called



"FOOTS FOR LICENSE."

this tunnel and its entrance the "Wilderness." It certainly was wild enough, being covered with ivy and filled with roses. In this park across the road, that the tunnel leads to, at one time stood the Swiss Chalet presented to him by his great friend, Charles Fechter. It has since been removed, and now stands on the terrace garden of Cobham Hall. It is described in the Pickwick Papers.

At last I bid adieu to the scenes so dear to all lovers of "Boz" and wend my way back to the old inn, pausing for a moment to take one more lingering glance at Dickens's dear old home. I pause for a moment, tears come to my eyes; I think of the preface to "Dombey and Son"—how he tells me that he walked the streets of Paris the live long night after his little friend Paul and he parted company. The spirits of his many characters seemed to be around me. Dear "Boz!" He with the gentle heart, the lover of children, the enemy to tyranny, and the champion of the poor and the lowly—will we ever look upon your like again? Alas, no! The grand geometrical of the universe is chary of his mental jewels. He has only given us one Milton, one Shakespeare, and one noble glowing heart—Charles Dickens.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

FAME.

FROM the edge of a cloud one dreary night
Peeped an angel's face.
Then, with a glimmer of silvery light,
Through the silent space
Fell a shower of blossoms wondrous white.

I claimed but one of the flowers fair,
Trembling and heavy with perfume rare.
It drooped its head
With rapturous joy that was almost pain.
I kissed the sweet petals again and again.
And, lo, 'twas dead!

FRANCESCA DE MARIA.



THE LATE CHARLES COCHLAN

As Henri Beaucherc in "Diplomacy."

HOW THE CORSICANS AMUSE THEMSELVES.

CORSICA is not favored in the way of amusements. There are only two theatres on the whole length and breadth of the island, one being at Bastia and the other at Ajaccio (the birthplace of Napoleon), and it occupies seven hours by rail to journey from one town to the other, though they are only one hundred and twenty-five miles apart. This languid rate of propulsion would not rhyme with the ideas of the officers of the New York Central or the Pennsylvania Railroad Company with their lightning expresses and cozy corridor cars.

The theatre at Ajaccio is open about four weeks in the year; not continuous weeks—that would be too severe a strain on the resources of the town—but a week now and again, when a third-class French dramatic troupe can be induced to cross the sea from Marseilles or Nice, or an obscure Italian company sees fit to embark from Genoa or Leghorn to put in "six nights and a matinee" on the island as a sort of festive trip or occasional holiday jaunt which would probably pay expenses.

It is a habit of some of the best distinguished Italian composers, who write for the provincial theatres, to visit Corsica and Malta to try, by way of rehearsal, their operas and operettas before seriously producing them in the theatres of their own



country. The orchestras on these tentative occasions usually consist of a cottage piano, two violins, a violoncello, and a cornet, and the performers are mainly picked up in and about the towns visited, the composer directing the band. This is trying it on the Corsican or Maltese "dog" with a vengeance, but these dogs are patient, long suffering animals, as far as art is concerned. The composer certainly creates an opportunity of judging of the effect of his work on an audience, but the value of the critical opinion of such a mixed, untutored assembly is open to question. The representation of an opera with five instruments and the players thereof



THOSE SMALL DRESSING ROOMS.
"TIS SMALL—AH—BUT WHAT MATTERS!"

by no means learned musicians cannot be a very inspiring melodic experiment.

I remember, on an occasion, being told in Lancashire that the day before a circus came to a certain town the pawnbrokers did a thriving trade and countless household articles were pledged in order to procure the "needful" to see the show. The same conditions obtain at Ajaccio, and the day before the theatre opens the gentlemen who swing out three gilt balls as a symbol of their occupation are in active demand by the *ganins* and humble folk who patronize the upper gallery.

The theatre was closed when I was at Ajaccio a few weeks ago, but I had a view of the interior. It would hold, I should say, eight hundred people, and is of the conventional horseshoe shape with abundance of stage room. Several of the private boxes are provided with small anterooms at their back where the occupants can sup, smoke, lounge, and even sleep if they so desire. The neighboring restaurants supply refreshments at a surprisingly low figure. You can have a modest supper of bread and butter, *broccio* (a delicious cream cheese peculiar to the island), with a bottle of bock beer for a franc a head, and by making the outlay two and a half francs you will be supplied with a flask of the excellent native white wine called "Tallano," which many prefer to Burgundy.

There is a good sized Music Hall in the heart of the town, and several dingy "Sing Songs" in the side streets, which are principally patronized by the hardy mariners and fishermen that swarm about the island. This class of patrons is easily satisfied, provided the performer is showily costumed and possesses a stout pair of lungs. The more leg the female artists disclose the better is "Jack" pleased. He is never shocked, no matter how vivid the impersonation may be, and as for vulgarity he does not know the meaning of the word. I paid a brief visit to the principal Music Hall, and the persons engaged were of the exceedingly small fry of vocalists, musicians, and acrobats that one associates with the suburban *cabarets* of Lyons and Marseilles, or in England with the beach of Ramsgate, which in Summer time swarms with itinerant performers of a low grade. It was here I heard a damsel, who was furiously billed as "La Pierrette," a divette who announced herself from a Parisian Montmartre establishment. Her screeching in a sharp ragged-edged voice of execrable quality was enough to split the drums of sensitive ears, and the "make-up" of her countenance in red and white inartistically daubed on in patches reminded me of a cheap clown in a country circus.

The Corsican, not being largely supplied with theatrical or musical entertainments, procures some excitement from horse races. I attended a "Grand Prix" (it was thus boldly announced) at Ajaccio. The race course is about two miles out of the town. A dusty road is traversed to reach it, but as it is situated on a green plateau surrounded by mountains covered with cactus and aloes, and great groves of olive trees, the *mise-en-scene* is exceedingly picturesque. As the admission to the course is only fifty centimes (ten cents), it can well be imagined that the *cannaille d'en bas* is strongly in evidence. I never beheld such a mass of riff-raff, ragged specimens of humanity assembled in the whole course of my experience.

There was a portion of the field roped off for the better classes of Ajaccio, the tribunes consisting of low wooden platforms about two feet in height, on which were placed rows of cane chairs. These were located opposite the conventional winning post, and on them were seated the Prefect and his family and the representative aristocrats of Ajaccio and its neighborhood.

The big event of the day was the "Grand Prix of the Municipal Council" for twelve hundred francs, for which there were nine entries; and a peculiarity of the race was that the competitors were all mares, three years old, and born in Corsica. I certainly never saw such a scraggy, seedy group of animals undertake a contest of speed. They might have passed muster as cab-horses, and were without a suggestion of blood, breed, or style; but they all were endowed with fine names, which read pleasingly on the "Programme des Courses." When they stood in a line to start for this "Grand Prix" they presented a really comical appearance. On an English or American race course they would have been saluted with shouts of laughter; but here the array of *pouliches*, as the programme announced them, were

taken quite seriously, and their points in preliminary cautions gravely discussed. The only "points" obvious to me were their poor bones and ribs, which in some of the animals were uncomfortably apparent.

The Ajaccio course is about a mile in length. The mares went twice around, and the winner must have been a quarter of a mile ahead of the other competitors. They came straggling in with distances of hundreds of yards between them. The last man to arrive led his animal, and some accident must have befallen both man and beast, as they both limped. I noticed that the victor turned his head now and again to see how his rivals were progressing, and he regulated his speed accordingly.

And the garb of the "jocks" elaborately set forth on the race cards in glowing phrases was wonderful to behold. The *casque et toque roses* of one rider was made of faded pink muslin, and badly made at that. There was an entire absence of silk and satin, the costumes suggesting the sweepings of a theatrical wardrobe that had been left behind by a strolling company of comedians whose trunks had been seized to pay their hotel bills. What the races lacked in excitement, as far as sport was concerned, they certainly made up in unexpected drollery, and any one with the slightest sense of humor could extract a couple of cheerful hours by keeping ears and eyes open.

In the mountain villages, to show how hard up the people are for amusement, I may mention an incident. It occurred at the hamlet of Fozzano, where Prosper Merimee, by the way, located the plot of his charming romance, "Colomba." As I entered the principal inn kept by a buxom widow, I observed standing near the door an odd-looking creature who seemed to be dressed in a compilation of old bed-clothes. When I passed he executed a profound salutation, with many flourishes of his arms, in a lofty, grotesque manner. One would have thought he was welcoming the Grand Turk or the Emperor of China—people, I believe, who incline toward exaggerations in salutation. I asked the hostess of the inn who the strange-looking individual was.

"Oh!" she said, touching her forehead, "he's a little gone here. He fancies he's the Shah of Persia one day, another the King of Greece, which explains his remarkable poses. He hangs about the village, but does no harm. His poor brain

entertains all sorts of delusions. Some time ago he got the idea that he had swallowed a soldier. He protested that the only remedy for this mishap was to eat nothing, which would starve the intruder. He adhered to this resolution until he was on the point of collapse, when he suddenly exclaimed in a feeble voice, 'I can feel him no more; he has died of hunger,' and then he went on eating as usual. Another of his fads is to sleep in his wretched cabin with his door wide open, as he expects a visit from queen Victoria, and he doesn't wish to give her the trouble of knocking. In one corner of his room he has a huge chest, which he says is full of precious stones, and he intends them as a present to Her English Majesty. What his next mad fancy will be, Heaven knows; but, sir, he is the only amusement we have in our poor village."

I must say I pitied the slender resources of the place in the way of entertainment, its only distraction being the maundering of a wretched lunatic, so I bade my hostess good-by, thanking her for her efforts to make me comfortable; and when I paid my modest bill she offered me her soft, pulpy hand, and I found mine engulfed in it as though she held a poached egg in her palm.



"WHEN THEY SEE ME IN MY CREATION OF FALSTAFF"



"GOODNESS, I CAN'T GET OUT!"

In strolling about the thoroughfares of Ajaccio the lines of Victor Hugo on Buonaparte unconsciously rise to the mind:

"Toujours lui, lui partout, on l'admire en glaces,
Son image sans cesse élevant ma pensée."

For what with the statues, busts, and columns erected to the memory of Napoleon, the streets, squares, places, vessels, pleasure boats, baths and wash-houses, yachts, alleyways, villas, and even animals—dogs and horses—named after the great captain, the place may be said to absolutely wallow in Napoleonism. It is a whirlpool of Buonaparte anthropomorphism—that's a long-tailed word, but if the curious reader will take the trouble to look it up he will find that it aptly applies.

HOWARD PAUL.



SANTA CLAUS UP TO DATE.

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.



Edmund Kean

light in 1855. Seeking only for the picturesque and the anecdotic, and leaving the true to take care of itself, this writer was apparently in such haste to append "finis" to his labors that, when two versions of the one story came to hand, he made no attempt to discriminate, but related both, and left the bewildered reader to his own devices. Later on I shall have occasion to cite an example of this characteristic carelessness. Moreover, while one may concede that considerable light has been thrown on divers obscure points in the subsequent and better ordered biographies of Mr. F. W. Hawkins and Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, still it cannot be gainsaid that in regard to the lost years they have only rendered confusion worse confounded.

Through the existence of certain dubious anecdotes concerning Mrs. Siddons and Edmund Kean, it was perfectly well known to all three writers that the tragedian had spent a portion of his novitiate in the inhospitable climes of Ulster as a member of the Belfast Stock company. But in guessing at the date of the sojourn one and all went helplessly astray. It is idle to speak of the year 1806 or 1807 when a little research would have shown that Mrs. Siddons's final visit to Belfast was paid in the year 1805; precisely the period of Kean's residence there as a minor member of Michael Atkins's Stock company.

Some more or less diligent inquiry into the trend of early Ulster theatricals, prosecuted during the last lustrum with the main idea of ultimately writing at large the annals of the old Belfast circuit, happily enables me to fill up a few months in the provoking gap in Edmund Kean's career, and incidentally to traverse the silly tales of his tradition-ridden biographers.

The question naturally suggests itself, what the dickens had Kean to do in that galley? What brought him in 1805 to Belfast, then a modest, out-of-the-way little town, with no indication of its future commercial greatness? As luck will have it, I find myself in a position to answer that, principally by means of the rare and curious playbill now reproduced in fac-simile through the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Leigh. This bill is in itself a new fact in the life of Edmund Kean. It plainly shows that in the middle of February, 1805, our embryonic tragedian was playing on a temporary stage constructed in a billiard-room in a London suburb. There he was found by the Belfast manager, who engaged him, in company with Miss Macauley, from the Haymarket, and several others for his ensuing season. We have, in part, corroboration of this in a paragraph in *The Belfast Newsletter* of the 22d of March following, setting forth that "Yesterday Mr. Atkins, of our theatre, arrived here from London, with several performers from the capital, with which (c) he proposes to open the theatre in a few days."

Although he had already gained considerable stage experience, Kean was as yet only eighteen, and utterly despised and unfriended. He was within nine years of his succession to the tragic throne, but it was a long ladder and hard to climb. In what particular capacity he was engaged by Atkins, of Belfast, one has now no

ALL students of the checkered career of the greatest tragedian of modern times must have remarked the mysterious silence of his various biographers regarding his doings in the years 1804 and 1805. Quite too long has this chasm been looked upon as fittingly eloquent of the heartbreaking drudgery of Kean's wearisome probation. To my mind—and I hope to show reason for the faith that is in me—it speaks much more eloquently of a woful lack of research on the part of his biographers. Barry Cornwall, the first writer of a full "Life" of the tragedian, ranks at the head and front of the offending. Had the work been attacked in a proper spirit and not in that flippant, irresponsible manner indicated in the preface, there would have been no "lost years" of Edmund Kean to lament when Barry Cornwall's book saw the

pleasures of conjecture, I shall endeavor to confine myself to the discussion of such facts as can be proved to the hilt.

Limiting its performances, in accord with local custom, to three nights per week, the Belfast company began its season on Wednesday, March 27, 1805, with "Lovers' Vows" and "Rosina." Nothing of moment occurred until May, when little Miss Mudie, a child of six, essayed to cap the feats of Master Betty, whose first appearance had been made on the very same boards in 1803, and who had since experienced the sweets of success in making a triumphal tour of Great Britain. Parenthetically it may be noted that the little girl was not fated to eclipse the intoxicating glories of the Young Roscius, as her career came to an abrupt termination at Covent Garden in the following November, when she was hissed peremptorily from the stage.

After appearing in Belfast with great success as *Young Norval* in Home's tragedy and as *Fribble* in Garrick's farce of "Miss in Her Teens," "the female phenomenon," as the Mudie child was grandiloquently styled, was announced to take a benefit on May 31, when the chief attraction held out was the minim's appearance in Mrs. Jordan's great part of *Miss Peggy*, in a specially arranged version of "The Country Girl." As to the principal happenings of that eventful evening, they are

At the Theatre, Wivel's Billiard Room,
CANDEN-TOWN.

This point Evening, Friday, Feb. 15, 1805.

Will be performed the Dramatic Opera of

The Mountaineers,

Love and Madness:

Opera, Mr. KEAN
Miss Mary, Mr. NEWMAN
Miss, Mr. SMITH
One Voice, Mr. COLLINS
Miss, Mr. GROSSETT
Miss, Mr. GROSSETT
Miss, Mr. GROSSETT
Miss, Mr. GROSSETT

And of the

A Comic Song, by Mr. Grossett

Will be performed the Drama of

The Spoiled Child,

Miss Mary, Mr. GROSSETT
One Voice, Mr. NEWMAN
And Tomorrow Evening, the Drama of Miss GROSSETT.
Miss Mary, Mr. GROSSETT

FITZ GALLERY, Danvers Street, Cambridge.



THE OLD BELFAST THEATRE.

means of determining, but that it was not as leading man or to play principal juveniles, as his biographers would have us believe, ample evidence will be adduced to show. Unfortunately no great attention was paid to theatrical matters in the provincial press in those days; and very little trace of Kean's name in advertisement, critique, or playbill, is to be found. Much, however, as I find myself tempted, for this reason, to emulate the bad example of Kean's biographers and indulge in

best related in the words of *The Belfast Newsletter*, "At an early hour," says the issue of June 7, "the theatre was surrounded by a crowd of genteel people, and when the doors were opened the house was immediately filled in every corner. At the rising of the curtain one of the performers came upon the stage and acquainted the audience that, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Keane (sic), who was to have played the part of *Belville*, the comedy could not be performed; but that, with their permission, the tragedy of 'Douglas' would be substituted. The audience felt disappointed; it occasioned great murmurings, and some altercations ensued, which, however, was (c) allayed by the judicious and soothing interference of Mr. May, the sovereign, who was in one of the boxes."

As Kean's name, for some occult reason, was invariably spelled with a terminal "e" throughout his Belfast engagement, some doubts may possibly be entertained as to whether the actor in question was the real Simon Pure. But surely this precipitate action—for the plea of indisposition was clearly a subterfuge—should dissipate all such fears. It was so completely characteristic of the man as to reveal the inmost fiber of his being. In after years indisposition with Kean meant caprice coupled with brandy, but it is problematical whether his flagrant drinking habits had as yet been materially developed. One thing we know for certain and Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy lays emphasis on the fact: Kean had a whole-souled repugnance for all infant phenomena, and even went so far as to refuse to act with William Henry West Betty when the quondam "Young Roscius" had arrived at early manhood. From these premises one may safely draw the conclusion that Kean, after rehearsing the role of *Belville*, the leading male part in the play, conceived a sudden disgust for his position, and assumed a weakness, if he had it not. Doubtless the character had been assigned to him not because it was his by prescription, but for the obvious reason that his short stature fitted him to play opposite parts to the precocious child. Had this been his regular line of business it is hardly likely that a night or two later we should find him assuming the minor character of *David* in "The Rivals." And yet this is precisely the part opposite which we find his name in an advertisement in *The Belfast Commercial Chronicle*, setting forth the attractions for the benefit of the sisters Adams on June 7. Meagre as are the details of the period, other evidence is not lacking to show the insignificance of Kean's position in the Belfast company. In the Spring of 1818 Miss Macauley, a clever but eccentric woman, who was in the lead under Atkins in 1805, was engaged by the committee at Drury Lane to support the then all-powerful Kean in principal characters, but the tragedian refused to act with her on the plea that she was incapable for the business she had undertaken. In the heat of the controversy which ensued we find Miss Macauley

According to Barry Cornwall's "Life," Keane, after leaving the Sheerness company on Easter Monday, 1801, as Master Carey, subsequently visited Ireland. He was acting at Belfast when Mrs. Siddons, who was engaged for a few nights as a "star," arrived there;

"The first is this: Mrs. Siddons was to open her engagement in *Zara*, Keau playing *Osmyn*. As usual, instead of learning his part, he employed the interim between her arrival and the play in drinking with some friends, with such success that when he came upon the stage the whole of his part had vanished from his memory. He could not recollect more than two or three lines, and was therefore reduced to the necessity of inventing as he went on—it may be readily supposed with what effect. His performance was a tissue of nonsense; sentences without meaning; tawdry phrases; drunken absurdities of all sorts. His auditors, luckily, were not critical; but the 'star' of the evening looked lowering upon him and expressed her unmitigated disgust. The next play to be performed was

"Douglas," and in this Kean played *Young Norval* to Mrs. Siddons's *Lady Randolph*. Whether he was ashamed of the past or was ambitious of showing the great tragic actress that "he, too, was an actor," we cannot say; but he played the part with infinite pathos and spirit. Mrs. Siddons was surprised into admiration. After the play this is Kean's own account: he came to him, and, putting him on the head, said: "You have played very well, sir; very well. It's a pity—but there's too little of you to do anything." The reader will smile over this prophecy and its refutation.

"The next story runs as follows: Mrs. Siddons was to appear in one of her great characters, but when the time came for rehearsing the play she was so unwell or fatigued with traveling that it was requested, as a favor, that the company would meet at her lodgings to go through the ceremony of rehearsal. This was acceded to, and the performers accordingly recited their several portions of



MRS. SIDMONS

[illegible]

seen as *Captain Aboult*, and the latter as *Charles Radcliff*, in "The Jew." It is important for us to note the engagement of these two sound actors, as their services were undoubtedly secured to give prominent and satisfactory support to Mrs. Siddons during her fare-well visit to the North later in the same month. As a good deal concerning Kean has been written around these final appearances in Belfast of the great actress, it will serve a useful purpose to give a summary of her performances there at that period:

Monday, August 19	Behrman in "Venice Preserved."
Tuesday, August 20	Milwood in "George Barnwell."
Wednesday, August 21	Lady Marbeth
Thursday, August 22	Zava in "The Mourning Bride."
Friday, August 23	(Her benefit) Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger."

The local rule of acting only on alternate nights was here broken in upon at the instigation of the illustrious visitor. It is matter for serious regret that, with the solitary exception of Miss Macauley, *The Belfast Newsletter*, in its notices of these memorable heave-takings, makes no mention of the players in support. Hence, as no other record of the visit has survived, one finds it impossible to determine how the five tragedies were cast. Nothing could well be more vexatious, as the missing details would have enabled us to put to the proof the doubtful anecdotes so com-

decently related of the meeting of Edmund Kean and Mrs. Siddons. Strictly speaking, although the point has so often been maintained, the famous pair did not act together for the first time on the boards of the old Belfast Theatre. Kean, or rather "Master Carey," as he was then called, had played *Prince Arthur* to the *Constance* of Mrs. Siddons and the *King John* of Kemble at Drury Lane in or about the month of May, 1801. But such is the untruthfulness of theatrical anecdote that the conscientious historian might well pray for a Universal Bill for its suppression. In the bad old days, when the player was the mere shuttlecock of public caprice, and the writing of his life a pleasant irresponsibility, stories relating to his career were eagerly sought for by way of agreeable padding, and little scruple was entertained as to their accuracy.

By way of example let us look for a moment at that highly colored fable of the encounter of Edmund Kean and Mrs. Siddons at Belfast, so admirably embroidered upon by a long line of narrators. Does the slenderest substratum of truth underlie this pleasing fiction? Shun delights and live laborious days amid the treasures of the British Museum library, ransack all the available resources of the theatrical historian from top to bottom, and you shall fail to find the genesis of this story. Probably the first thing that will strike you is the absence of all reference to Kean's Belfast engagement in Phippen's "Authentic Memoirs" of the tragedian, published in 1814. Seemingly it was left to Barry Cornwall to give, a score of years later, the first account of this mythical encounter. But even then the tradition was dual in form, and the biographer, as already hinted, found himself unable to discriminate, with the result that he took the easiest way out of the difficulty by relating both versions. Everybody who knows anything about Kean's especial weaknesses will be amused to find Barry Cornwall giving one of the stories on the tragedian's mere *ipse dixit*. When in his cups and waxing autobiographic, the fiery-eyed little man was a veritable Munchausen!



MISS MURPHY.

[illegible]

which, as the critics say, 'calls for no particular remark.' There was one exception, however, to this easy mode of delivery, and that was in the person of the little man who was to play one of the secondary characters. He did not, it seems, think it sufficient to mar the poetry of Shakespeare, after the fashion of our modern professors of elocution. He was ambitious of *illustrating* the text. And accordingly, although he had not a great deal to do, he endeavored to do his best. While the other players went through their parts the great actress looked on and listened, now and then correcting their emphasis or accent, or suggesting some alteration; but when the little man spoke, she gazed at him very steadfastly, and on his ceasing said in her grave and weighty manner, 'Very well, sir—very well. I have never heard that part given in the same way before.' The 'little man' was Kean."

Another version of the first anecdote is told in Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's "Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean," wherein the tragedian is said, after his engagement at the Haymarket in 1806 (?) to have "traveled into Scotland and from there passed over to Belfast, where Atkins engaged him to play leading parts. Arriving there, he was told that two nights later Mrs. Siddons would give a few performances at the theatre, beginning with 'The Mourning Bride,' in which he was cast for *Osmyn*, a part with which he was wholly unfamiliar.

He immediately assured Atkins it would be impossible for him to attempt the character, but the manager answered he had engaged himself to play principal parts and must fulfill his contract. The young actor confessed his memory was slow to grasp or retain, and that it would be an act of injustice to himself, and likewise to Mrs. Siddons, to force this representation upon him; but Atkins would hear of no refusal.

"Accordingly he prepared to face the situation. He had previously accepted an invitation from a friend on board a sloop of war lying in Carrickfergus Bay to dine with him on Sunday. On Friday evening he betook himself to this friend, that he might study in greater peace and seclusion, and returned on Monday believing his



"The Pennsylvania Pilgrim."

Fair first-day mornings,
steeped in summer calm,
Warm, tender, sweet
with woodland balm.

John G. Whittier.

WALTER BURRIDGE
1900

efforts had been successful. A densely packed audience awaited the great actress, who was received with enthusiasm. Then silence fell upon the house. Kean began his part, spoke the first few lines, hesitated, and paused; the impressive bearing of Mrs. Siddons, the breathless attention of the crowd, made him forget his lines. Approaching the wings, he sought to catch the prompter's words, but in striving to repeat them spoke nonsense and ended in failure. Nothing but the presence of Mrs. Siddons suppressed the gradually increasing anger of the assemblage, and to appease its fury he came forward and explained the circumstances.

"Venice Preserved" was the next play in which Mrs. Siddons was to appear, a rehearsal for which was called next morning. Before it began she asked who was to represent Jaffier? Kean's name was mentioned. "What!" said she, indignantly, "surely not that horrid little man who destroyed the tragedy last night!" The manager assured her he was perfect in his part and would play it extremely well. His judgment proved correct; for not only did Kean please the audience, but likewise the Queen of Tragedy, who complimented him on his performance and foretold his success.

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has a charming grace of style and a gift of narrative, but he should have exercised more discrimination in selecting his materials. How, it might well be asked, could Kean have played under Atkins in 1806 when the said Atkins ceased to be manager of the Belfast Theatre with the close of the year 1805? A shade less culpable, if equally offensive, are the errors of Mr. F. W. Hawkins, whose "Life" was written so far back as the year 1869, when scientific accuracy in minor detail had not come to be looked upon as a *sine qua non* in this department of letters. In assigning "The Mourning Bride" and "Venice Preserved" story to 1807, Mr. Hawkins treats of Kean rather in the light of an accepted tragedian than as the unknown and unrespected member of a third-rate stock company. Nor is this all. We are told quite circumstantially that Kean's success during the Siddons visit induced the manager to prolong his engagement; that he achieved a moderate hit in the character of *Lord Torvald*, and appeared with acceptance as *Tancred* in "Tancred and Sigismunda." All of which is purely imaginative.

It is bitter to have to play the part of iconoclast, but it is imperative that the worshippers of false gods should be undeceived. Of the fabled encounter between Kean and Mrs. Siddons it remains to be said that so far from the existence of a tittle of evidence in support of any of the various narratives, all unimpeachable records point to their untenability. Let it be remembered—

1. That Kean, who is reputed by the anecdote-mongers to have arrived in Belfast only a day or two before Mrs. Siddons, had been for some months previously a regular member of Atkins' stock company.

2. That, judging by what we know of the kind of parts he played during the season, it was unlikely that Kean would have been thrust suddenly into the lead, more particularly when tried men like Chalmers and Mansell were both members of the company.

3. That Mrs. Siddons did not open in "The Mourning Bride," nor choose for her second appearance the tragedy of "Venice Preserved."

4. That "Douglas" had no place in the bill during Mrs. Siddons' engagement.

The Belfast season ended on September 24, 1805, when Mansell for his benefit played *Jaffier* in "Venice Preserved," to the *Pierre* of Chalmers and the *Belvidera* of Miss Macauley. There is some reason for believing that the house closed abruptly, owing to Atkins's pecuniary embarrassments, as (although he was not leaving the town) his goods and chattels were sold by auction at his residence a few days later. This occurrence affords a measure of corroboration to a phase of the interesting story related by an anonymous correspondent of the little Dublin sheet, *The Original Theatrical Observer*, of July 17, 1822, and written at a time when Kean was starring in the Irish capital. "In August, 1817," we are told, but the exact date of Kean's return was the 26th of July. "In August, 1817, he paid a visit to the Belfast Theatre in his professional avocation, and, having been closely pressed for time between his engagements, he did not reach the theatre door until the house was already full from top to bottom, and the manager and audience had been for some time in a state of anxious impatience, mixed with no small degree of fear lest they should be disappointed. He had dressed for his character on the road, and in a few moments after stepping from his carriage was on the stage, just time enough to commence the first speech of *Richard*. The rapture and applause of the audience were proportioned to their fears, and Mr. Kean seemed pleased with his reception. On quitting the scene of his triumph he was warmly greeted by such actors as were of his acquaintance; but, looking round, he saw a shabby-looking carpenter, the property man, and some others of the Helot portion of the theatre, who looked pleased and shy, but as if fearful of presuming to intrude. Mr. Kean, who immediately recognized them as old acquaintances, stepped forward with the most unaffected suavity of manner and shook hands with each and, with a warmth of heart to be equaled only by his memory, called each by his name, asked after the various members of his family and, turning to the actors, he said: 'It is fifteen years (?) since I was here on fifteen shillings per week, delivering messages and occasionally changing characters with my friend Johnston. I find the theatre wholly changed, as much for the better in circumstances as myself. Then I got a good part only by the illness or caprice of some one else; play it as I would, I was barely tolerated by almost empty benches. Now I have a salary of fifty odd pounds per night, and a crowded house on the watch to applaud me at every turn. Do you remember,' said he to one of his humble acquaintances, 'that time when Atkins closed suddenly and left us all in such distress, when we went down to Carrickfergus? The assizes had commenced, and we could hire no room. But the good natured soul of a gaoler, pitying our forlorn case, contrived to get us the court house after the court was over, and, as there were a great number of convicts, he gave them leave to attend our entertainment. Of never shall I forget the rapture of the poor wretches at the unlocked for liberty, and the whimsical yet appalling effect of their applause, mingled as it was with the rattling of their manacles and fetters. That night we divided seven pounds.' Mr. Kean did not leave the theatre without bestowing ample proofs of the goodness of his heart. For many of his former humble friends he bought great coats and cloaks to prepare them for the journeys they were about to make. Their families were new clad, and handsome gifts in money rendered many a poor fellow comparatively comfortable during a period when the typhus fever had destroyed their benefits."

Despite the fact that this interesting little sketch has been ignored by the whole of Kean's biographers, it is deserving of infinitely more credence than the Belfast one they have seen fit to preserve. It bears evidence in certain minute touches of having been related by a participant in the scene; even the few trivial inaccuracies apparent, so far from marring the broad truth of the narrative, are precisely such as would be committed by an eyewitness, drawing on his memory after a lapse of five years. Montague Talbot, the famous *Young Mirabel* of his day, was manager at Belfast in July, 1817, when Kean opened there in *Richard the Third*; he was also a prominent member of the Dublin company when Kean appeared at the New Theatre Royal in the Irish capital, at the time the above communication was written. It seems not unlikely, therefore, that the sketch was penned, or at least inspired, by Talbot himself. Remark the allusion to the grave epidemic that swept over Ulster in the Summer and Autumn of 1817, and by which Talbot as theatrical manager had been a serious pecuniary sufferer. Whatever the source of information, Kean seems in the main to have been pretty correctly reported, as the statements put into his mouth regarding his former humble position in the Belfast stock company tally satisfactorily with the data I have already advanced.

With the close of the memorable Atkins' regime, in September, 1805, Kean left the Belfast company for good. Mr. F. W. Hawkins is pleased to think that the actor's sojourn on the northeastern seaboard marks an epoch in his steady advancement to the dazzling position he ultimately obtained. With that opinion one can hardly agree. Kean made no impression on the playgoers of Belfast, and left as willingly as he was unregretted. But one passing allusion to his presence occurs in the press notices throughout; and it cannot even be shown that he took a benefit. Whither he strayed is a problem for future inquirers, but March, 1806, saw him playing low comedy in Moss's company at Dunfries.

WILLIAM J. LAWRENCE.



- Anne Hathaway's Cottage
Shrewsbury



THEATRICAL TERM: ONE KNIGHT STANDS

THE STORY OF THE HUNGARIAN DRAMA.

BRIEFLY I shall attempt to describe the evolution of the Hungarian drama. It will be necessary only to glance at the ancient plays, most of which are too crude to be considered pieces of real dramatic literature. Better is it to let them remain hidden in the shadows which kindly Time has thrown over them. Yet among them is one that may not be overlooked. It is the greatest play ever written in the Hungarian language, and is the more remarkable in that it was the product of a period of small achievements in play writing. This grand historical tragedy is called "Bank Jan." Its author, Joseph Katona, died unnoticed in a small town of Hungary fourteen years before the worth of his masterpiece was discovered. It was brought to light and performed then by a great actor, and it was found to be so perfect in construction that it earned for Joseph Katona the title of "the Hungarian Shakespeare."

The real literary movement of the Hungarian drama began under the impulse of the shock given to society by the Revolution. Then, at once, an army of dramatic writers appeared and thoroughly changed the level of the Hungarian stage. In the days of that bloody war pathetic plays held favor in the theatres. Two years after the conflict had ended there appeared in the drama a tendency toward symbolism—a symbolism that expressed half secretly the pain of the nation. "The Tragedy of Man," written in that period, by Madach, was very probably meant to set forth the struggle of the country, instead of the struggle of the one individual. Thus symbolism came to the Hungarian stage.

In 1869 the treaty between Austria and Hungary insured the freedom of the Hungarian press, and the reign of absolutism came to an end in the theatre. This brought forth another school of play writers, and with them came a new color to the national drama. Prior to that time the dramatists dealt entirely with social life. The new school devoted itself to peasant life. Gradually the social dramas were ornamented with music and songs, and became mere amusements. The peasant plays, however, were kept within the rules of the high drama. In this way the two distinct branches of the Hungarian drama began to develop separately.

The folk plays illustrated on the stage the simple life of the rustic people, in whom lies the real strength of the Hungarian nation. The Hungarian humor and the quaint folk songs to be found in these compositions can not be translated effectively, nor can the plays be transplanted to the stages of other countries with success. They are firmly bound to their native land. The master writer of these early folk plays was Edward Toth, whose "Village Scamp" is a great work, full of wit and humor. It seems to have been written with the tip of his pen.

For many years after the death of Toth there was not a man of sufficient talent to follow in his footsteps. But last year there came suddenly out of the realm of the nameless people a new disciple of the folk drama in the person of a poor actor named Stephen Geeszy. The names of Toth and Geeszy will be linked together as the leading geniuses in this particular line of Hungarian dramatic composition. As a matter of course hundreds of plays, by a score of authors, have been written upon folk subjects, but they have at best been merely imitations.

The greatest progress in the Hungarian drama has been made in tragedy, and in the drawing room class of composition. In the first rank of this branch of art stands Dr. Yokai, whose name is well known all over the world. His dramas are only partly written for the stage, most of them are upon historical subjects, and many of his best are taken from his novels, which are famous. His last success was his play, "The Son of the Gypsy Countess," which was produced in November, 1898. But Dr. Yokai's chief fame is as a novelist.

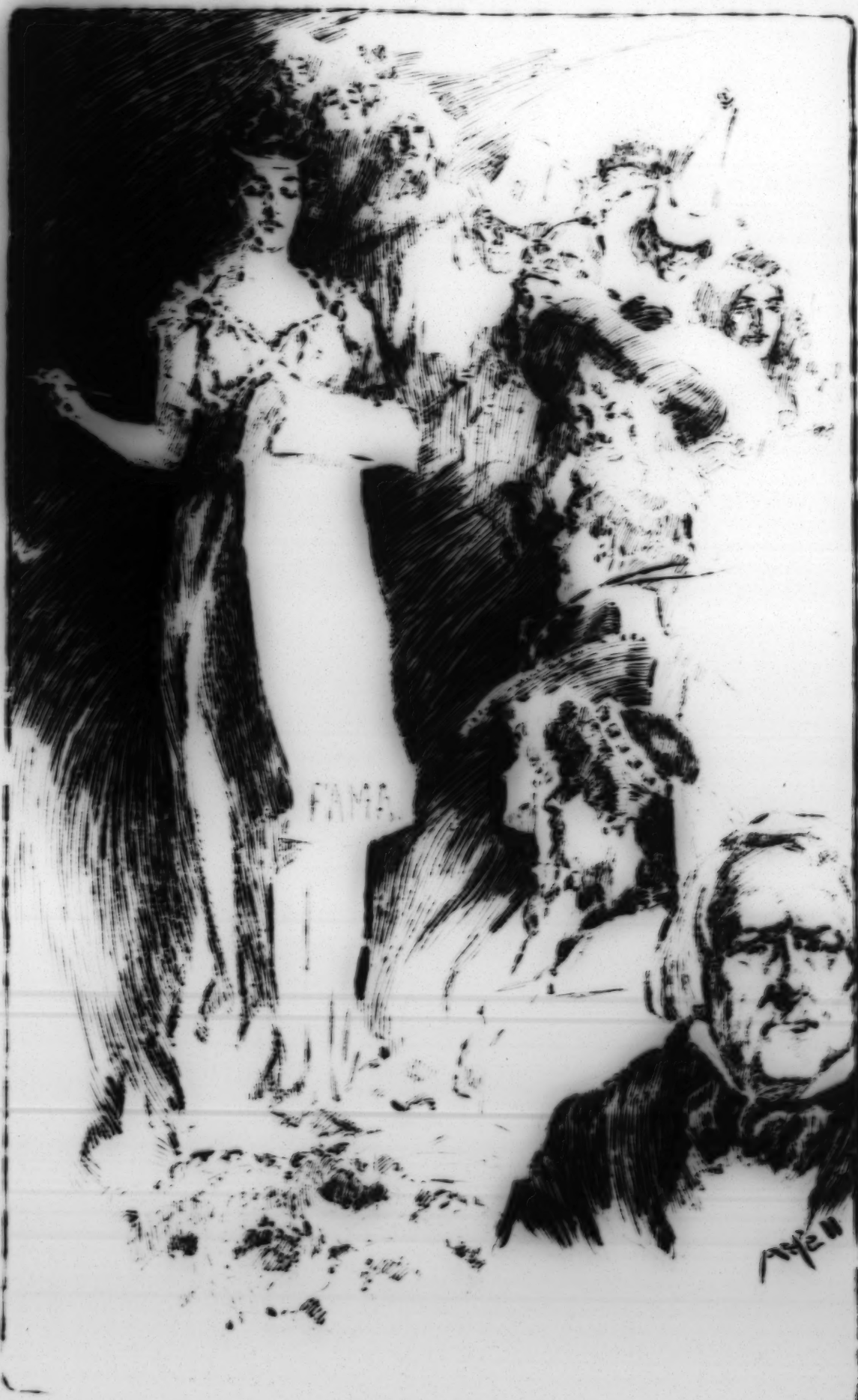
In the new generation of dramatists, that has grown up since 1897, there are six men worthy of especial attention. They are Eugene Rakosi, Gregory Erly, Lewis Doest, Arpad Beresli, Anton Verady, and the youngest Frank Heteseg. Eugene Rakosi's profession is jour-

nalism, but his best strength lies in dramatic composition. He chooses for his subjects strange tales of other nations, but in working out his dialogues he is thoroughly Hungarian. Scarcely twenty years ago, Rakosi's success, Doest came forward prominently, and by his beautiful style astonished and delighted the Hungarian public. His drama, "The Kiss," ranks as one of the Hungarian literature as does "Cyrano de Bergerac" in French. Neither Rakosi nor Doest are real poets, but are confined to be poets, and I may say that they are poets. Their plays are as popular now as at their first production more than twenty years ago. It is to be noted that the works of these men have not been translated into English, as they would surely be successful in America.

The strongest dramatic writer of this school, however, was Gregory Erly, who died only a few years ago. He was the founder of the real Hungarian poetic drama. After the National Revolution the society of Hungary fell into a state of apathy. The bankrupt noble families became the proletarians of the country. Erly chose this class of people for his characters, and his plays were full of sarcasm aimed at social life. He was not a poet, but a realist, with a strong hand and a vivid pen. He wrote twenty-one plays, that for a long time yet will be presented in the theatres of India-Pest and keep the fame of their author in the minds of the people. In the plays of Arpad Beresli, the true Hungarian humor appears, while Anton Verady's tragedies are rich in plot and poetry.

Nowadays the favorite of the theatre-going public is Frank Heteseg, whose play, entitled "The Daughter of the Nohob of Padova," was received with such favor that it placed its author at once in the ranks of the most popular dramatists of Hungary. During the past three years no new geniuses in this line of composition—the drawing room class—have appeared, but the future will doubtless bring them, as there is need of development in this department of Hungarian literature.

ALEXANDER VON HELLDON, JR.



FAME'S WAITING LIST

PHYLLIS

COMPOSED FOR THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

BY CISSIE LOFTUS.

Phyl-lis pri' Vice come & play

Hop-skotch, Leap-frog what so e'er may please you Or let's

tumble in the hay. If I promise not to tease you.

we'll ne'er be younger than we are to-day.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written in a cursive script below the vocal line. The piano part features various chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines that complement the vocal melody. The score ends with a double bar line.

THE STAGE KISS.

As soft as the kiss of the balmy air,
When the lilac's scent is everywhere,
When deepens the blush on the budding rose,
In the summer twilight's afterglows,
Ere the silvery moonbeams flood the night
With a shimmering ecstasy of light;
As soft as the fall of the morning dew
On the trembling leaf of the forest yew,
More precious than pearls in their deep sea-cave,
Was the kiss—the kiss she never gave!

ROLLIN CUTLER.

MIDNIGHT MASS AT ST. SULPICE.

It was Christmas Eve. A sharp, frosty night in Paris. I sallied forth, following the various groups that were pressing onward in the direction of the Church of St. Sulpice, where midnight mass was to be celebrated. Passing through intricate and winding streets, in which this quarter of the city abounds, I groped my way, and soon found myself at the Place St. Sulpice, in the centre of which rises somberly and majestically the church of that name. Before entering the edifice I stood a little to the left of Visconti's famous Fountain, with the hope of gaining an uninterrupted view of the vast structure with its lofty and richly ornamented towers rising far above the city

to an almost prodigious height. Here I lingered, still gazing before me at this masterpiece of architecture; its exquisitely wrought facade designed by Servandoni during the reign of Louis Quatorze. The magnitude and grandeur and splendor of it all, and at such a time, almost overwhelmed me to the point of resistance; recalling to memory the lines of one of England's greatest poets: "Works which have stood the test of ages, claim that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend!"

It was a glorious night. The moon shining in all its radiance. The heavens ablaze with stars, forming an imposing canopy to the scene. Suddenly the hush and stillness in the air was

broken by the jingling music of bells, followed by the deep, rich, sepulchral peal of the organ, pouring forth its melody far into the night—proclaiming the glad tidings of "Peace and good will toward men."

The crowds of men, women, and children were moving slowly and reverently into the church; I, too, following up the broad stone stairway. The first sight on entering the interior is one which excites an involuntary exclamation of admiration. One looks down the vast nave with its ranges of Corinthian pillars. The beautiful chapels, of which there are eighteen, decorated with superb paintings by Bin, Glaize, and Guilleminot. The richly veined marbles of superb coloring with which the walls are sheathed. And the high altar covered with an embroidered cloth of fine workmanship upon which were placed the tall, slender, burning candles which cast a soft, dim shadow over the kneeling assembly. The low, faint voice of the priest reached my ear, and the inarticulate responses of the multitude followed by the voices of the choir—a choir specially trained and said to be the most competent in Paris. I sat for some time, dazed, lost in a kind of dream—"my very soul seemed to be floating upward on a swelling tick of harmony."

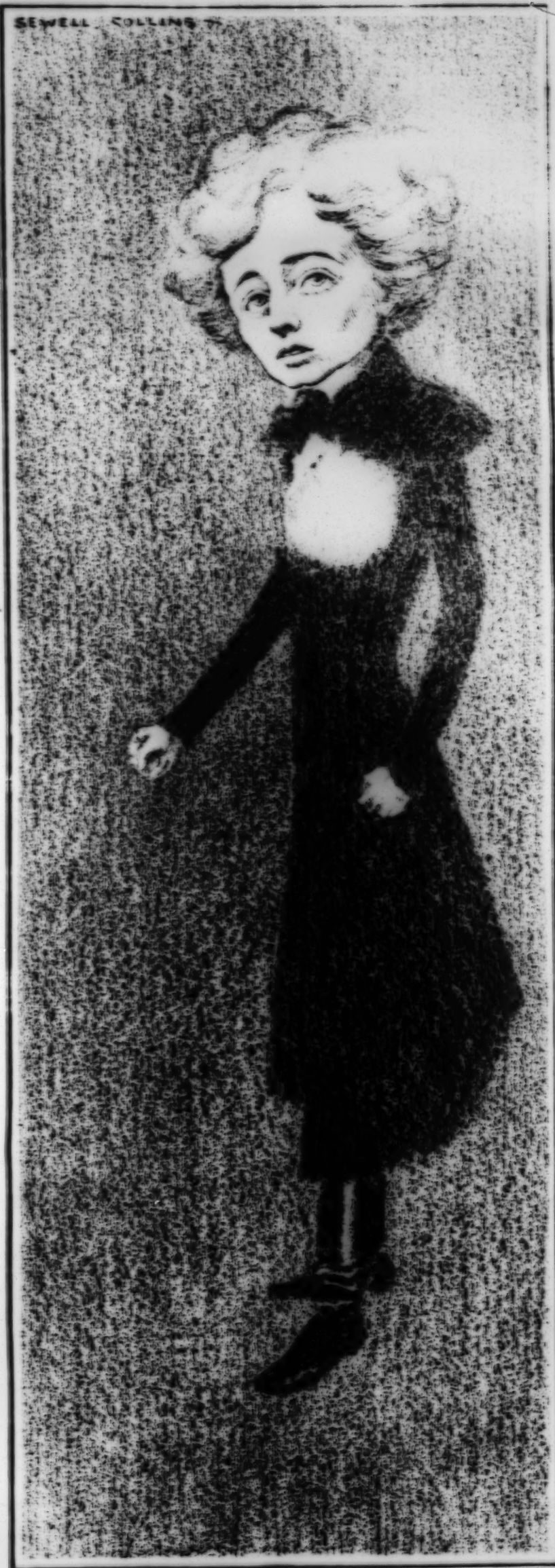
Just before the close of the service I stood up, and prepared to leave the church. As I descended to the street my eye suddenly encountered the pale, sickly face of a child whom I judged to be not more than twelve years of age. She carried on her left arm a basket; in the right hand, which was extended toward me, she held a bunch of violets; "Mais, mademoiselle, j'ai des autres choses," said she, her face lighting up over the prospect of making a sale of her wares. She drew from the basket various articles in the shape of holy pictures, little carved wooden crucifixes, Agnus Dei, and scapulas, which she very carefully arranged one by one on the lower step of the church for my inspection. There was something extremely painful about the child, whose countenance bore the impress of suffering and gentleness. I had not the heart to refuse her a couple of sous; for which in return she gave me a little picture, in colors, of St. Cecilia.

By this time the crowds began to pour out of the church. Accompanied by their



A SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

"DO YOU THINK SANTA CLAUS HAS A PAST LIKE THE BAD MEN IN THE PLAY?"
"I KNOW WHY."
"CAN YOU NEVER HEAR NATHAN ABOUT MRS. SANTA CLAUS?"



MAUDE ADAMS AS L'AIGLON.

Caricatured by Sewell Collins.

parents came children of both sexes, beaming with health and good spirits, muffled in the warmest of clothing and furs. I then turned to look upon the poor little shivering mite of humanity at my side, and I could not help thinking how inconsistent and pitiless is the world. The church bells chimed at the break of day—Christmas Day. The blowing of horns and sounding of trumpets seemed to transform the very air into one grand symphony.

Hailing a "bus" I took a seat on top, from whence I had a fine view of Paris. Ah, Paris! so beautiful and indescribable! Away we went, dashing around corners, down narrow, murky little streets, passing *brasseries* and dimly lighted wine-shops, through the windows of which one might discern the pale, wan visage of the drunkard taking his "last drink." Onward a few paces, and we caught a glimpse of the twin spires of Notre Dame. Then along the Seine into the shopping district of the Rue de Rivoli, passing pastry-shops, book-shops, jewel-shops, toy-shops, and shops of various sizes and descriptions—all of which were arranged in their holiday outfit.

JOSE CHAMBERLAIN.

SLEDGEVILLE, DEC. 25.

W e had just sight of Sledgeville through the mist of snow, driven horizontally on the northeast wind. The train labored painfully against the storm, while the white flakes pattered incessantly on the window. The dreary the icy air filtered, sending shivers over the benumbed passengers, huddled beneath coats, shawls, and other improvised blankets.

The dreary prospect of white that had been ours since daylight was broken by some lonely freight-cars, truck-deep in snow; then a few scattered houses, black and white-roofed; then the houses became more numerous; a sleigh or two crossed our vision, and on a barn beside the track glared one of our twenty-eight sheet stands, showing the sensational third act climax in "Partners in Crime," with a yellow date snipe: "Opera House, Sledgeville, Minn., One Night only, Dec. 25."

Then we knew that we had arrived at our Christmas stand.

The groaning of the engine ceased, and the train slackened speed until it stopped before a weather-beaten station. A freezing draft ran through the car, as the brakeman threw open the door, and hoarsely bawled: "Sledgeville!" By that time we had arisen from our seats, stretched our limbs, and muffled ourselves as best we might. Eagerly we clambered down into the snow and waded over to the waiting-room, where a huge stove glowed pink white with heat.

It wasn't a very Merry Christmas party that hugged the stove and hungrily devoured its warmth. Holiday cheer is scarce when you're playing one-nights in Minnesota, with a blizzard for opposition. There was a haunting fear among us that we were on the verge of a sudden closing. For the last few weeks business had been a long way from S. R. O. Some of us had Bliven's I. O. U.'s for salary in our pockets. Bliven meant well, and would pay if he had it, but his "angel" had gone back on him, and the company was held together only by hopes of better houses further West.

We were one man shy that morning, for the day before we had left Fred Arthur in the hospital at Stillwater, hovering between life and death. He had taken a severe cold, that went straight to his lungs and developed into pneumonia. The hospital physician gave little hope of his recovery.

"He would have a good chance to pull through," the doctor told me, "if his illness were only physical. But there's a mental trouble that's got a tighter grip on him than the pneumonia has. What it is I don't know, but it's there. The man doesn't want to live, and when he's fighting against life all the medicines in the world won't cure him."

And in my heart I knew that the doctor had diagnosed the case correctly.

So we bade Fred good-by with a feeling that we never should see him again, and closed up the ranks and marched on, as players, like other campaigners, must.

Fred's absence cast a gloom over the company. Everybody liked Fred—that is, everybody except his wife and Lawrence Blackford. Perhaps you'll guess from that what Fred's mental illness was.

Mrs. Arthur—professionally Rose Whittier—was our leading woman. A glorious brunette, of Spanish origin, one would think; beautiful of face; superb of figure, and queenly in carriage.

Blackford played the hero. He was an Englishman, handsome, tall, and athletic, very much of a matinee idol. With the company in general he was unpopular. By nature a bully and inordinately conceited, he possessed an offensive manner that varied from imperiousness to sneering condescension. To Mrs. Arthur he displayed an oily, snake-like sweetness of word and look. That his powers of fascination had had their effect was manifested by Mrs. Arthur's ill-concealed preference for Blackford's society over that of her husband.

Poor Fred! He adored his wife, and her growing indifference was a heart-stab. It banished his wonted jollity and created instead a moody sadness. The sorrow took a hold on him so strong that even his acting was affected. He had a capital comedy part, and early in the season made a great hit. But toward the last he got so few laughs that it was a relief when Jim Doughty, his understudy, replaced him.

To what Fred's brooding might have led I can only surmise, but when I think of what happened on that Christmas night, I thank God, for Fred's sake, that the pneumonia came.

Mrs. Arthur was with us at Sledgeville. She had shown an artificial grief at her husband's illness, and had parted from him with assumed tenderness, promising to return to spend Sunday with him. But she left her sorrow at the hospital door, where Blackford awaited her, and on the train he and she conversed merrily, with ardent glances at each other, and little thought for the dying man at Stillwater.

It was two o'clock when we reached Sledgeville, three hours behind time because of the storm. The matinee had been called off, but Bliven swore that he would give the evening performance, blizzard or no blizzard. He needed any money he could get.

From the station we went across the street to the town's only hotel, where liquid refreshment, albeit of an inferior quality, helped along the thawing process. Our Christmas dinner consisted of warmed-over remnants.

By night the snow had ceased, but the wind had not, and it was bitterly cold. Bliven had managed somehow to get our scenery and baggage to the Opera House, a barn, by the way, as dreary as ever I played in. Barn describes it truly—plain walls, red-painted without, unpainted within—a level floor with cheap kitchen chairs, nailed into rows on long planks; a gallery, tiered with benches; no boxes, and a piano for an orchestra. On the stage, stock scenery, and weird furniture. Dressing rooms in the cellar—rooms by courtesy, for there was really but one room, partitioned through the middle by a calico curtain. A pump and sink were the washing facilities, and each dressing room boasted of a cracked mirror. Yet the

house was not much worse than most "opera houses" found on the road in those days. Thank the Lord, things have improved since.

There was a big stove in front, but no other means of heat, and back on the stage the temperature was little higher than outdoors. About a hundred people turned out, a good audience considering the weather.

In the second act, Blackford and Mrs. Arthur had a love scene with the stage to themselves. It was about a quarter past nine, and this scene had begun when I came up from the dressing room, where I had been making a change. Awaiting my cue, I stood in the wings, blowing on my fingers. At my left was the stage-door, opening on a side street. My glance wandered in that direction, and as it rested there the door slowly opened. I watched to see who would enter, and saw no one. The cold wind swept in—and then the door closed.

The awful uncanniness of the thing overcame me, and I trembled with the terror that only the supernatural can cause. The conviction forced itself upon me that Something, not visible to my eyes, had entered by that door, and was now among us. Had any one else noticed the occurrence? Before I could utter a sound my gaze was drawn, seemingly by some power, to the stage, and there I saw what I pray never to see again.

The love scene had reached the point where Blackford, as Gerald Montague, having won his sweetheart, Blanche Dalton—Mrs. Arthur—clasped her in his arms and kissed her. Mrs. Arthur faced in my direction. As the kiss was given, she looked over Blackford's shoulder, and of a sudden her face became deathly pale under her make-up, and a wild fearful stare came into her eyes. With a shriek that echoed through the building she tore herself from Blackford's embrace, and dropped, shaking, on her knees.

"Oh, Fred, don't kill me!" she screamed. Her body swayed and her arms were uplifted imploringly. The low cut gown she wore showed her bosom heaving convulsively. "For God's sake, spare my life! I love you—I swear it. Don't look at me like that, Fred, don't. Forgive me, for the love of God, forgive me. See!" she dragged herself and clutched at what? "See, I'll kiss you, if you'll only let me. I'm not guilty, Fred, I love you, and I hate him!" Again that despairing shriek, and she sank to the floor unconscious. For the first time, I looked at Blackford. Whatever it was, he, too, saw it. The same terror blanched his face and palsied him. And as the woman fell, he dashed, with glassy eyes, off the stage, past the affrighted company and stage hands, and out into the night. The stage-door slammed after him. Then it opened again, there was a gush of wind, and the door closed, as it had before. The Thing had gone.

The curtain had been rung down, and from beyond it came a hum of voices. The audience was trying to decide if it was all in the play. The company, grouped close together, spoke in whispers, awe-struck. None had seen the Thing, but all had felt its presence. The local manager came back, demanding an explanation that Bliven, like the rest of us, was unable to give. Mrs. Arthur had not moved; she lay, as one dead, upon the floor. Some one was endeavoring to restore her to consciousness. And Blackford—in common humanity we must save him. Lanterns were procured, and the search began. Leading back from the theatre, along the side street, was a single trail of footsteps—only a single trail. Bliven, Doughty, and I followed it to where it ended—to where, prostrate, sunk in the snow, lay Blackford. We lifted him, and by the lantern's light saw on his throat four deep red marks. They were such marks as are made by the grip of fingers.

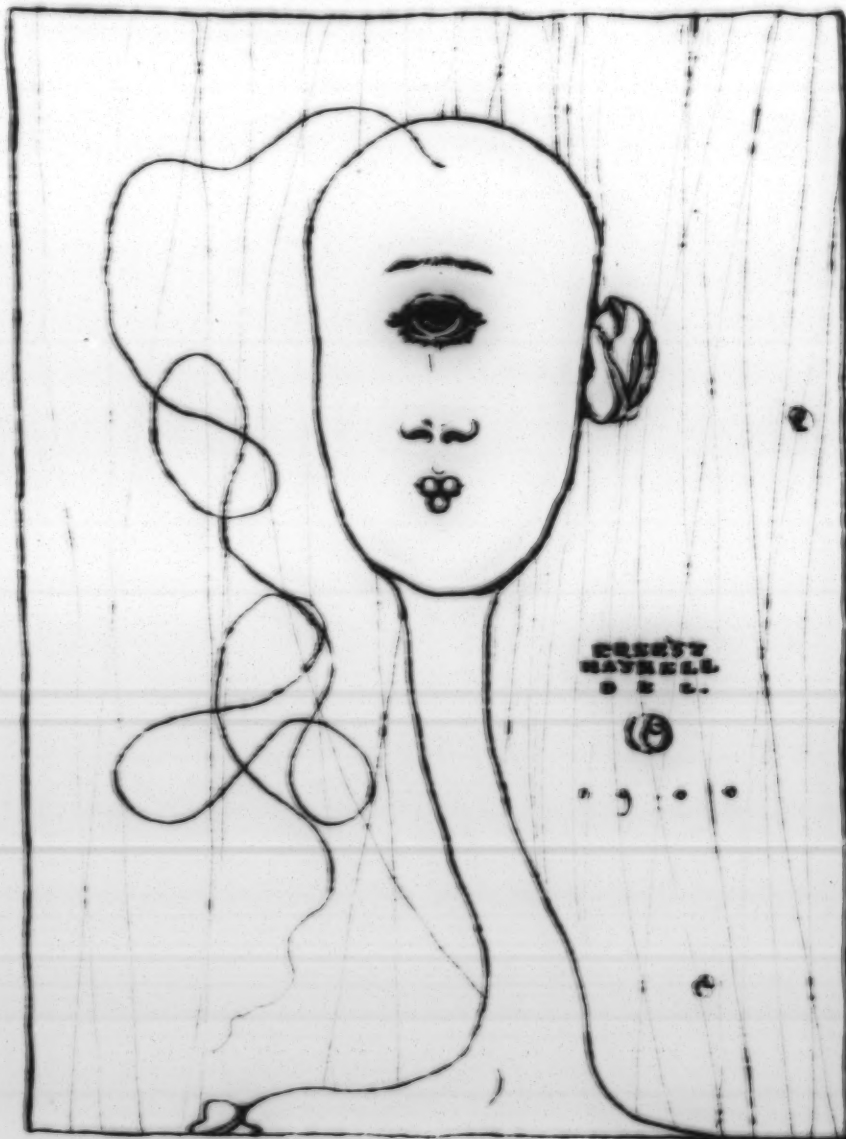
We hurried back to the theatre with our almost frozen burden. As we entered a man who had come from the opposite direction followed us in. He was the night telegraph operator at the station.

"Message for John D. Bliven," he said. "Seems important, so I brought it right over. What's the matter with him—loaded?" And he regarded Blackford curiously.

Bliven opened the message. It was from the doctor at the Stillwater Hospital and read:

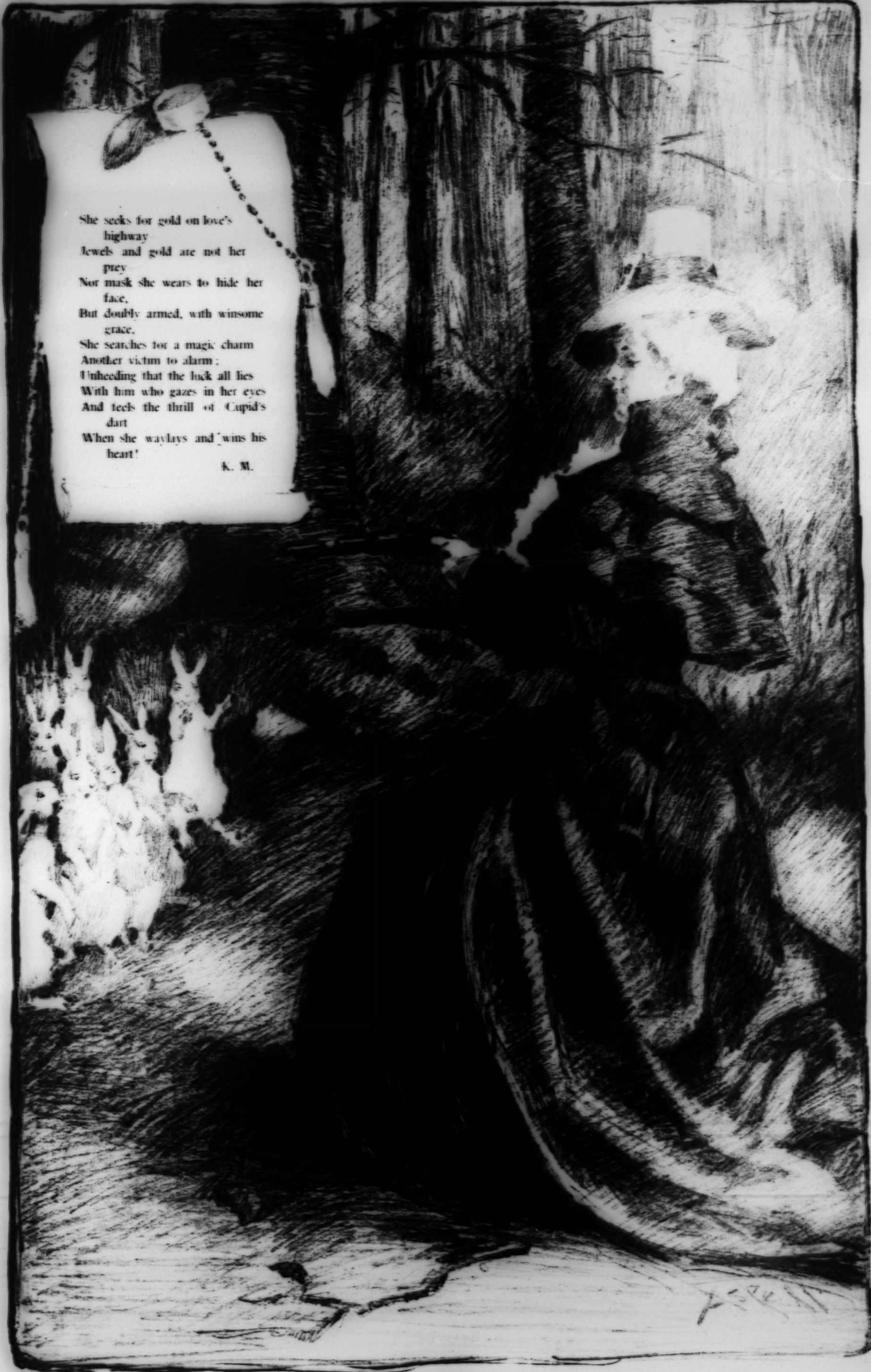
"Frederick Arthur died at nine-fifteen to-night."

PHILIP JACQUES.



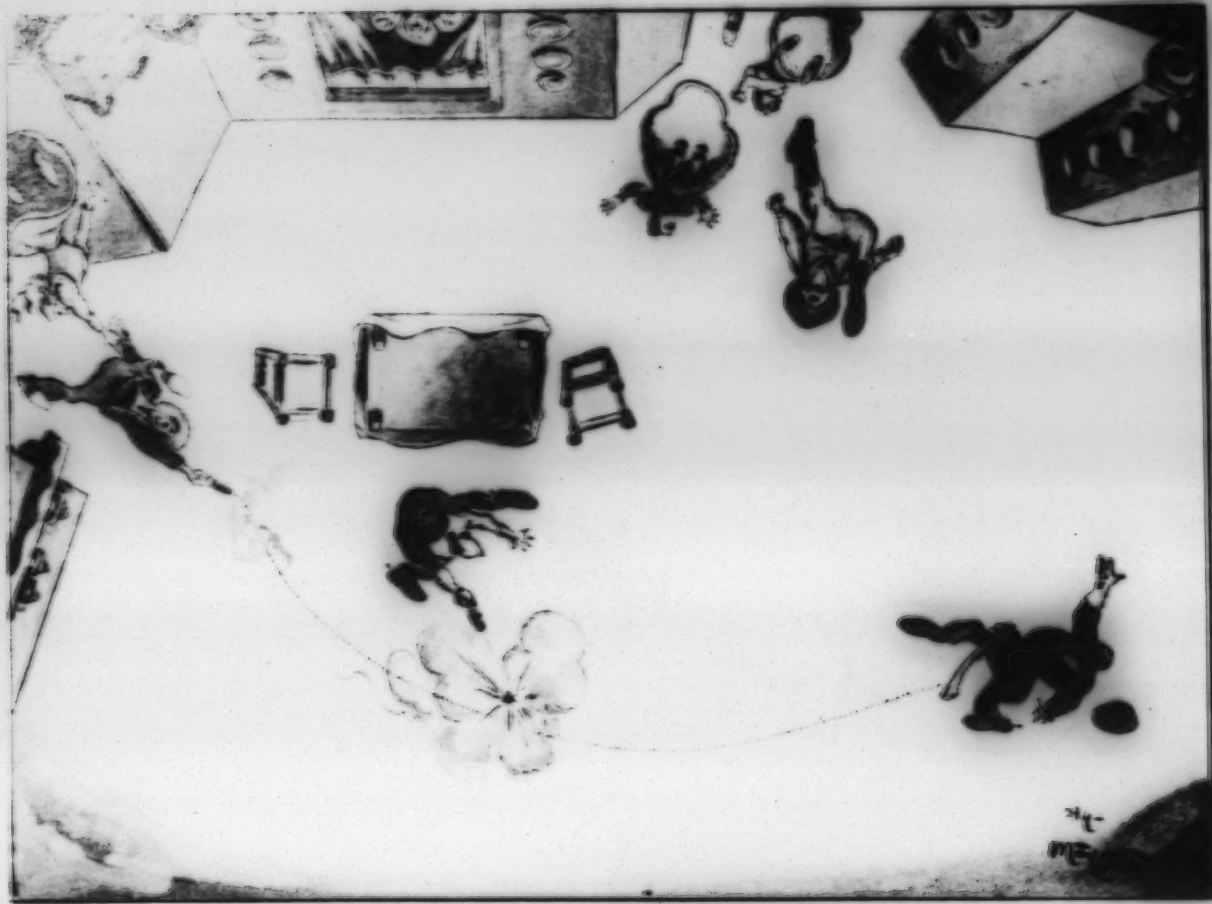
DESCRIPTION OF THE HEROINE OF A ROMANTIC PLAY.

"SHE HAS A BEAUTIFUL EYE WITH A LOW BROW. HER EAR IS AS THE ROSE; HER MOUTH IS CHERRY-LIKE, AND HER NECK IS THAT OF A SWAN, WHILE HER HAIR FALLS IN WONDERFUL COILS."



She seeks for gold on love's
 highway
 Jewels and gold are not her
 prey
 Nor mask she wears to hide her
 face,
 But doubly armed, with winsome
 grace,
 She searches for a magic charm
 Another victim to alarm:
 Unheeding that the luck all lies
 With him who gazes in her eyes
 And feels the thrill of Cupid's
 dart
 When she waylays and wins his
 heart!

K. M.



WORM'S-EYE VIEWS OF CURRENT PLAYS - I. ARIZONA.

EVOLUTION.

A PLAYWRIGHT astride of a sorry nag.
Spurred and bent in the misty night.
Friendless and hungry, without a rag.
A pitiful sight in a woful plight.
Halting and stumbling a dark'ning way.
Peering in vain for the light of day.

At last the nag, with a dismal groan,
Fell in a ditch by a meadow sweet.
And the rider muddy, fell sore, alone.
In the nodding grass found a softer seat
To coddle his thoughts and rub his head.
As well as the place that groomed for bread.

Now a thoroughbred horse, to the eye at least,
Was cantering gayly about the place.
So sleek and likely a looking beast.
That thoughts tumultuous grew apace.
And the man made a mental note, which read:
The nag in the ditch has a fitting bed.

"What a fool's paradise," he bitterly cried,
"riding that hopeless nag these years!"
And raising his arm he quickly shied
A lump of mud at the hairy ears.
"Tis tragic, this trying to make life count
When you're not astride of a popular mount."

So he summoned his fast departing strength—
'Twas catch that horse or follow the nag—
And he warily crept, then bounded the length
That speeded his feet and the horse's back.
And rode for his goal in the shimmering East.
And won by a neck with the hybrid beast.

ORMSBY A. COURT.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE ACTOR.

STUDENTS in most arts are unceasing in their struggles for a knowledge that will, in one way or another, determine a standard for their best efforts. This pursuit carries with it a constant intellectual gratification.

The successful painter, the sculptor, the literary man, the scientific man, are not incidentally developed. The greatness of the artist is not achieved by the single exhibition of a mere splash on his canvas. What is finally accomplished has not been through intermittent application, but by plodding and delving, by daily grind—often full of bitterness and despair. Every one who has sought to earn a livelihood by brush or pen, even where it has been driven by genius, is able to recount months and years of toil without sufficient recompense to aid in the bare necessities of being.

These students are easily impressed and quickly receptive; they appreciate the work of others and their professional zeal is undisturbed by jealousies. The studio of the young painter is not merely his shop for the display of his wares. It is also his study, where he consumes oil by night as well as by day. If you talk with him he can tell you of Apollodorus of Athens, Zeuxis of Heraclea, and of Parrhasius and Apelles. But he does not limit the breadth of his intelligence by pigment alone. He must know something about Phidias and the facts that breathed the same atmosphere that the sculptor breathed, and to give dramatic touch and to idealize he is intimate with Moliere and Shakespeare, and is inspired by the exquisite harmonies that have grown since Jubal first struck the corded shell. All these things he must know, so that he can put depth of feeling into his works, otherwise it would be superficial and simple transference of limited thought.

The dramatic art has been fashioned and studied by wondrous human intelligence. A great drama is the highest form of literature; to act it well requires extraordinary qualities of reception, conception, and deception. The actor, therefore, should not only be a student of human nature, but an artist who can adjust light and shade and intuitively pose with easy mannered grace. In attempting to

present a living thing with the intellectual acumen that guides the stroke of a great painter, the actor should come prepared.

What is the preparation—the curriculum—of the present day actor? He openly boasts with candid complacency that he eschews the ordinary conventionalities of social life. Most generally he became an actor only on arriving at man's estate, and he enters the profession with an ineffable something or other which stands him in good stead in Bohemia, but which dismantles him on approaching a library shelf. His code of morals is almost of Napoleonic bravery. He enters his new calling with a diaphanous ambition for distinction, and he immediately institutes a standard for his own prescription—salary and line of business. There are several stages of development: \$50, \$75, \$100, \$250. He will borrow rather than take a cent less at any of these periods in the game. Having become located according to a consensus of managerial opinion (he holds rigidly to other ideas of his own), he comes forward to instruct the public by the lines of a dead genius, which effort the familiarity and knowledge of the audience unconsciously embalm or else repudiates. Perhaps this actor is one of a body of fellows who are playing their parts for a hundred nights. He has ample time for study—for cultivating his mind by dramatic and substantial literature, to visit the galleries of art, to attend afternoon recitals of music or matinee lectures, or to listen to some great preacher of a Sunday. With the people who compose audiences and are self-constituted critics by natural rights he seldom or never comes in contact.



II. AT WEBER AND FIELDS.

It would, perhaps, be well for me to say here that I do not intend to make sweeping assertions. I am not speaking of scholars, such as Mansfield, Coghlan, Barrymore, Bellevue, Irving, Wyndham, Hare, Tree, Willard, and their ilk, but of the large procession of young men whom I place in the category of analogous position with the young workers in other arts.

Very recently a young man occupying a prominent place on the American stage, by reason of engaging youth and sincerity of manner, mentioned to me that he intended to play one of the most famous characters in English fiction. He added with superb naivete that he expected to make a great hit. Much to my astonishment he also said that he had never read the book, nor any other book by the same author. On my protest at his assumption of a character he knew nothing about, he declared it was quite unnecessary for him to read the book, that as an actor he could express the atmosphere without that bother—and so on!

Now, isn't it ridiculous to assume that a man could play *Micromber*, *Pickwick*, or *Tom Pinch*, without being familiar with the story and thus satisfy the judgment of an audience that knows the character almost by heart? In the standard plays there are certain traditions that must be followed to suit conventional ideas, and it would be a very foolish young gentleman, indeed, who attempted to portray *Macbeth* or *Hamlet* without following the prevailing conception of what those characters should be, in some essentials at least.

Go to any place of public instruction or entertainment outside of a theatrical show and the observer who is at all familiar with the faces of unemployed theatrical people will note that they do not visit them. One would think that there would be various motives for their presence in the pursuit of their professional ends. In the season of grand opera, when many actors have a night off and could well afford to witness a performance, I cannot recall during a long period of observation having seen more than half a dozen in attendance. The fact of it is that, in spite of the theatrical advance in the matter of play production, the people of the stage are leading a more haphazard and speculative life than ever before. The young man had to work in the old stock company days, and that expanded his intellect and gave us many shining lights that are now unfortunately dying out. I don't know that the stage is going to the demeriton bow wows, but there is a right smart chance for a studious young actor to elevate himself.

DESLER WELCH.

A REMINISCENCE.

A MERICANS are the most liberal patrons of the drama as well as the most forbearing critics in the world, consequently some of the theatres have become trading marts for shrewd speculators who know little of the drama as an art, and who care less for the intellectual efficiency of its interpreters.

This new type of managers has found it more profitable to dazzle the eye with scenic and mechanical stage realisms than to appeal to the brain by presenting plays that demand a high order of cultivated talent for their proper interpretation; hence only a limited number of the current generation of actors are cognizant of the persistent study and earnest application exacted from their predecessors to fit them for service in the then prevailing stock companies.

Many of the managers of that period were actors and actresses who had won their spurs by hard work, and who realized that besides a natural aptitude for the stage, education, brains, and experience were absolute requisites to the achievement of histrionic excellence.

Thomas Hamblin, William E. Burton, Laura Keane, Lester Wallack, William Wheatley, and Edwin Booth were among the local managers whose competent stock support enabled them to change their programmes at any moment, while to-day it is a wearisome task to find a really capable cast for a Shakespearean tragedy.

The cause is apparent in this, the first year of our Lord 1900, in the imported and domestic stage commodities labeled as "dramatic art" productions. These are retailed by good-looking, tailor-made girls and heavily shirt-collared youths who have been propelled into the profession by social and pecuniary influences, and who are often parroted into parts that are destined for an entire season's consumption.

This is a purely commercial scheme which increases the number of actors and actresses, and thereby creates a competition which diminishes salaries, except for pronounced public favorites.

The hot house forcing process which masquerades as "dramatic culture" is also responsible for an annual crop of unripe stock people and stars of premature birth.

The potent factors in making such stage wares salable at the box-office are electricians, machinists, scene painters, upholsterers, costumers, property makers, and

played out." Yet with a company equal to its demands Edwin Booth presented it successfully for one hundred consecutive nights at the Winter Garden Theatre, Broadway, and that run could be duplicated to-day with actors equal to the work, for it will not be asserted that current play patrons are of inferior intelligence and can only appreciate acting that is down to their mental capacities.

The stock theatres of comparatively recent date comprised Wallack's, Daly's, and Palmer's, and among their members were Charles R. Thorne, Agnes Booth, John Gilbert, Fanny Morant, James Lewis, Clara Morris, William Frawley, Rose Eytinge, John Parselle, Madam Ponisi, George Clarke, Ada Rehan, and Frederick Robinson. The prevailing forcing system is not likely to supply their successors. I will not assert that there is a paucity of talent among the new timers, but it needs proper cultivation and encouragement. There is no royal road to histrionic excellence, which can only be attained by constant and well-directed study. It is true that in a very limited number of instances commercialism or sentimentalism has temporarily thrust pignies into the robes of stage giants, but the mist will not be long obscured from the gaze of intelligent playgoers.

That the public will patronize good acting is attested by the eagerness of vaudeville managers to pay large salaries to capable actors who have been frozen out of so-called legitimate theatres by greedy speculators. This, together with the gradual increase of stock companies throughout the country, and their popular support, is a hopeful sign that mere theatrical traders are nearing the end of their rope. Since barter has sought to replace art behind the footlights a marked contrast has become apparent in the personalities and bearing of many actors of the immediate past as compared with those of the period.

It would be vain to seek for living replicas of impressive John Dyott, of the old Park Theatre; of "Gentleman" George Barrett, who played at the Academy of Music in 1855; of Henry B. Phillips, acting manager of Ford's Washington Theatre when President Lincoln was assassinated; of Charles Melton Walcott, the great *Sir Haveram Courtenay* of his time; of stately Mark Smith, who was unapproachable in female burlesque roles; of dignified George Vandenhoff; of elegant William Wheatley, who managed Niblo's Garden for six seasons; of debonair Lester Wallack, and a score of others equally Chesterfieldian, including Frederick R. Conway, all of whom were socially admired for their good breeding and distinguished bearing.

Several of these gentlemen acted off the stage as well as in the theatre, and frequently exaggerated trifles in grandiloquent words, of which the following story will afford a fair example:

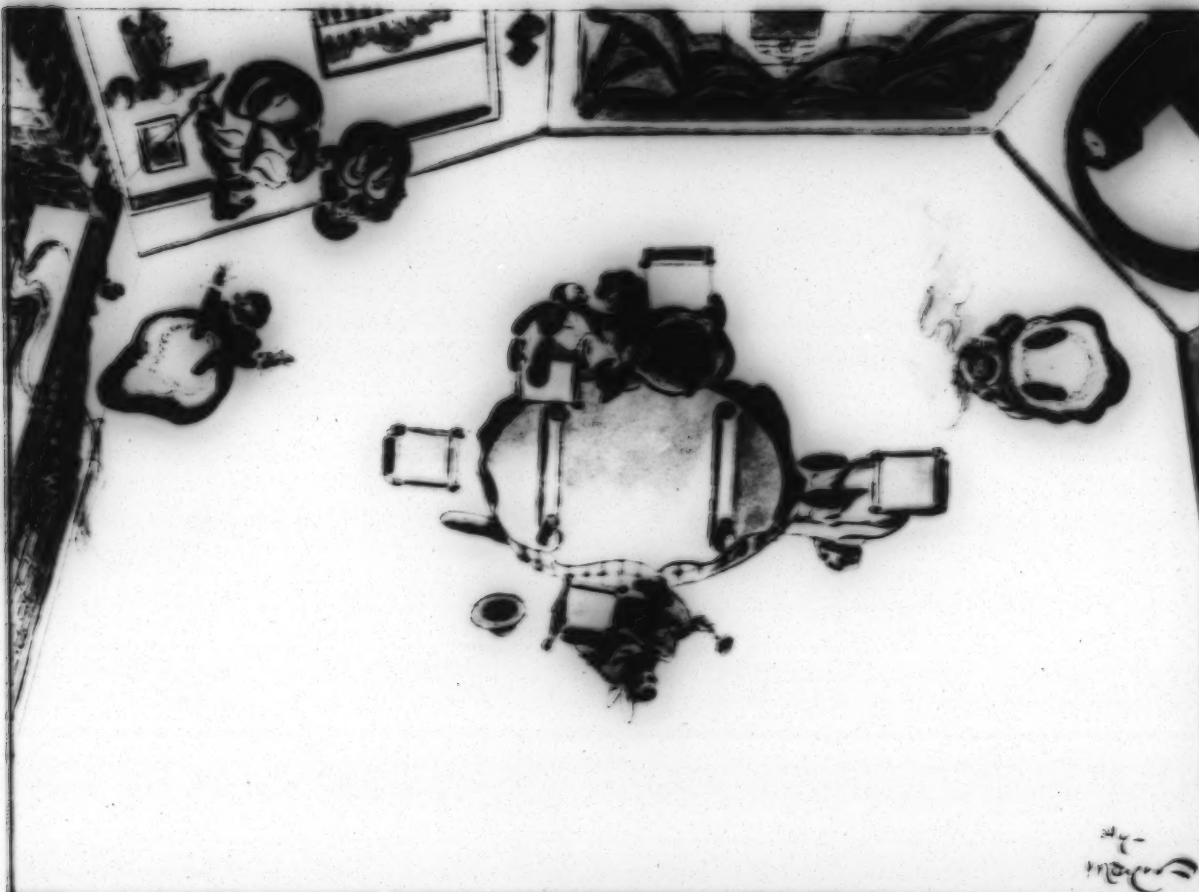
In the seventies, while touring the principal cities with the Worrell Sisters and a burlesque company, we reached Cincinnati to play at Wood's Theatre. There I met Mr. Frederick R. Conway, who, with his wife and company, was playing at Pike's Opera House in a play called "The Bride of an Evening," in which Professor Pepper's ghost illusion, imported by Harry Watkins, was a great novelty.

Mr. Conway was rotund, of fine presence, with round, ruddy face, adorned with small blond side whiskers and small mustache. He dressed invariably, all the year round, in black Prince Albert, and presented the appearance of a well-fed English country curate. His manner was grave, his speech pompous, and he was a thoroughly good actor.

After a cordial greeting, he asked me, "Where next?" I responded, "Indianapolis," and he with an "Ah! me," Juliet sigh looked the picture of despondency.

Suddenly, grasping my hand, he exclaimed dramatically: "My young friend, let us hie to a secluded hostelry that I wot of nearby, and there will I reveal the cruelties inflicted upon my American angel, Sarah, and myself by the heartless boniface of the misnamed leading hotel at Indianapolis."

He led the way to a small basement saloon in a side street, fragrant with the combined odors of limburger cheese and sauerkraut. As we slowly descended the rickety steps, Conway whispered, "This



III. SAMHO.

press agents, whose combined glare, odor, and fables often divert intelligent consideration from flimsy compositions and mediocre interpretations.

Some of the speculative traders in the drama elegantly designate Shakespeare, Sheridan, and even Tom Robertson as "back numbers," and their great exponents as "has beens," while the few remaining good actors of the past decade are derisively dubbed "old timers."

It is within the memory of middle aged theatre patrons when nightly changes of programme were given at a majority of the playhouses of the country, and in some of these a week's repertory comprised "Hamlet," "School for Scandal," "Virginius," "Macbeth," "London Assurance," and "Othello." These compelled daily rehearsals to satisfy the severest of all critics, the gallery gods.

Those stock companies were effective dramatic training schools from whence emerged a galaxy of great stars, as well as the few remaining actors and actresses competent to declaim blank verse, which is now almost a lost art.

For the information of such mushroom-grown, new-time managers it may be said that only a dozen years ago Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Frank Mayo, John Gilbert, Elen Plympton, John A. Lane, Joseph Wheelock, Harry Edwards, Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence, Gertrude Kellogg, Rose Coghlan, and Helena Modjeska appeared in "Hamlet" at brief notice, the result of stock company training.

Collar and cuff actors will say, "Hamlet" is



IV. HENRY V.

AN ACTOR'S IMPRESSION OF VAUDEVILLE.



BARNEY GILMORE.

THE environments of the stage of a vaudeville theatre are, of course, totally different from those of what the vaudeville artists call "legitimate" theatres, but the system, discipline, quietness, the care in regard to all matters of detail are amazing, and hence everything, as a rule, runs as smoothly as clock-work even at a Monday matinee, when from twelve to eighteen "acts" new to the theatre have to be given in rapid succession without a wait, for a wait of any kind will not be tolerated by a vaudeville audience.

To obtain this result entails a great deal of careful manipulation, as the "acts" may include lion taming, a trapezist, a juggler, a musical turn, performing dogs or birds, acrobats, dancers, singers, and all sorts of sketches and plays; in fact, a very heterogeneous assortment of material, to arrange which in effective order requires great experience and a rapid-fire judgment.

Naturally the actor feels strange at first with these conditions surrounding him, and I must confess that personally I was never so nervous on any first night in New York or London as on the occasion of my initial appearance in vaudeville.

The cause of this doubtless was not only the unusual surroundings, but the feeling that the audience was strange to me and accustomed in a great measure to a different class of entertainment.

It was a great relief to find that vaudeville audiences, while very discriminating, are kindly disposed, and even enthusiastic when pleased.

My experience so far has led to the conclusion that frequenters of vaudeville theatres are keen, practical critics, and that acrobat, dancer, singer, or actor who tries to entertain them must give of the best to satisfy them.

A play above everything else must be concise, with the interest sustained from the rise to the fall of the curtain; it must be a complete story; it must be mounted with care and finish, and it must be well played throughout, or they will have none of it.

It must be simple enough to be understood by children, and yet must appeal to the seasoned playgoers, who are frequent visitors nowadays at vaudeville theatres.

The audiences are wonderfully quiet, even when the theatres are crowded, which speaks volumes for their good taste, as well as for the management of the houses "in front."

There can be no doubt that it is possible for the most fastidious amusement seekers, ladies and children even, to visit vaudeville entertainments nowadays without any fear of seeing or hearing anything that could possibly offend them, which certainly could not have been said a few years ago.

J. E. DODSON.

varlet host is brazenly tongued, but his beverages are healthful as well as economical."

A greasy Dutch boy came to the little table we occupied, and Conway, in genial tones, said: "This is my Teutonic Puck," and to the boy, "I will partake of some of your exquisite gin and water, while my young friend will be content with a mug of your German wassail." Conway then settled back in his chair, and, with his right hand tucked into the left side of his buttoned-up coat, told me this tale of woe:

"An unlucky star guided me to the theatre in Indianapolis, misruled by one Valentine Butsch, an adipose Teutonic vender of coals. Imagine Cato in the grasp of a coal shoveler. When my American angel and self arrived at the depot, a burly African thrust us into a ragged, carpet-lined box on wheels, which ultimately jostled us into the Bates House.

"After recording our names in a dirty book, it was immediately inspected by weird-looking tobacco chewers who had previously encircled a large red hot stove garnished with square wooden boxes full of discolored sawdust.

"Then we were chaperoned up thirty-two steps by the host, a fever and ague stricken mummy, to a very close smelling dormitory, where he inquired how he could contribute to our comfort. I informed him that, our professional labors being very arduous, our physical powers could only be maintained by nourishing sustenance, therefore an appetizing repast should be placed in our resting place to greet our return from our artistic work. He promised it should be done.

"We opened in 'Ingomar,' myself as the amorous savage, my American angel as his victim, to the extreme capacity of a jubilant throng. After the curtain fell eager anticipation of tempting fare hurried us to our domicile, where to our consternation and disappointment edibles were conspicuously absent.

"My American angel was famishing for lack of nutriment. I bethought me there must be a larder, which I soon found to be innocent of food. Then I descended to the bar room, where in a glass bowl, with a tin cover, I discovered some shreds of crackers, which had evidently been toyed with by revelers, and bore them to my hungered spouse.

"The next morning mine host, wreathed in tobacco juice decorated smiles, greeted me at the breakfast table with his delusive, 'What can I do for you, Mr. Conway?' This stirred my seething resentment, and in unvarnished speech I hurled reproachful invectives at his backsliding. The wretch seemed dazed at my just anger. Then he meekly pleaded that all should be atoned for.

"That night the 'Lady of Lyons,' with myself as the florist wooer, and my angelic Sarah as the incarnation of soaring pride, faced a larger and more enthusiastic concourse of delighted spectators; in short, we swept all before us, but you cannot picture our terrible indignation at not finding even a vestige of our promised banquet in our chamber. Before retiring I made a vow to properly reprimand that yellow Ananias. I had vainly explored the larder, and then descended again to the bar room; but, by God, sir, there were no cracker shreds!

"At the next morning's meal that shameless prevaricator came toward me with extended hand. I spurned it, and, waving him off, I said: 'Nay, sir, trickster, I'll have none of it. I want more provender and less friendship.'

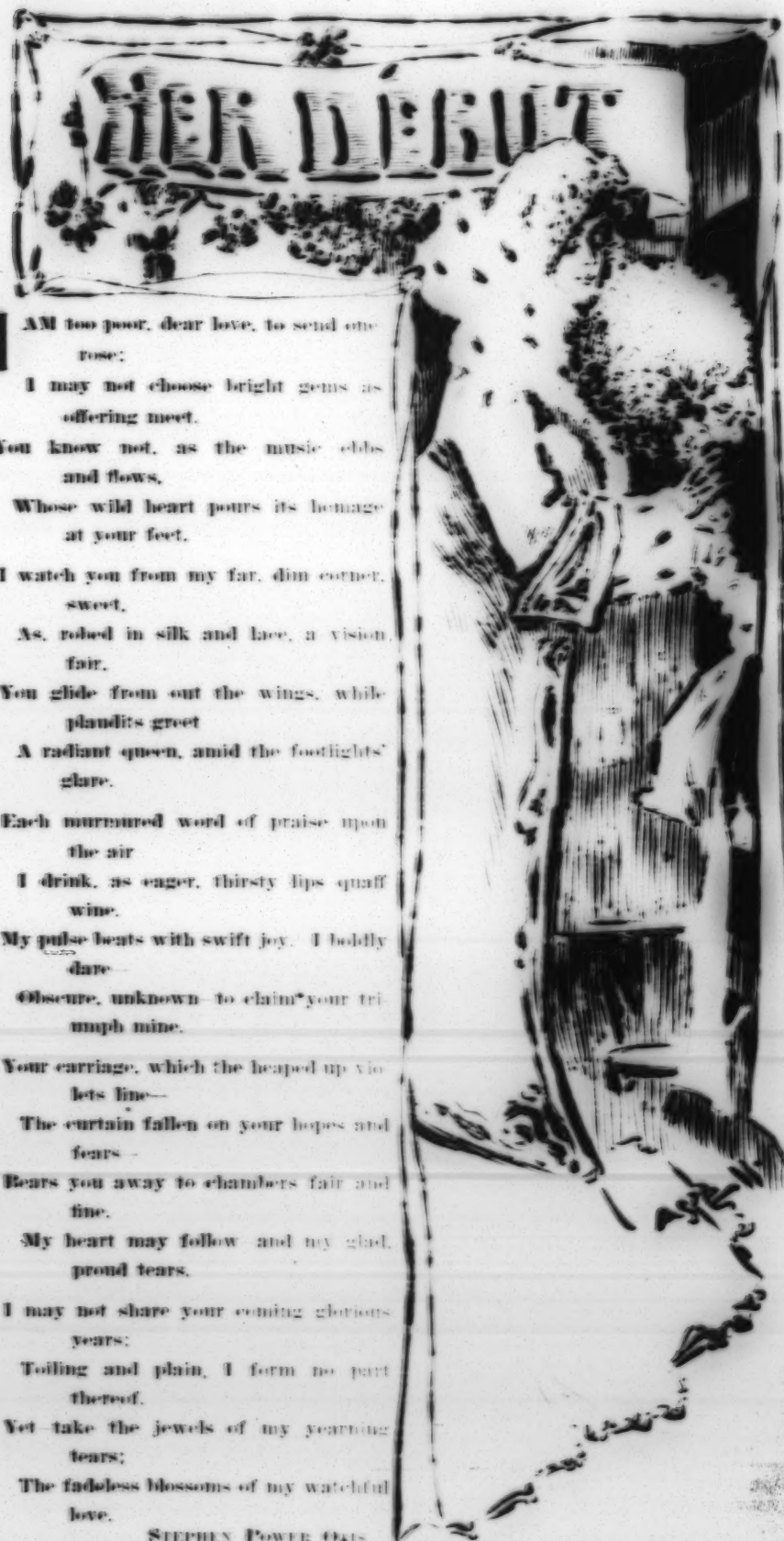
ALBERT L. PARKES.

IN HADES

THE DEVIL: "And what is the next visitor's argument?"

ASSISTANT: "He has devoted a lifetime to advocating art in the drama."

THE DEVIL: "Consign him to the fool's garden, and turn on the heat."



AM too poor, dear love, to send one rose;

I may not choose bright gems as offering meet.

You know not, as the music ebbs and flows,

Whose wild heart pours its homage at your feet.

I watch you from my far, dim corner, sweet,

As, robed in silk and lace, a vision fair,

You glide from out the wings, while plaudits greet

A radiant queen, amid the footlights' glare.

Each murmured word of praise upon the air

I drink, as eager, thirsty lips quaff wine.

My pulse beats with swift joy. I boldly dare—

Obscure, unknown—to claim your triumph mine.

Your carriage, which the heaped-up violets line—

The curtain fallen on your hopes and fears—

Bears you away to chambers fair and fine.

My heart may follow and my glad, proud tears.

I may not share your coming glorious years;

Toiling and plain, I form no part thereof.

Yet take the jewels of my yearning tears;

The fadeless blossoms of my watchful love.

STEPHEN POWER ORES.

THE HORSE OF THE MELODRAMA.

WHAT CAME TO HIS MIND AND UNDER HIS EYE ON A CERTAIN CHRISTMAS EVE.

(Copyright, 1902.)

CURIOUSLY enough I was a horse once before. Then I began my life on the Carpathian Mountains, or rather in one of the valleys, but before I was a year old I had been hunted and caught by a tribesman of the Huns. By the time I was two years old I was trained to carry a man. Soon I bore the chief and was a war horse. It was tiresome, but it was exciting. In my third year there was a great assembling of the tribes, and one Spring morning we headed south, and kept our way, westerling somewhat till we came up against a vast army of Roman legionaries. In the shock that followed my chief, Belkarie, received a Roman spear in his throat and I was taken into camp, still carrying his body, while the legionaries shouted "Ave Caesar Imperator!" That meant we were before the tent of the Emperor of the West, Maximian. He knew a good horse when he saw one. In a week I was hitched to his chariot. Months later I drew him down the Appian Road into Rome with another Carpathian horse. What a time! How they hallooed and called their gods to witness that they loved the Pannonian Caesar. I remember when we halted in the Forum a little girl ran out and gave me cakes to eat.

I was sent to the Circus Maximus, and faced with the colors of the blues. I was fool enough to win once when I wasn't expected to. We horses can't help it sometimes. Our blood gets the better of our judgment, and "pull" or no "pull" we try for the string—the *alta linea*, as they called it then. Bitterly I regretted it that time, for my driver afterward gave me a drubbing with the whittle-tree in the privacy of the stables, crying: "It was worth ten denarii to me about \$1.50 of American money, if you hadn't been so fresh." I was made an army horse after that, and drew a lot of dirty sutlers and their camp things in the Egyptian wars of Diocletian, till a Theban renegade at the battle of Coptos set me free with a gash from his spear.

Horses and men, camels and Egyptian asses, many thousands, were released like myself that day at the edge of the sword or the point of the spear.

I had the good fortune to escape service in a body of any kind for a score of years. I was an Egyptian cat next, then a sea gull, and then a springbok. No use thinking of all of them. Once free our souls have no choice but enter the first vacancy in life that offers. It is harder to get out of the fish line than any other, but once out of the water there is no telling. It is rare luck to be called to be a man's soul.

But up here, in this hole in a theatre wall, it is not pleasant to be a horse. Phew! I don't like it. It's an easy place; just a gallop down every night over the queer little plank bridge—I suppose it looks all right from the front—then off at the wings, where they give me sugar, and the leading lady pats me, and the soubrettes and ballet girls rub me while the Funny Man and the Villain and the Hindoo Prince flirt with them. I know all about it. I've got horse-sense if ever a horse had it.

By the way, please pardon the occasional lapses of my language into the phrases of the charioteers, ancient and modern. A stable is not a college.

The run down to the stage and off the wings wouldn't get me all that credit from everybody. Oh, no! It's my run back—after the bridge is supposed to have been blown up by Hindoo dynamite. It is just a gallop on from left first entrance with a dead-easy jump across a "yawning chasm," as they call it, and then a flashy looking climb up an inclined plane, cleared all the way up, and in again to my stall here, three flights from the ground at the back of the Washington Theatre at Sixth Avenue and Forty third Street. That jump fairly takes the roof off the house. I can hear them clapping out in front while I'm eating my oats, ay, for five minutes afterward.

You understand now why I never take a "call." The leading man, who pretends that he rides me down and up, "bogs it" all to himself, and all the time it's a regular circus hand that does it; or rather he just sits still and I do it. I like Billy, the circus man. He was a horse once himself, though he doesn't know it. That's why he's kind to me in a blind, can't-help-it way.

If men only knew where they had been, and what they were, they wouldn't be so proud. If they could only tell whence come the qualities that bring them glory or get them into trouble they wouldn't either worship or reproach themselves. But that's how it's divided. When you are four-footed you can only soliloquize like me; though you know the whole history of your life back millions of years to the trilobite. If you are a man you can talk, but you know nothing about it. Funny, isn't it?

I don't like it up here, because in all my horse existence I never before lived up three flights, and I miss the morning gallop and the company of my kind. In case of fire, too, I would be roasted to a certainty, for when the inclined plane is taken away as it is every night, there is no exit from my upstairs stall, none at least that a horse could see. It's a bit lonely as well. I don't know how long the piece will run. I can't see how the people are taken in by that "terrible jump." It's not over three feet in reality. I have a good horse laugh over it every night except Sunday, when there is no performance. Instead I have sometimes to listen to a "sacred concert." We give two matinees a week, and the jump always "goes." I despise melodrama for that reason; it's such a humbug. How they'll stable me if we go "on the road" with the piece I don't know. I hate box cars, too. Oh, well, let me look over my half door, and see what's going on down there on the stage. I can see all over it. Stage folk interest me. I was an actor once myself about a hundred years ago, played with Garrick. I was grave-digger to his *Hamlet*, quite a story.

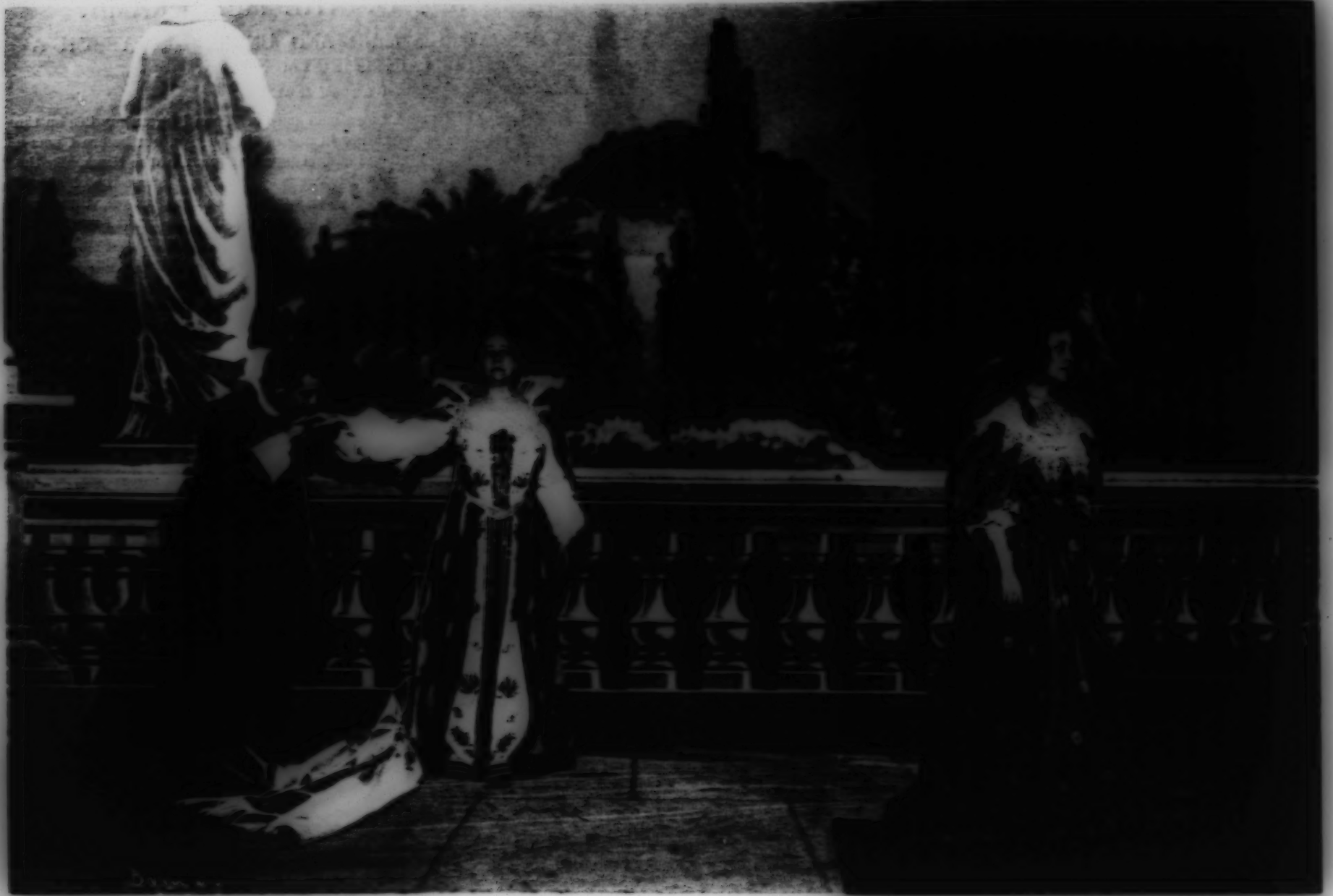
For once the ingenue is a real ingenue. She looks just as pretty and peachy when she comes in all trim and demure to dress and make up, as she does when she "goes on" in her white frock with two white roses in her hair for her scene with the young lieutenant that makes the house smile so. I suppose the bashfulness of a young lover and the timorous acquiescence of a young girl as they play at that blind man's buff of the tender emotion will always be comic to onlookers. You see, the audience keeps hoping that they will find each other's hearts, and pay the forfeit of clinging to each other for life. The best of it is that the pair below have taken their parts so seriously that they carry them on in the wings for their own account, paying no heed to the sly peepers up in the "flies" or the giggling groups that point at them around the back of the stage. As for "supers," they simply do not exist for the lovers. See them sharing that property rock on the O.P. side. She drops a book; he picks it up and covertly kisses it before he hands it back to her. He takes a flower out of his white helmet, and she pretends to be surprised, but her little heart is beating hard as she takes it and places it in her bosom. A little comedy, a little sweet reality. He is really nervous as he gives her his hand to help her to her feet. And she requires such helping! When they have turned their backs on each other, each is smiling, and the smile means something sweeter than words. There will be more of this, young people. Oh, I know; bless you both!

The Funny Man is looking up, and shakes his fist at me. Ha, Mr. Jack Pudding! Nothing funny on your mind, now. Indeed you are not funny except when the fact that you were a frog before you were a man sets you hopping and squat-



Mildred Holland
IN
THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

The New York Dramatic Mirror.



Otis Skinner as Norbert.

Mrs. LeMoine as the Queen.

Eleanor Robson as Constance

"IN A BALCONY," BY ROBERT BROWNING.

ting about, and showing that large mouth of yours. If these things make you a born comedian, "call me horse." It may be so, however. I notice, for instance, that most circus horses have been either drum majors, bandmasters, or cockatoos, just as parsons and priests generally have been either crows or colliers. That is an aside, Mr. Jack Pudding.

I wondered last Saturday night when the show was over why you gave the master-mechanic a cigar and condescended to tell him some funny story that you heard from Tarrymore at the Sheepfold. Above all, I didn't connect that conversation with the fact that the inclined plane up to my stall was left in place for the night and the bridge put back. Sunday morning, however, when Billy, my friend, led me down, and brought me out in the side street where he harnessed me to a sleigh, I guessed how it came about. How good the sharp air did feel after three weeks indoors! The snow was just right, and I made the runners of that cutter hum as the sleigh bells kept up their jolly jingle. Billy can drive, too; but you, Mr. Jack Pudding? Well, when you got in with the Hindoo Prince—I knew him at once—I didn't do a thing, did I? I don't blame you for giving me my way after the didos I kicked up going through the Park, but I do blame you for stopping half an hour at every road house and coming out "fuller" and "fuller" every time.

You hadn't time to notice the pretty thing that I saw while you were having "just one more egg-nog to keep out the cold" at McDowell's Tavern. You didn't see the Ingenue and the young Lieutenant go by hand in hand, their cheeks glowing and their eyes sparkling with joy greater than that of a new young star when it is born on the outskirts of the Milky Way. I was so glad of that pure love-light in their eyes that I whinnied till I thought they recognized me. But, bless your heart, they were so far away on rosy clouds of fond imaginings I might have been the commonest cart horse in Cherry Street for all they saw or heard. Why not? She had been a love-bird, and he had been a stork, so I, for one, looked on their rapidly approaching domestic happiness as "fully insured."

I was wishing that they were my burden in the sleigh when the Hindoo Prince came out holding your arm, Mr. Funny Man, for support. And, as a support, you were a total failure, for both slipped on the steps and rolled in the snow. You were worse in the head than in the legs; with him it was the other way. He could think better than he could act—then as well as in the melodrama. Indeed, the Hindoo Prince was "fuller" than a goat (he had been a goat, I may remark). He was persuading you to let him have the cutter, and you weakly consented. Then you got out at a stable where the Hindoo Prince put me up, and went off with you. "To straighten up, you know."

It was nearly dark when the Prince came back for me, quite sobered up. He drove to a big hotel, and whom did he bring out but the head of the ballet all dressed in white furs. I knew her, too, the way she dropped her h's and said "cawn't" and "shawn't." She skipped into the cutter as if she was skipping out on the stage. She had been a jack rabbit before she was a woman, which drove her straight to the ballet. Rabbits, you know, are the greatest moonlight dancers we have, and they hold very hazy notions about family relations, so there you are. I didn't like it at all. I had been watching what was going on in the wings all the week before, and I might have known.

Ah, the poor little white-faced wife of the Prince! She was just one step above an "extra lady." She had three words to say when the villain joined the English: "This is Bangalore." At first the Prince used to be over on her side whenever he could, and her eyes would lift to him in quiet adoration. That she could be near him was enough. When the Ballet Queen began to strut before him, and wink at him, and ask him, "How long are you going to chin your lanky little white wax dolly?" he was caught; rose to the first fly, you might say. It only took a week to make the Prince swear at the poor little patient wife, and I saw him shake her

hard once when she cried behind the Palm-garden set for the second act. After that he simply glared at her, and went on brazening about with the Ballet Queen. I know the little wife's salary did not suffice for her needs, for nothing but dire necessity would drive her to beg of him "a little money, Charley, for the child's sake; she is very sick; indeed she is."

No decent horse could repeat his coarse answer. He lowered his head as if he would butt her in the breast. Thinking better of it he turned away, and she went sobbing low out of the stage-door. In ten minutes he went capering off with the Ballet Queen. It was to be "Welsh rabbits" and back beer, they agreed, as she skipped after him. A sort of cannibal feast for both of them if they only knew it. I hated them, and I sympathized with the poor little lonely wife. She had been a caged canary in a former life, poor thing. As a woman she has no business on the stage, except to sing some sad little song, surely not to wear a sort of Amazon dress in the Durbar scene, and say: "This is Bangalore."

Well, we went spinning up the avenue and I enjoyed it myself. The Prince and the Ballet Queen sat up very straight at first, playing lady and gent man, but, in the Park, they became Bohemian again, and talked and laughed and pulled up at the Casino. They seemed to have great trouble about getting served, but they got something at last that made the Ballet Queen want to drive when they came out. My hoofs were very cold standing in the snow.

"Be careful with him, Edith," said the Prince, "if anything happens to him it stops the show."

"If anything stops the show, we shawn't eat snowballs," she rejoined with her coarse laugh, taking the reins, and adding, "Git up!"

"I've got an engagement up my sleeve," said she, after a while, "and I'll make Leatherhead take you, too, if you say so; but no white wax d-doll, Charley boy."

"No need to talk of her," said the Prince, sulkily. "Go? I'll go like a bird," he said a little later.

We were out on St. Nicholas Avenue now, and I was trudging along very much humiliated at drawing such a load. A horse has feelings, particularly if he has ever been a kangaroo, as I was once. They love their young, and carry them about with them in a pouch, and the Prince seemed worse than a goat then; he was as bad as a tiger that cares nothing for its cubs. The little white-faced wife in her lonely garret with the sick child was before my eyes and made them misty, so I merely trudged along, crunch, crunch, through the snow, the sleigh bells jangling out of tune.

I can feel when I am approaching anything newly dead. Of course, it is due to the disturbed soul-ether in which freed spirits are hovering about, waiting the first call that gives them a new abode. It affects me more than most horses, and I shied when we came abreast of the body of a mule that was lying by the roadside under a thin covering of snow. The Ballet Queen was going to lash me, but the Prince caught her hand, saying: "Don't, Edith; he's seen that dead thing there, and he'll come all right when we're past it. Dead things make me feel uneasy myself."

"You could get on well enough with a dead-and-alive wax doll till you met me," she said, sneeringly.

The Prince did not answer.

"It just comes to this," I heard her say about a quarter of a mile further on. "Eyther you give 'er the go-by or give up me. Say which? I cawn't stand a shilly-shally."

"I'll go with you anywhere," he said, in a thick, fierce voice.

"And cut 'er?" said the lady.

"Yes!" he said, with a gulp.

"Git up!" said she, in a shrill voice that tingled with victory. "Git up! we'll go the pace," and I felt the whip sting me on the neck.

With a bound I went forward, and I knew the harness had wrenched loose. "Hold him!" cried the Prince, "give me the reins!" "Not much!" she shrieked, as I danced about to the right and left. "I'm driving this rig," and the whip came down again.

"Give me the reins," he shouted, "I'm with you this side of blazes. I can drive the beast," and I felt they were standing up and struggling behind me.

It was all I wanted. First I plunged; then I rose on my hind legs; next I came down on all fours, bringing the cutter up to my quarter. Then, gathering all my force, I let go my hind legs backward, and kicked the cutter into flinders.

He jumped out, and she fell out. I was free of the cutter with some of the harness trailing beside me. I turned and galloped down the avenue again, before they were able to collect their senses. It was night now, and every one, horses and men, turned to look at me, as I galloped by, my sleigh bells jingling madly, and no sleigh behind.

I went into the Park, and soon a mounted policeman gave me chase. He rode hard and shouted. I whinnied back to his horse to ease up, and so we passed like shadows southward, the policeman straining every nerve, but his horse never bringing him within ten yards of me. As we came out at the Plaza we made a great fuss among the carriages. I knocked down one big policeman who grabbed at me, and got to the liveryman's door without ever being stopped.

"Geewhilkens!" said the liveryman, who was smoking at the door, "if it ain't the circus horse from the Washington Theatre." The horse policeman who had followed me all the way dismounted, and there was a flabel of questions and very unsatisfactory answers. Amid it all, the Funny Man, still thick of speech and unsteady of gait came up.

"Where's my cutter?" said the liveryman.

"Dumfno!" said the astounded Funny Man.

He looked at me, and then questioningly at the liveryman.

"Where's Charley? Where's the lady?" he said, with gaping mouth.

"I know nothing about no Charley and no lady," said the liveryman.

At length it was decided that the Funny Man's ten-dollar deposit should remain in the liveryman's hands. A future reckoning would depend on circumstances as they came to light. I smiled when I thought of that. They took off the broken harness, and clapped on a blanket. I was led back to the theatre by a stable hand, noisily assisted by the Funny Man, and escorted by a yelling crowd.

Billy, the circus man, let us in by the scenery door. He had been uneasy, he said, but as soon as he saw me inside he knew from my blown condition that something was wrong. The stable hand told all he knew and went out. The Funny Man could add nothing, but persisted in remaining to "splin everything to my-dee-fren' Billy." He seemed so proud to be able to say "fren' Billy" that he kept on saying it.

"Spese," says Billy, "the horse is stiff all over to-morrow and gets the pneumonia, and can't act, what'll all your 'fren' Billies' do for me?"

"I tell you," said the Funny Man, "say it was an accident; say the darn fool horse upset the tank on th' roof, an' got wet feet. Say anything. I'm somethink 'f a liar myself."

"I'm a liar, am I?" said Billy, who was evidently seeking a minimum of justification for his fast rising temper. "I'll show you, and the horse shall umpire this little go."

Thereupon followed a scene on the stage not down on the bills, with Billy chasing the Funny Man round, punching his head, bugging one eye, and wrenching his ribs as he stumbled over furniture, "properties," and scenery. Then the scenery door opened again, and the Funny Man went out flying like a back drop that the train was waiting for. Billy took me up to my stall; rubbed me dry, like the good fellow that he is, and gave me a nice hot mash.

I was all right for Monday evening, but there was great trouble downstairs. The



SIDNEY SOMMERS TOLLER.

Funny Man had a black eye under his grease paint. He and the Prince quarreled all the evening as to their share in the \$40 damages demanded by the liveryman.

It is plain, therefore, why the Funny Man looks at me like a pirate and shakes his fist at me, when his "fren' Billy" is out of sight.

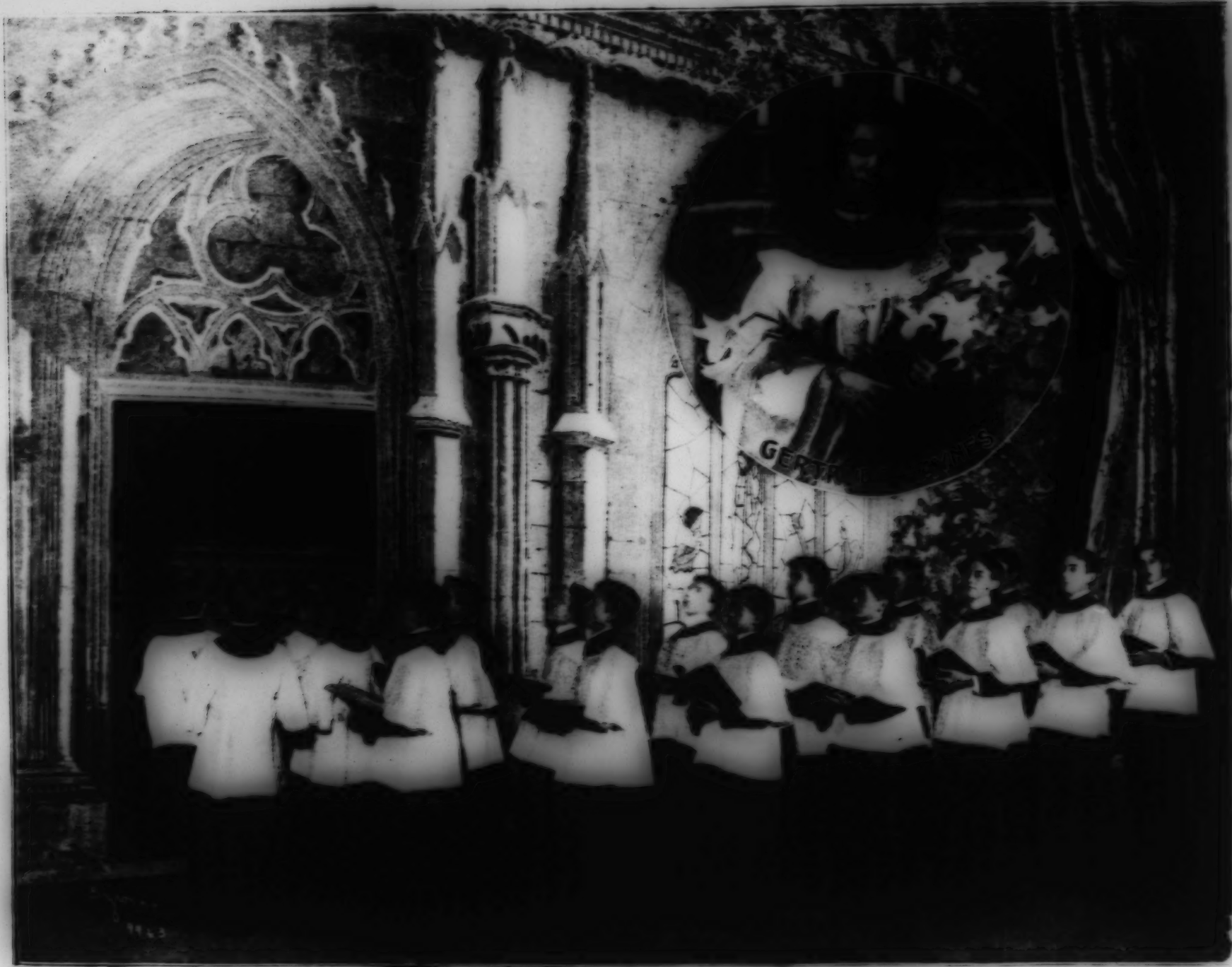
He is in hard luck. My pair of young lovers had been in trouble, too. Not with each other; it is too soon for that. It does not delight a stage-manager to have a couple of "principals" keep the stage waiting, even for a love-scene at the door of the property-room. There they were cooling when the Hindoo Prince came crawling off on all-fours in the second act with a glittering scimitar held in his teeth, and looking every inch the murderous villain. That was their "cue" to appear on the stage from opposite sides and look astonished at meeting. Instead, after five seconds of "empty stage" (it seems half an hour to an audience) they rushed on in the utmost flurry, and when he said: "You here, Miss Florence; let me—ah—let me touch your hand" (which he was still holding) the house burst into a laugh that was the loudest of the evening. The stage-manager talked so severely to them afterward that the Eugene cried off her face-powder (she never would use grease-paint), and the young Lieutenant sulked in a corner and kicked the Sultan's throne for relief. Unluckily the Funny Man thought it opportune to offer a supplementary sermon from a Funny Man's point of view, with the result that the young Lieutenant "let out from the shoulder," and the "Funny Man" has been dark around the other eye ever since.

One way with another, the stage folk have amused me all the week, but somehow this evening I am not in good spirits. That, of course, is literal with me. Unpleasant spirits are about, and as I have been twice a man, I am, I suppose, doubly sensitive to them. Disembodied souls are all right. They are constantly going to and fro. It is only immediately after their release from a body that they have any real disturbing influence. In a battle, for instance, they spread the fighting spirit, so that after the first hundred or two have been released, the rawest recruit feels himself a hero for the moment, loses his fear, and charges like a fury. The horses as well as the men catch this infection of bravery from the hovering souls about them. The men have died striving, and all feel that strive they must if it costs limb, life, all. Then, when the battle tide is turning, and soldiers of one side go down knowing that it is against them, fear fills them as they fall. It was in the battle that ended my first life as a horse I saw these two passions of courage and fear fill the whole sky with their thrilling souls. All day long courage was making the heart beat fast, the eyes dilate, and the muscles play. So dense was the soul-cloud it could almost be seen as well as felt; but as the sun was setting emerald, and red rays shot across the western skies, the Roman legions carried everything before them all across the plain, and the Greeks, Egyptians, and barbarians fled headlong for the hills, dying in thousands as they ran. Then the fear-cloud rose and whitened the faces of the vanquished. Flight was panic. They slew each other. They sank down untouched and waited for the thrust of Roman spear or sword. They stumbled over straws and cried to their gods in strangling, heart-rending tones, while the fear-cloud, ever increasing from its added souls, lowered and lowered till the very victors in the glut of slaughter felt it and stopped short in awe. The Egyptian who killed me was fleeing before my rider, who was only bent on plunder now. The runner stumbled and my rider rode me on the Nile-man's falling spear. My soul had not risen a dozen yards before the Egyptian's came floating upward, too, and my rider was stripping the Egyptian's body of a silken waist-band of many colors. Heigho!

The pleasant spirits and the unpleasant are a different matter if they can be called matter at all. I know little of their essence, but I feel their influence, as I have said, acutely. Could it be that it is only to make trouble in the company on the stage below that the unpleasant spirits are so much abroad this evening? The Funny Man's eye is nearly well. Ah, the Manager has heard the story of my loan last Sunday, and is angry about it. He has received notice from the Prince and the Ballet Queen that they are deserting him, and that makes him furious. The leading lady with that beautiful undulation of her neck turns her back on him, says he



DAN AND DOLLY MANN.



GERTRUDE HAYNES AND HER CHOIR CELESTIAL.

is "no gentleman," and moves swan-like to her dressing-room. The leading man, with peacock strut, puts himself in the Manager's way, as if saying: "Here, come quarrel with me!" but the Manager wants no trouble there, because he thinks the leading man is a Great Favorite, and indispensable. In reality, Billy, the circus man, would do just as well, for it is I who do the jump. The Manager frowns at the electrician, and snaps at the stage-manager. At last he is going out front, everybody cowering more or less, when he suddenly halts.

"Come here, Blinkers, what's this? A woman with a child in her arms on the stage! Who is she? His wife, eh? Like his impudence. We can't have that," his gruffness dying down a bit, and off he goes.

"You know this is no place for babies."

It is the poor little white-faced wife, who in her sorrow and despair has brought her baby to the theatre lest both should want bread. No one to take care of it at home. It was not well, and she couldn't leave it, and she had to come, hadn't she? So she tells her pitiable little story in gasps to the stage-manager.

I hear no one reproaching the Prince, who is skulking around the dressing-rooms on the other side. The Ballet-Queen is not in sight.

The Funny Man comes over and hands the stage-manager a cigar, saying:

"Can't we just smuggle the kid along for to-night? It don't look as if it could make much trouble. Won't some of you girls help?"

"We all go on together," say the girls, hanging back.

"We're on for twenty minutes in the first act, and we are changing costumes all the time we're off right through the play." This is true enough, poor things.

The Funny Man goes over and knocks at the leading lady's room. A face appears. In a few minutes the leading lady's "dresser," a middle-aged, dull-eyed woman, comes out and takes the child while the poor white mother goes down to dress. I like the Funny Man now.

The play begins, and now the Prince and the Ballet-Queen are whispering together. They are going to "skip" that night, not even waiting for the end of the week. She has "a big chance" in Chicago. He is going, too, after work is over with the third act, and he has only two minutes in the fourth.

I have done my rush down and my ride back and jump, and they are still cheering and clapping in front. I have no heart to eat. I would give the world to be able to speak with a human tongue, to call back the renegade husband, to brand with shame the laughing devil-woman with whom he is now leaving the theatre. She goes out defiantly. He, wretched creature, steals a look backward out of the corner of his eye at the picture of the poor, wan woman in tights—wan under her cheap rouge—who is holding her little baby for an instant while she may. The devil's magnet draws him too strongly, and he is gone.

The Ingenue and the young Lieutenant make love less openly since their "break" of the other night; but they find themselves near each other all the time, and are always saying, "How curious! I was just thinking of you"—and looking more lovingly than ever into the mirrors of the soul.

They don't know down there what is happening. If they did they would not be laughing and chatting and thinking the Funny Man's joke a good one—"all kids look alike to me." They cannot see anything with wide dark wings and misty arms outstretched above the child so tightly clutched in its mother's arms as if to assure herself that come what may, go what may, nothing could take her child away from her. For they have told her that Charley is gone with the Ballet-Queen and left her the key of the fields.

It seems it is Christmas Eve. Not the night for a husband to desert his wife. There will be merry suppers to-night after the play. Some will hurry home to

their families; others make merry as best they can without family comforts. The young Lieutenant has just given the Ingenue a peep at a plain gold ring in a small white box. She is again in the land of love-dreams, as, looking neither to the right nor to the left, they hurry with laughing hearts into the snow-swept streets of the thrilling town.

"Why don't you go and dress for the street, Mamie? I wouldn't fret over the best man ever breathed," says a hard-faced, young woman in shabby street clothes. The theatre's out—see, there goes the curtain up on the empty house."

"Yes, yes," says the poor little mother, passing one hand quickly over her face, and hurrying out to the middle of the stage and gazing out at the big gloomy cave of the dark, empty theatre.

"Why, it's this way, Mamie!" shrills the hard-faced girl, with a dry laugh.

"The loss of the man seems to have turned your head for keeps."

"Oh, my God! Come here. It's little face is cold. My God! It's dead!"

Yes, a little soul is hovering about the flies, and rising, rising up through the roof. It has had so little of earth about it that it does not linger but passes upward like a breath. They are about the poor little mother now, and are tender and sweet to her. The poor stage folk, for all their follies, are kind of heart in the lump. They take the little still thing from her arms. They disappear with her to the leading lady's dressing-room, and are speaking comfort to ears that do not hear them.

The Funny Man lingers about the door. I like him better than ever.

"Wouldn't wonder if she goes, too," he says to the property-man, who is going home with a real turkey under his arm. "Too good for Charley," he adds, "too good, I guess, for me, but I'll see her through, d—d if I don't."

The sobs of the little mother come to me once more, as they bring her forth, again with the dead baby in her arms, and so in a sad little procession out into the Christmas snow.

Poor mortals! You can speak and hope and dream, but you do not know. When the little air-castle of life tumbles and falls you do so despair. If you only knew that it is such a setting free to escape from bodily bonds, and float a while in the All-Father's sea of light. If you knew that what you call life is only taking up a burden at a compelling word—that fowl of the air or fish of the sea, man, or animal less than man, all life is one, and that there is no death at all. Then you would not mourn so when the loved are taken. You would not weep.

But perhaps you would not love or strive or attain if you did know. The All-Father knoweth best. His world is so mighty. It is more than a playhouse where the curtain rises and falls on comedy or tragedy.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

A CHANGE.

POOR Sophy stands before the glass,
She heaves a heavy sigh;
The face reflected there, alas!
Seems changed since days gone by.

She tries another in the hall,
The face looks back the same.
She goes and stands before them all,
And finds each one to blame.

"The secret's lost," she sadly says,
"It's gone, I clearly see,
The mirrors I find nowadays,
Aren't what they used to be."

LORIMER STODDARD.



TOM NORTH



John Williams



John Foster



Henry Pemberton



Myrtle North



Louise Jewell



Lyle Walters



Ada Walter



Harry Van Meter



W.T. Boyer



Frank E. Mellette



John P. Kreusel

When We Did The Merchant Of Venice In The Town Of Medicine Hat

BY EDGAR KELLER



WHEN we did "The Merchant of Venice"
In the town of Medicine Hat
We were guaranteed two hundred
They were glad to get us at that.

'Twas in the month of December,
The "geography" covered with snow
The company still to a member
The mercury awfully low
My spirits decidedly low—
Thermometer sixty below.

We were billed in the usual manner,
With paper that couldn't be beat.
The advance man had painted a banner
That screamingly streamed o'er the street.
(That last line, oh, let me repeat)
It streamingly screamed o'er the street.

The inhabitants drove up in sledges,
In blankets, in furs and in wraps.
The town hall was jammed to the edges
In this village that's not on the maps.
The orchestra—quite patriotic—
They never had heard of the "rag"
Played, "I was Born in Canada
Beneath the British Flag."
It should have been played in "rag"
Played and tattered in "rag"
Played right out in "rag."

The census of Venice was meagre,
A dozen, in truth, I should say.
At "The Hat" a thousand came eager
To pay their respects and their way
And to kind o' make good that two hundred,
Incidentally to witness the play.
I admit we were greatly outnumbered
Yet they sat to the end of the play
They saw to the finish our play
Our finish we saw in the play.

Antonio, the Merchant of Venice,
When we opened at Medicine Hat,
Did likewise Laurence of Gobbos
He was very much better in that.
"Suitors to Portia" we mentioned,
She had many according to text.
But of this there was not much observance
Of the best thing we always did next
The best thing we hoped to do next
We never knew what to do next.

Old Gobbos, the hit of the evening,
Did also Tubal, the Jew—
The Gobbos, old and young Laurence of,
Certainly "hogged the show."
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica,
A part that he already knew,
Played also the Duke of Venice,
Salvino, Salanio, too—
Yet he shifted the scenery too—
And to some one he said, "Go to."

Antonio, pray, let me mention,
Was actor and manager, too.
At acting he made no pretension,
But was more than a match for the Jew
That guarantee soon would be forfeit.

Antonio holding the bond,
As good as two hundred of ducats
As ever was earned or "conned"
Though the house I frequently conned
I never thought I would be "conned."

For when I arose on the morrow,
Alas! that my tale should be true,
The Merchant, we found to our sorrow,
Had skipped by the trolley in box.
Old Shylock (with wealth of all Venice)
Had only a shekel, I fear.

To purchase a pound of cheap cutlets
From the shank of the fleet-footed deer
Yet in Venice such flesh must be dear
This Venizian steak—it was dear.

Now, when I do Merchant of Venice,
No matter wherever I'm at,
I think of the Merchant That Did Us,
In the town of Medicine Hat.

Oh, yes,
We were billed in the usual manner,
With paper that couldn't be beat,
The advance man had painted a banner
That screamingly streamed o'er the street.
(This last line, oh, let me repeat)—
It streamingly screamed o'er the street.

WOOD-CUTS BY ERNEST



STAR



MATINEE GIRL



RAG TIME



VILLIAN



ACTOR



HAT



FIRST NIGHTERS



ICE-WATER BOY



SKETCH TEAM



SOVBRETTE



JOHNNIES

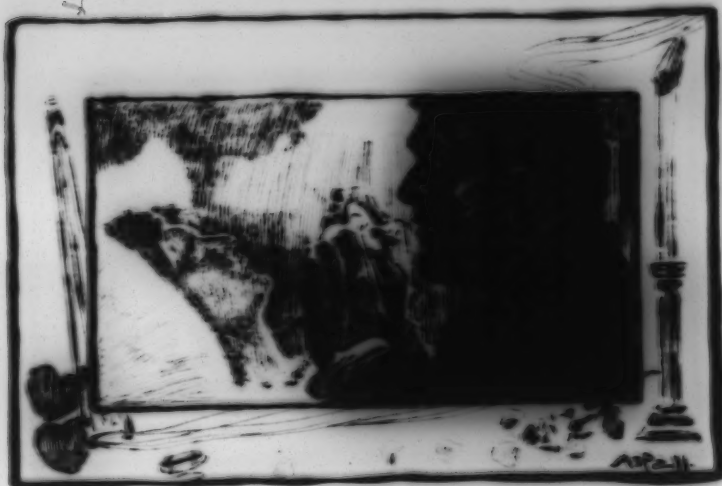


THESPIAN

A LITTLE LOCKET.

CURTAINS of velvet, in softened light;
Faint sweet odor of dying bloom;
A dainty couch with lace white,
Temple of Peace—a woman's room.

Color of rose creeping out of the shade;
Tinting the tables, the chairs, and the wall;
Touching each trifle as though afraid,
Leaving a pale gloom over all.



Smiling therein, a woman lay dead,
More blest perhaps than she'd been in life,
And one stood by whose bending head,
Spoke not of grief for child or wife;

But a calm regret, as of value lost
A jewel that could not be replaced,
No sign of tears, or passion tost
Reproach of Fate, by action graced.

His hand closed over an ancient seal,
Hung at the head of a golden chain;
And it seemed to waken or half reveal,
The Past, with Memory in its train.

Low on her breast shone a thread of flame,
Softly he knelt, his hand at her throat;
Nothing must tarnish his noble name,
Nothing be left that the world might note.

Silently twisting the thread of gold,
He gazed at the trinket within his palm;
A little locket of simple mold,
He sighed, and kissed the tiny charm.

But placed within that carved lid,
Was proof of sin; a social crime;
A part of life he'd smoothly hid,
A token given in loving-time.

Then he opened the gift with fingers deft;
But somehow his photo would not come out;
Immovably fixed in the tiny cleft,
Until, for a moment, he paused in doubt.

It seemed a cowardly sort of thing,
She'd always been so faithful and true—
He remembered how fondly she used to cling
To this little bauble of gold and blue.

So the better feeling within him grew,
And he tenderly glanced in the open case,
When a sudden glimmer of pink light threw
Its tremulous glow on—another man's face.

PEARL EYTINGE.

"MY LITTLE GIRL."

A STORY.

I was three years ago that I first saw her. She was singing in the chorus of a comic opera company then playing at Palmer's Theatre. She had big blue eyes and the fluffiest of brown hair, a mouth that gave her face a particularly sweet expression, while her complexion was of that freshness which requires neither rouge nor powder. Her figure was rather petite, but clad, even as it was, in her home-made dress, it was no difficult task to see that it was well nigh perfection. She was, I thought, what she looked—an innocent little country girl with her heart set upon her future. She came upon you like a whiff of fresh air, and her presence almost made you forget that there was such a thing as sin in the world.

The other girls, at first, twitted her about her virtuous habits, but I could plainly see that they envied her for possessing that which many of them had long since lost. From the first I called her "my little girl," and always regarded it my duty thereafter to watch over her and protect her from harm. Her time outside the theatre was spent no one knew where. She never had an intimate friend in the company, so that very little was known about her home life, but it was never even hinted that she was other than pure and modest.

"My little girl" had a beautiful voice then, and it was the opinion of all that here was a little woman who would go to the top on her merits. Mr. Harker, the stage-manager, must have appreciated her also, for he soon gave her the under-

study for a small part. We all wanted to see her get the chance to play it, for we felt certain that she would make more of a hit in it than the girl who was then playing it, and who was also my friend.

What was her name? Let me see. Oh, yes, it was Annie Doyle she called her self. The stage-manager, if I remember rightly, always called her Miss Doyle, notwithstanding the fact that the other girls in the company were universally addressed by their first names.

When she had been in the company about three months, Miss Carrollton sent word to the stage-manager one night that she would not be able to play. Here was "my little girl's" chance, and, happening to be near when the message was received, I waited in the stage-entrance to tell her the good news.

Half an hour, then fifteen minutes was called, and still she did not put in an appearance.

Eight o'clock began to draw near and all hope of her coming was given up. The orchestra was rung in and another girl made ready to play the part. The curtain went up—and the opportunity was gone. The girl who profited by her presence was not a great success. How could she be, having had no rehearsals? And, of course, the opera went badly in places.

Where was Miss Innocence? The curtain was rung down and the actors and singers had dressed and gone out of the theatre. Still I waited. I lost hope in her then and almost gave her up.

The following afternoon I was standing in front of the theatre, when I saw her coming up Broadway. She did not see me as she left a well-dressed man at the corner of Thirtieth Street and entered the front of the house, to see the manager, I supposed. I almost thought I noticed a frightened look on her face as she passed quite near me, and at her waist was a big bunch of roses that sadly became her home-made dress.

She saw the manager, but it was no use pleading. "My little girl's" offense had been too great and she was discharged. She came out of his office holding her head still lower, if anything. She passed again, without seeing me, on her way out of the theatre; and, watching, I saw her meet the man who had left her a few moments before. He must have spoken kindly to her as she rejoined him, for she turned her big blue eyes toward him and almost smiled. I knew then what had happened. A soft voice, the alluring manner and the handsome face of a well-known man-about-town, who had noticed her loveliness, had dazzled her, and she had lowered her colors.

I vowed vengeance upon the man as I watched them. They walked across Thirtieth Street, turned toward Fifth Avenue, and I saw her no more—that is, for a long time.

I thought of her often after that, and wondered whether the man who had taken her away from us and the straight path would use her kindly and not ill-treat and leave her, when he had tired of her pretty face. Then the memory of her gradually faded from my mind, and I almost forgot her.

One day, about a week ago, I was riding up Broadway, when the cable car stopped with its usual lurch at Forty-second Street, and a woman got on board. I was reading my paper, but as she passed me I could distinctly hear the rustle of her silk skirts, and instinctively I looked up. She sat down nearly opposite me, and I fully appreciated the fact that a very handsome and an exceedingly well-dressed woman was before me. Her gown, it was evident, was of the finest material, and she carried herself with an air and grace that was unmistakable. As I looked, her face became strangely familiar to me, but still I could not place it.

She was evidently looking at me, and an odd sort of a smile seemed to play about the corners of her mouth, disclosing the whitest of teeth. Then suddenly making up her mind, she leaned toward me and asked in the sweetest of voices:

"This is Mr. Smiles, is it not?"

I answered that it was, but intimated that she had the better of me, though I added that her face was very familiar.

"Don't you remember Annie Doyle, your little girl?" she asked.

Then the mists rolled away. This beautiful, exquisitely dressed creature opposite me was my innocent little country girl. The seat beside her was vacant, and I crossed and took it.

She began by saying how glad she was to see me, and how long ago it seemed since the days at Palmer's. She continued in this strain for some moments, but somehow I could not make a reply. I was wondering by what process had my little girl been transformed into this bewitching, fascinating woman-of-the-world, who was talking so easily to me.

She asked me to call, and gave me her address in a fashionable neighborhood. The questioning look on my face must have told her my thoughts, for she added:

"You know I'm married now. I'm Mrs. Sylvester. I must get out at the next crossing, but you will promise to come and see me, won't you?"

With that she was gone. The car started, and I was left alone to think of what might have been.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN.





The New York Dramatic Mirror.

THE TALE OF A WHITE RAT.

A FAIRY STORY FOR BLIND MICE OF THE OUTER WORLD.

Once upon a time in the old, old days beyond recall, before Father Time grew whiskers or brought a scythe, two fakirs met at a fair—well, not exactly a fair, it was a grand fete and gala given or held in a small country called the earth, by a vicious, selfish, tyrannical dispositioned race of people called human beings, each one of whom loved only himself and hated everybody else, though they all feigned self sacrifice and love for each other. They all pretended to worship truth, yet any one who stood for it was deemed insane and died forlorn. A few thousand years after his death they would build him a statue or erect a monument to his memory for the purpose of leading unwary wights into his path. Very few ever fell into the snare, however, as it was universally thought that the winning problem of life was insincerity. Consequently, while they all believed that might was right, each man held a dagger behind him and said, after the fashion of the only spirit voice that ever taught them aught, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." They all knew that they all lied, however, and they were about all very successful and very unhappy, except the unwary who fell for truth, and they were despised as fools and drifted into oblivion, but were very happy, and were kings each of his own realm of dreams.

The fete and gala, or fair, where the two fakirs met was called the public entertainment and amusement, and it lasted for a few billion years in that little green country called the earth, where the sweet rain fell and gave souls of silver dew to the roses; where the rose scents were blown on the winds; where the sunshine kissed the sod; where the white snow lovingly clung at times; where purple rivers ran; where birds sang sweetly and stars shone bright, and beauty reigned supreme; and in fact where everything was true, just and reasonable except the vicious, selfish lords of the country, who thought they owned the whole business, yet who owned not even themselves.

But to my story. As I was saying, two fakirs met at a fair—well, not exactly two fakirs. One was surely a fakir. The other may have been a god, but as he was a stranger, and as nobody ever knew or understood him in that country, we will call him a fakir also. The first and real fakir's name was Herr Director Monsieur Impresario De Manager—a very long name, you will say, but in those days they wore their names that way; and besides he was a very great man—very self sufficient, pompous and of lofty mien. Costly were his garments as his purse could buy, and he was bedecked with many rare gems and jewels and a high hat. You could see and hear him from afar. He spoke in a loud voice and a far reaching language called advertisement. Wherever he went the people of that country, bowing low before him, gave him many shekels and said: "Behold! he is very great," then they winked the other eye.

The other fakir's or stranger's name was Protean Artiste Boheme. He was Mine Herr Director's antithesis, and when his natural self was a very foolish, simple fellow indeed, shy and reclusive, very lacking in self esteem, except when intoxicated with a certain drink which they used to give him in return for his antics in those days called "the wine of applause," of which he was very fond, and which made him very silly, as it inclined him to brag, strut and swagger. It also inclined him to pose and take himself seriously, thus making him appear even more foolish than he naturally was. But when not under the spell of this drink, which, though he deemed it divine, was his bane, he was a self-effaced, self-acknowledged fool who mentally saluted to everybody, and especially to all very great men like Mine Herr Director Monsieur Impresario De Manager. He had one great gift, however. Being a descendant of the Greek god, Proteus, from whence he took his name, he inherited the gift or the art of transformation, and could assume all shapes at will. He could portray any and every character in the chain of human evolution, from gorilla to seer, and by the outward actions of any human entity, whose mortal mask he would assume, he could reflect the inner feelings, emotions and passions of the same.

But as I was saying, the two fakirs met. "What, ho! Mountbunk," shouted Mine Herr (it was his custom thus to address all strangers who looked like possible rivals), "from whence come you, and what would you on these fair grounds? Know you not that I own and control all the available booths of this fete and gala?"

"In good truth such may be the case, great sir," falteringly replied poor Protean. "I am a simple servant of the Omnipotent, and the lethe he gave me to drink on entering your country through the wonderful gates of birth has so muddled my

poor brain that I really forget from whence I came or whither I go when I finish here."

"What is your name?" inquired Mine Herr.

"Protean Artiste Boheme," answered the stranger.

Mine Herr started as if struck with a novelty (an idea), but quickly recovered and said, "Oh, yes; I think I have heard of you. You are the fellow of everlasting youth that can change into so many different shapes and forms of life."

"In good truth, sir, I am he," modestly replied Protean, "and if I mistake not you are the great Herr Director Monsieur Impresario De Manager."

"Quite so, quite so," sharply replied Mine Herr. "But come; tell me what you are doing here. My business is pressing, and I must be off."

"I will not detain you long," said Protean softly. "I infer from your speech that you know of my inheritance of the gift of transformation, so I must tell you that with it I also inherited a desire to display the same, in all its forms and phases. There is that within which yearns to give all I possess to these people of earth, and a voice that will not be stilled forever cries out 'You must make them laugh and weep, Protean; you must make them remember and forget; you must make them think, exult and dream. Such is your duty toward the people of earth.' And so, Mine Herr, as you own all the booths on the fair grounds, and are running them for profit, I thought, I might make some arrangement with you whereby I could appear at all your different booths all over the earth, and those who perchance might

come to see me would pay you many shekels, some of which you could give me to purchase food and drink and habit."

This proposition struck Mine Herr very forcibly, though he feigned not to take it seriously. He said he would think the matter over, and let Protean know anon. But when they parted Mine Herr rubbed his hands in glee, his eyes dilated, and his bosom swelled, for the people of that country had been clamoring for this Protean. They had known of him of the everlasting youth and many moods for many years. They had known him before booths were built on the fair grounds. They had heard how his own genius in years ago had built the very booths now owned by Mine Herr. Their forefathers had left behind them songs, stories and legends of his careless ways, his merry heart and gypsy life, and how Boheme came to be part of his name. Mine Herr also knew more than he seemed to, so the next day when they met a compact was made between them, and very soon Protean appeared in all the booths on the fair grounds of earth, and the human beings came to see him in all his forms, and they did rejoice mightily. Some saw and heard him in one booth, and some in another. Some went to many booths to see and hear him in his different shapes and forms. Sometimes they paid many shekels to see and hear him, and sometimes only a few. Sometimes they pretended to be pleased because it was the fashion to praise him, and sometimes they criticised and ridiculed him for the same reason. They saw him



THE FOUNDERS OF THE WHITE RATS.

THOSE STANDING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE: JAMES F. DOLAN, THOMAS LEWIS, SAMUEL J. RYAN, SAMUEL MORTON AND FREDERICK STONE. THOSE SEATED ARE DAVIS MONTGOMERY, GEORGE FULLER GOLDEN AND MARK MURPHY.

as everything from clown to king. They laughed with him, they wept with him. They cheered and applauded and sang songs in his praise when he pleased them, or when it was the fashion they hissed and booed him when they chose to do so. Thus they loved and honored him here, they hated and scorned him there. He played on all their emotions, and they compensated him by making him drunk on the wine of applause. Sometimes he would die as a raving maniac, forlorn, disgraced, forsaken, and again he would pass peacefully away out of loving arms, and the last light they beheld in his eyes was faith in the great beyond. He was the cream of all that was good, and the scum of everything that was bad in that little country. He dined with the great, he slept in kingly palaces, he starved in garrets and died in gutters. For their amusement he flew through the air, went up in balloons and under the water; for their enlightenment he awoke the heroes and the martyrs, the saints and sages, the kings, slaves, fools and knaves of past ages, and in him they performed all over again their glorious and infamous deeds. He played on all the instruments, and with them he soothed and soothed paupers, charmed queens and led armies to victory. He appeared in wondrous temples and lowly, abominable places. He was great, refined and wise; he was low, coarse, ignorant and vile. Sometimes he had not the strength to crawl from one booth to another, or the shekels to pay his carriage thence, while anon he rode in chariots or on the willing shoulders of the populace, who in exultation bore him in triumph to his home. He appeared as a clown with the heart of a god, and *cic versa*. These were times when his name was worth five hundred shekels a week, while his whole being was not worth five. He was eulogized by poets and sages, he was brayed at by atrabilious asses, and the great show went on. Mine Herr Director, who had

now became very wealthy, continued to exploit him, and Mine Herr's loud voice was heard all over the earth, for he spoke in the far reaching language called advertisement, and Mine Herr became so rich that he sought to make Protean his slave. He made him work on Christmas days, when Protean would have liked to play with Santa Claus, who was his friend. Sometimes he made him perform twice on Sundays. Then he started some of the booths running continuously the whole year round.

Then there were long arguments between Mine Herr and Protean—long arguments and discussions pro and con. Pro on Pro's side and Con on the side of Mine Herr. The Con generally availed, especially when Pro was poor, which was almost always the case, and he would return and do his best, though sometimes with a heavy heart, till one night, between his turns, when he got a chance for a little sleep, he had a dream, and a spirit appeared to him and said: "Behold, I am the spirit of Truth. I come from Starland, your native home. I come to give you peace and light. I come to make you free. Has the lethe of earthly birth so cloyed with clay your soul that you will be a slave? Have you forgotten who you really are? Have you forgotten the magic change? If so, listen: You are one of the true courtiers in the universal commonwealth of royal and radiant souls. You came from Starland. You were sent to this sweet place called earth, where these little folk abide, to awake hope in their souls, to gladden their hearts, to beguile them of their tears, to spread mirth and contentment among them, to make them worthy of their blessed land. When you can bear them no longer the magic change is a White Rat, the shape you have never assumed. When all goes wrong remember the White Rat. I can say no more. Good night."

When he awoke Protean was deeply impressed by his dream. There was something about the spirit that struck an affirmative chord in him, so after the very next argument with Mine Herr, who had now become so very rich and important that he seldom spoke to any one but himself, Protean went out, and at just seven minutes past eight that night, as the starry dipper disappeared in the heaven, he turned himself into a White Rat, and lo! for the first time in his life he found he could not turn back. Time passed and Mine Herr came to him, who was now a White Rat, and he said: "Come, turn back to yourself and I will give you what you want. We will make a new compact wherein you will profit more than of yore." But Protean could only answer: "Once a White Rat, always a White Rat," and Mine Herr fumed and swore and spoke in his loud voice and far reaching language called advertisement and tried to prejudice the people against Protean, but the people became not prejudiced. They came to see the White Rat, and they saw the dreams of truth in his eyes, and Mine Herr fought with himself and vowed he would have revenge, and the human beings forgot he was great and he saw White Rats in his sleep and some people said he was ratty, and the White Rats scampered in all the booths, and the great fete and gala went on, and rose scents were blown on the winds, and the sweet rain fell, the birds all sang, the sunshine kissed the soil, and the stars shone bright, and the white snow came down on the beautiful earth, and Santa Claus came on Christmas eve and put sweet little White Rats in all the children's stockings, and with them some missives from Starland, one of which reads: "Once a White Rat always a White Rat," and one which says, "White Rats never turn back."

GEORGE FULLER GOLDEN.

HALEEL.

"O! name for a woman?" Well, maybe it is, but odd things happen sometimes.

Hot sun, blue sky, white sand.

Hot sun, blue sky, white sand. Oh! how tired I was of them! For three years I had seen nothing else. At last my contract with the Egyptian Government was ended, and I was about to make a jump to the other end of the globe.

I had secured a contract to superintend the building of some docks and bridges in British Columbia, and I was on my way down the Nile to Cairo. I had my back pay, all in Egyptian pounds, in a snug little canvas bag in my cabin, and I was impatient to be off.

My dahabeah had been crawling down the river for the last fifteen days, and I was longing for the time when I should strike railways and steam.

We had "tied up" alongshore for the night; it was somewhere between midnight and morning; the tom-tomming and yowling of the crew forward had trailed off into silence; my pipe had gone out, and I was just thinking of turning in when I was startled by a scream. It sounded far off, and it ended almost as soon as begun.

After listening some time and hearing nothing more I concluded it must have been the cry of some night bird, and had risen and was in the throes of a sleepy stretch when I saw, dimly, a fluttering figure moving rapidly down toward the shore. In a moment other figures, five or six, I thought, followed, as if in pursuit.

I stepped hastily ashore. Some instinct bade me be silent. Soon the first figure was within a few yards of me, and I could discern through the darkness it was a woman, and apparently a European. Still flying toward me she said, in low, hoarse tones, "For God's sake, save me!"

By this time I was beside her. She clutched my arm, saying, "Quick! Take me on board. Quick! quick!"

Catching the intonation of her haste, I hurried her on board into the cabin, locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and, making sure my revolver was all right, stepped on shore again.

By this time the "pad pad" of numerous feet on the sand was distinctly audible, and soon some five or six men appeared. They were not Bedouins or Fellahs, but their dress indicated they were members of some Pasha's household. And lumbering into sight, bringing up the rear and puffing like a grampus, was a eunuch, the usual thing. Black as ebony, ugly as a Chinese idol, and broad as he was long.

He addressed himself to me.

Could the Pasha speak Arabic? The Pasha could. A female slave had escaped from the harem of his master after having, among other crimes, stolen valuable jewels from her mistress. She had been seen running toward the shore. She had, no doubt, taken refuge on board the dahabeah. Would the Pasha permit his servants to search?

No, the Pasha would not.

Then the row commenced.

At first the black rascal was servile and crawling, full of cringe and compliments, but as the Pasha was deaf alike to praise and prayers, he soon waxed insolent and threatening. The talk had by this time roused the crew, who one after another had drawn aft. I caught a few whispered words of the eunuch to his men that they should seem to retire, but really strip and swarm on to the boat.

I at once ordered the Sheikh to throw off and set sail. On my men beginning to carry out my orders, the eunuch, frantic with baffled rage, ordered his men to board the boat.

At this I pointed to the Union Jack floating at the masthead, whipped out my revolver, reminded my black friend that it held just six charges, one for each of his party, and I intended the first one for him. This occasioned a halt among them, of

WHEN PHYLLIS SINGS

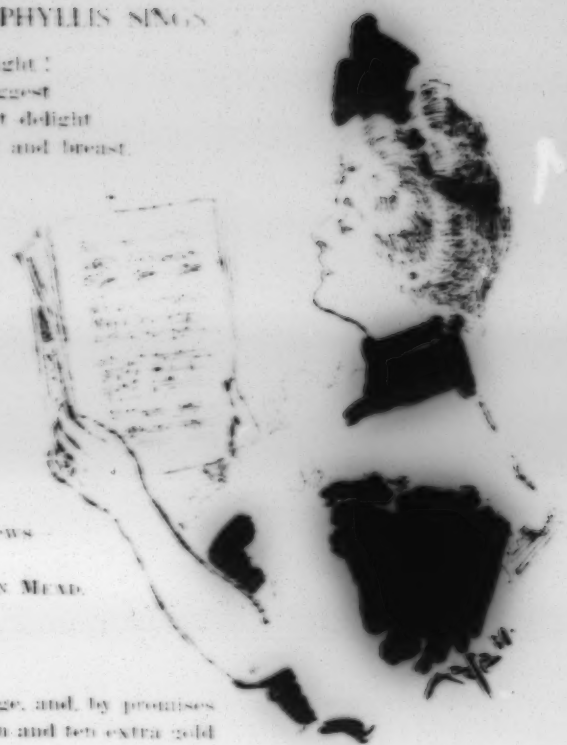
THEN all the world is bright:
A thousand dreams suggest
Her voice, and sweet delight
Thrills in her throat and breast.

Like sunnch are the red,
Red lips that softly phrase
The song of love, of dead,
Dear, guileless, golden days.

How doth she emphasize
The wistful tenderness,
With melting, turquoise eyes
Whose glance is a caress.

Oh, heart of mine, I lose
All sense of baser things;
Am drenched in Heaven's dew
When dainty Phyllis sings.

LEON MEAD.



which I promptly took advantage, and, by promises of liberal backsheesh to the men and ten extra gold piasters to the Sheikh, the boat soon swung out into midstream, and we were off down the river.

When we were out of reach of pursuit and the fast coming dawn made us safe from surprise I entered the cabin.

I found the woman—a mere girl—crouched on the floor, she having evidently divided her time between listening and praying. After calming her fears as well as I could, I persuaded her to lie down in my bunk, and, drawing the curtains close, I sat down in front of it and ordered some breakfast. As soon as it was served, I dismissed the servant, locked the door, and shared it with my captive.

After, I set out to do some tall thinking. If I wanted to keep this poor creature safe and restore her to civilization, and ultimately to her friends, I must do it alone. There was no trusting Arabs.

At last I hit upon a plan.

We were about five days' sail from Cairo. My body-servant, Haleel, was a boy about fourteen, whom I had bought from his father—sorely against the lad's own will—up country. During the day I kept him about me, and when night came I proposed to him, if I gave him ten Egyptian pounds—more money than he had ever dreamed of!—would he quietly drop over the side of the boat, swim ashore, and make his way back to his own village? Would he?

With his ten gold pieces secured in the folds of his turban, and his slippers and wardrobe—which consisted of a blue cotton shirt—in the cabin, he did this, and disappeared.

Next morning "Haleel" was very ill with a fever. I would attend him myself. And for five days and nights my poor little captive, supposed to be "Haleel," lay in my bunk, waited upon by me; and nobody seemed to suspect anything.

And there, at intervals, she told me her story. She had come out with some of her country folk—English—as governess. They were called suddenly back, leaving her in Alexandria. Shortly after she had secured another position in the family of the owner of a sugar factory, at the village where I had found her. Their place was near the palace of a native Pasha, who had money and wives galore. He soon evinced a desire to add her to the number of the latter, and took unmistakable means to inform her of the honor (so he proposed to her, and was both astonished and enraged when she peremptorily refused. Some time after, being out for a walk, she had been seized, enveloped in a Red-skin barnum, which effectually muffled any attempt at making herself heard, and was taken to the haven of the old ruffian.

This had occurred some weeks previous. Useless to refer to the unspeakable iniquities to which she had been submitted. For hours on the night of her escape she had lain concealed in a disused and forgotten hole on the ground floor, watching for some occasion that might occur to oblige the bowman to open the massive gate.

It came in the form of the water carrier bringing in his goat-skin of water on his back; and while the two cronies were exchanging greetings, and shielded by the darkness, she had crawled on hands and knees past them, almost touching them, through the gate. And it was only when she rose to her feet and started to run that she was discovered.

As we approached Cairo, the question was, how was she to be got ashore? I dared not risk the interminable delay that would inevitably follow an exposure of the matter, and delay would lose me my British Columbia contract. The one thing to be done was to get her and myself out of the country as soon as possible.

A wash made of equal parts of burnt sienna, which my box of paints furnished, and henna gave her the Arab complexion. Haleel's wardrobe was the next step, and that was an ordeal for a modest English girl. But it had to be done.

We "tied up" at Cairo about four in the afternoon. It was seven before I got the Sheikh paid and he had paid the crew, and the whole lot bundled off the boat; for not a man of them must see Haleel. She might pass for an Arab boy to a casual observer, but she was not a bit like Haleel.

At last they were all disposed of except my janissary, and he would not leave me. Whether with hope of more backsheesh or supper at Shepherd's I don't know. I brewed some punch and slipped into his tunic a couple of morphine pills. They soon settled him, and, leaving him snoring on the cabin floor, I stepped ashore, Haleel following with my portmanteau.

First train for Alexandria at eight next morning. Great luck! P and O boat nothing after.

Arrived in Alexandria all right. One more night on Egyptian soil, then abroad, thank God!

As soon as we were well out in the stream, and I thought the captain could spare me half an hour, I told him the whole story. Then a little procession, composed of the captain, the stewardess, and myself bringing up the rear, went to my cabin. There she was, sitting on my portmanteau. Then the procession re-formed, she now tucked under the captain's arm, while he, with a suspicious humidity about his eyes, would now and then pat her on the shoulder and say, "Poor little lass!"

Into a cabin she was escorted, followed by the stewardess, and

Well, now you know why my wife's name is Haleel.

ROSE EYING.

SUNG IN ENGLISH.

PROF. HARTSHORN: "The programme says that the opera is sung in English."

PROF. MORRIS: "Ah, then I think that the sooner the English becomes a dead language the better."



MARY VAN BUREN.
IN "THE LAST WORD."

A CATTLE-PUNCHER IN CHURCH.

PALM SUNDAY in Kansas City, Mo., was sanctified by the first sparkling sun of the Spring of the year. Broadway, the widest street in the town, fairly absorbed the light, stretching like a huge, white surveyor's tape from hollow to hill over the humpbacked, fashionable quarter of the city.

The sun sent a particularly yellow, bright and sharply-mocking ray of light over the ruins of the new Convention Hall, which a fierce fire had reduced to the level of mother earth a few days before. Enormous iron girders, guaranteed to support thousands of tons, lay twisted around each other's necks, disgusting in their bulky helplessness. Huge timbers from the virgin forests of Wisconsin, once as menacing in their straight uprightness and sturdy shapes as the finished battering rams of the Romans, were scattered playfully over the ground. Solid slivers wrenched from their sides and shapeless chunks of wood hid themselves apologetically under the shelter afforded by pieces of bent tin plate, of which nothing especially had been expected by the builders.

A little bird perched herself jauntily on the tip of a piece of disabled timber, pitching her clear tones in a key of frenzied exultation over her God-given freedom, feeling coquettishly sure in her occupancy of a seat on the long log, which, during its reign in the forest, before it was shorn of its green locks, never permitted the little bird to rest on its stately trunk, but at best let her nestle among its branches.

Now the giant was down, aching with smouldering burns, and the roving song stress, pirouetting blithely on the one spot left which was still sound, solid and safe.

The defiant and deafening sounds issuing from the grippan's hysterical smashing of hob-nailed boots on the head of a metal gong interrupted the solemnity and awe of the Sunday spectators at the scene of the catastrophe. Some felt like children at the sight of a broken toy. The Convention Hall, to the citizens of Kansas City, Mo., was more than an ordinary building representing the work of man. It was the temple representing the creative power of a community that had arrived. The place of worship at Delphos was not idolized by the Greeks with more intense tenderness than was bestowed upon the first meeting place of the National Democratic Convention of July 4, 1890, by the inhabitants of this Western Acropolis.

Some looked up into the heavens, betraying by the pose of their pupils an unspeakable query, waiting and watching for some sign from the silent, shimmering, inscrutable sky.

Out upon this scene the bells of a cathedral near by enter upon their pilgrimage of sound into the ears of those whose toughened tympani survive the hellish attacks of the cable car's metal gong.

The Bishop from St. Louis is announced to be present at the services this Sunday.

The rich and well-to-do churchgoer, escorting his ponderous wife, topheavy with loads of solid golden chains stretching over an abnormally developed bosom, and his swaggering daughter, frisky and healthy because of the Western air, and unwomanly, selfish and defiant looking because of a Western curriculum, pass through the portals side by side, with the anemic seamstress, the tired looking working mother of seven children, the ordinary salaried clerk wearing his ready-made clothes, the school girl put into long dresses too early, and other types of both believers and non-believers, all bent upon seeing and being seen in church.

The spectacle within is impressive and mysterious. Large palms, glistening with glossy surfaces, adorn the walls; the priests wearing purple cassocks and costly lace move in twos and twos, like soldiers upon a parade ground; a corps of choir boys swing the vessels containing the soporiferous incense; and in a box to the left, surrounded by a body guard of four young abbess, the visiting bishop is placed like a distinguished guest at a theatre, impassively surveying the crowd in the church.

The worthy prelate is unmindful of the stray gusts of wind, which, coming from a half-opened window, move spasmodically the single hairs protruding from the jeweled mitre covering his bald and venerable head.

An Italian tenor belonging to the Lombroso Grand Opera company, consisting of six artists and the artists' six personal representatives, having fulfilled a week's engagement the night before, and due to leave Monday morning en route for Coffeyville, Kan., is embracing a golden opportunity to enable the company to move its load (60-foot car on the bills, a one-horse wagon to the transfer man) of special scenic effects without interference from nosy deputy sheriffs, by rendering "The Palms" as a member of the cathedral choir that day.

The last notes of "Hosanna," released from their chesty prison, lose themselves in the fissures of the dust-bespattered arches.

A man skulks sideways through the entrance door, collapsing involuntarily as a sunbeam from an upper window hits him squarely in the face to a kneeling position at the lower end of the far-off aisle to the right.

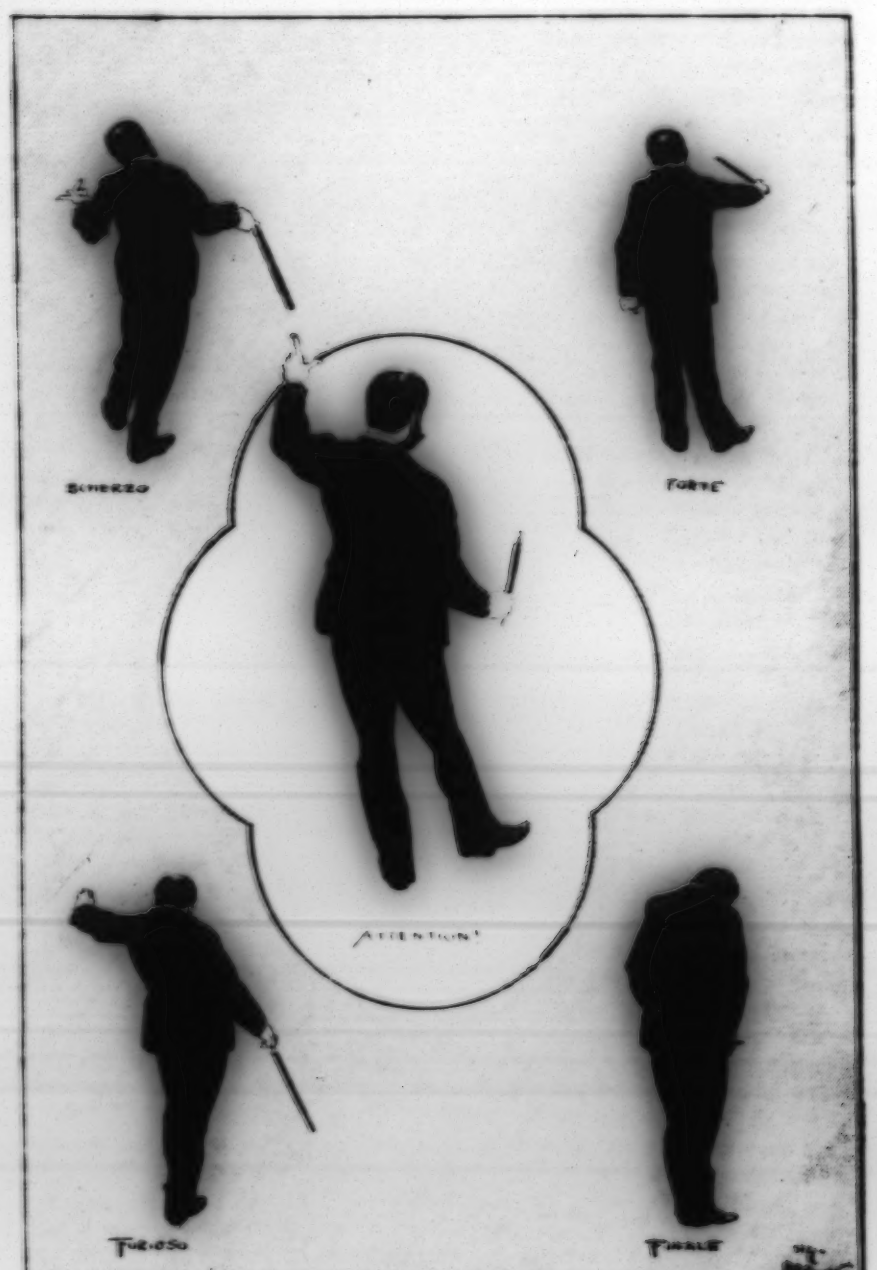
His looks make him out to be about five and twenty. No comb has ploughed through his twisted hairs this morning; the inside rim of his left ear is covered with fancy-shaped cakes of brown mud; the hairy growth in his wide and dilating nostrils is particularly excessive; his eyes, trained to look as straight and as sharply as did Einar Tambenskjelder's at the battle of Svold, are now simply two oval bodies of gelatine substance, shrinking from the sharp light of the sun as a jelly fish might quiver at a too strong touch of the human hand. Their expression, what little of an interpretative nature may be observed in them, is neither one of stupidity nor one of complete abandonment. It is that of the dog that slides slowly on all fours to the feet of the master to receive a deserved punishment. The chin has not been shaven for several days, and the frowzy edges of a blond mustache, overlapping a large, rich, red, upper lip, are chewed convulsively between two rows of square, tartar-covered, tobacco-stained teeth.

The short neck is as weather-beaten and bark-colored as a stump of oak left by the woodman's axe; the bushy covering of the breast, discovered through the absence of the two middle buttons in a gray flannel shirt, give the suggestion of the untanned hide of a huge ox.

The arms are of no unusual length, but set firmly in the shoulder socket, and his corrugated coarse hands, with almost yellow and very horny finger nails, affording a protection for layers of black dirt, clutch, twist and dig into a soft felt campaign hat, through the top of which are stuck crosswise two tiny American flags.

His jacket is made of yellow canvas cloth, the left side bulging out from an old wallet in the pocket; the gray trousers, with wide, dark stripes, are stuffed into the tops of a pair of square-soled boots.

The man looks too healthy and too well built to merit any suspicion of poverty.



SOUSA LEADING.

Strong animalism, defiance of custom, and a constitutional aversion to caring about his looks or his attire are mingled with the fear of the quarry at bay, and the instinct of both the single minded and the aboriginal, be he an illiterate white or a superstitious copper-colored, when they feel that they have acted contrary to the voice of the inner self, to turn to some other and superior agency for a reclamation of lost self control. This man is a simple minded man; a cattle puncher from the plains of Oklahoma; he came to Kansas City to finish a six months' wad of savings by the absorption of as large an amount of whiskey as time and congenial company would permit.

Last night he had surrendered to the charm of the town with a will. He was Western, and therefore blood-tainted with an animal desire to excel and to be felt; to be the centre of a group, if not for the sake of any particular virtue he might



T. DANIEL FRAWLEY.
IN "SECRET SERVICE."

possess, then for the sake of some personal vices he might exhibit if he were but the biggest thing there—the Jumbo of the pageant.

He had swallowed the largest measures of the most fiery liquor set before him; had invited to the bar whomever wanted to sponge on him; had wallowed in flattery, purchasable by all comers at ten cents a tumbler, and in return he had compelled those about to listen to stories of his daring on the plains with stampeding cattle, and to admire tales of his courage during disputes with his fellow herders, whom he had made shut up in "damn" short order.

Passing a little news girl he acceded to her request for the purchase of her last paper, having first made sure of the fact that the crowd was watching the increase in size of both himself and his jag—the first being imaginary, the latter real. He tossed a dollar into the street, that everybody might see the stake, making the girl execute a slide that landed her sprawling over the coin for fear another would reach it first. After he had passed away the girl sank her teeth into the hard edge of the specie, said "sucker," and flew to the nearest Italian fruit stand, where she laid in a supply of bananas, maple sugar and two boxes of cigarettes.

A three sheet poster of Ursus throwing the bull led him to enter a theatre to see a ten-cent production of "Quo Vadis" by a stock company. When the man in the box-office informed him that the best seats were thirty cents he decided not to go in. To be entertained for two hours and a half for three dimes did not appeal to the sense of a man who wanted a rowdy time and wanted it in frequent but diffused fractions.

The mutoscopes, a nickel for every picture—turn the crank as fast as you like—were more to his liking, and he stuffed every machine in the place with five cent pieces, until all the views from "A scene on the bathing beach at Coney Island" to "Fun in a dressing room" had passed before his bleary eyes.

A woman of the street, to whom he had been tipped off as "a good thing," took possession of him on the next corner and managed unmolested to steer him into her "furnished room."

She was of middle age and Irish; hence the growler was not rushed for beer, but the night was spent in an abominable debauch, directly traceable to drinking whiskey out of the bottle, straight. Both scorned the services of "chasers."

It was after this night that the man found himself at the cathedral services on Palm Sunday morning.

He was not irresponsibly drunk now; he had slept from four until nine in the morning, which was sufficient for a man like him, so well accustomed to the loss of sleep and rest. His nature was of that sort that grows both hilarious and sentimental during a jag. When in this state he could enjoy with an impartial amount of pleasure the refrain of the most lewd coon song and the chorus of "The Holy City."

His hilarity always disappeared with each occasion when he lay like a lump of lead, asleep among the dogs of the drunk. But his sentimentality grew into the

next day in inverse ratio to the shaking off of the effects of the night before. Inwardly he prayed to God that He would strike him with a bolt from above, dead in his tracks, as a terrible example to all sinners. The next moment the association of ideas carried his thoughts forward to a point where he wondered if the boys, on hearing of his death, would order white and red flowers to be put on his grave.

The impulse of one of these factitious and maudlin moods led him to listen to the voices of the bells and to follow them into the church.

Once inside he plunged into the luxury of a spiritual cleansing, as a man suffering from heat might dive into the waters of a cold bath.

He wanted to experience the supreme surrender to humility, and therefore remained on his knees so long as the services lasted.

When the contribution box was passed around he promptly threw with more force than was necessary a ten dollar gold piece into the wooden receptacle, and felt delighted at the loud report the coin made on hitting the bottom. He was now paying for salvation, and he meant to get his money's worth from the church, as he got it from the mutoscopes.

He made the sign of the cross every time the priests did so on the steps of the altar. At times he would jab the sharp edge of his felt hat into his eyes to start the tears running. When, after a few efforts, the irritation to the eyeballs actually produced a secretion from the lacrimal glands, he watched the tears with deeper surprise and more satisfaction than a 50-cent *table d'hôte* diner would exhibit on finding a costly pearl inside the shell of an ordinary clam.

That tear alone was worth the ten dollar gold piece, as he had not felt the delicious sensation of water dripping from his eyelid to his cheek since he was a boy in bare feet.

The celebrant and his server had finished their kyrie eleisons; out over the heads of the congregation floated the last notes of the choir's "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." The visiting bishop pronounced the benediction; the worshipers heaved sighs of relief or sorrow, according to the state of their sincerity; several elderly women with a look of religious insanity in their spectacle-covered eyes, craving still more contact with Him and His disciples, followed the gorgeous looking, elongated priests into the sacristy, kneeling on the way at the steps of the altar before the image of the naked, suffering, crucified Jesus Christ.

The man in the canvas cloth coat now suffered the pangs of loneliness. During the services he had felt that he was an integral part of the assemblage; he had shared in the common purpose to pray and to ask forgiveness; his thoughts had joined the others in the concentration on one supreme idea; he had knelt when they knelt; he had given his gold piece when they had handed over their silver coins; the singing that had reached their ears had also filled his; and the blessing pro-



MAUDE FEALY.

nounced was meant for him as well as for the fashionable woman sitting in the pew near him.

And now, during the breakup and flocking out, no one noticed him. Even the cattle in his herd would welcome any strange steer that might join them on the wide plains, or at least show some interest in the newcomer by nosing around him or lapping his forehead with their spit-dripping tongues.

He never felt more lonely after a week's single riding over a deserted stretch of alkali than he did this Sunday morning in the church in the midst of hundreds of his fellow beings.

Coming down the aisle is a man he knows. He is superintendent of the stock yard, where he often had delivered carloads of cattle. His acquaintance is straining all his efforts to interest a gentleman looking like a church dignitary in his conversation while they are walking down the aisle.

The superintendent sees the cattle puncher, but his glance immediately passes by him and fastens itself once more firmly on the features of his companion.

A few steps behind them walks the saloon keeper, in whose place he had spent nearly fifty dollars last night. Then he wore a white coat and a white apron, and his hands were white with the foam of the beer. Now he is dressed in a stylish frock suit, a Grand Army button in the lapel of his frock coat, a shining silk hat and a pair of lustrous patent leather shoes which enable him to look, when in the street, equally polished at top and bottom.

The saloon keeper grips the hand of his twelve year old, over-dressed daughter by his side, whom he has taken to church this morning from the Catholic institution where he pays for her maintenance.

Without noticing in any way the cattle puncher's cordial efforts for recognition, he passes by his star customer of the night before with as firm a step as he used in the parade on St. Patrick's Day, when it marched by police headquarters.

The man, remembering where he is, swallows an involuntary, half spoken oath of his choicest stock. His impulse is to do something to tear to pieces the false shield of respectability behind which the other is secure, so the people present might see that the seller was no better than the purchaser, and that the first was as much responsible for the latter's condition as the latter was himself.

He decides to overtake the decorous rum seller and to ask him in a loud voice if he keeps his side door open on Sundays; if so, he will be down to his place shortly. He is on the point of executing his inspired maneuver of revenge when his next step

that she was quivering under the same heavy weight of loneliness that also oppressed him prompted him to this chivalrous act. Yet she did not forget that the men of the plains, if left unhampered by their own women folks, "have more charity for women than can be found in the Gospel of St. John," as ranchman "Canty" once expressed himself.

Over-sentimentality was not one of her cardinal sins. She went to church once in a while for the same reason that she chose every Thursday to write to her mother back East. She hated to break old habits. She knew she would probably remain a public woman until she died, and she nursed a premonition of dying comparatively young. Something was the matter with her heart.

She used to go to church as a child, and later as a chambermaid and "a good girl" in a hotel in New York. Her hours of worship had neither impressed her deeply nor bored her greatly. She now found some physical as well as spiritual comfort in listening to the music, admiring the gorgeousness of the ceremonies and sitting side by side, skirt by skirt, with some respectable woman.

On the whole, though she could not guess his ulterior motive, she was happy for what he had done.

Several of the congregation had observed her at different times when she had come and gone unescorted. This Sunday she left on the arm of a man, and although his appearance was neither very presentable nor super-refined, it carried with it an



SCENE FROM SADIE STRINGHAM'S SKETCH, "OVER YONDER."

forward brings him face to face with a woman, middle aged, dressed modestly in black, and clasping tightly in her hand a torn prayer book.

For the third time the expression of his features lights up with the knowledge that there is somebody he knows, and who knows him. For the first time of the three, his greeting is returned. The woman knows him and nods to him. She is his "lady friend" and hostess of the night before, the occupant of the furnished room—the street walker.

They meet at a table placed near the entrance, where an aged clerk, the traces of a former drunkard deep in the lines of his face, is handing to the people as they walk out an individually addressed envelope containing a card exhorting them not to forget the Easter offering next Sunday. No card is marked with their name as they are both strangers, so they pass by, she leaning on his quickly proffered arm.

To the woman the man's acknowledgment of her presence under such unusual circumstances did not exactly appear such a noble and brave deed as his vanity told him that it surely would do. Nor had he done what he did do merely for the love of creating a theatrical effect, as people present, of course, could know naught of the character of their acquaintanceship. Still the motives which made him throw a silver dollar to the news girl and a ten dollar gold piece into the contribution box were not entirely absent from his act of handing himself over to her again.

At one moment he felt as if he were present at his own funeral. In the next moment the rebuff he had met with from the stock yard superintendent and the saloon keeper, being thoroughly understood by a mind capable from habit of both interpreting and formulating insults of a nature far less obvious, landed squarely and forcibly on his bump of desire to get revenge and at once. A diabolical craze for self degradation took possession of him. He wanted to do something then and there in such a brutal or ridiculous manner that both of his acquaintances, merely through the bond of the knowledge within themselves that they knew him, could be made to blush for the fact that one had shaken his hand and the other had taken his money.

That was the state of his mind on seeing his desolate partner of the night, and as the organist in the loft pulled out the last stop in his wonderful instrument he had linked his arm in hers and moved toward the door.

She knew men too well to think that mere sympathy for herself and the fact

of the calling he pursued, which was sufficient excuse for his looks to all present in that part of the country.

Some people might take him for her husband, who, on one of his semi-annual visits to the city, had gone to fetch her home from church that morning.

Both the man and the woman, therefore, were perfectly content with their manner of leaving the house of God.

Once more on the sidewalk, they confront the problem of what to do next. As in most instances where a man finds himself in the company of a disreputable woman, and not knowing exactly how to shape his conversation, this man made the suggestion, natural to his sex, of going somewhere to take a drink. Having given expression to his desire, she knew that she might as well try to lead a thirsty stallion past a water trough as to make him ignore an open side door on a Sunday. She therefore named a place on Wyandotte Street with a "ladies' entrance" that is never closed.

On their way down town they stopped for a few moments to look at the gigantic spectacle of destruction on the ruins of Convention Hall.

A small boy seeking among the twisted girders for pieces suitable for souvenirs picks up the crushed body of a little bird.

Some workmen, shifting among the debris, had released a couple of iron bars suspended over the end of the huge leg. They fell on the little bird, smashing the frail walls of its tiny skull into a fine powder of blood-smeared cartilage. During the execution of a frolicking roudade its voice was stifled by an unexpected blow from above.

The woman said, "Poor little bird; too bad, ain't it?" The man replied, "Oh, hell! come on; let's get that drink."

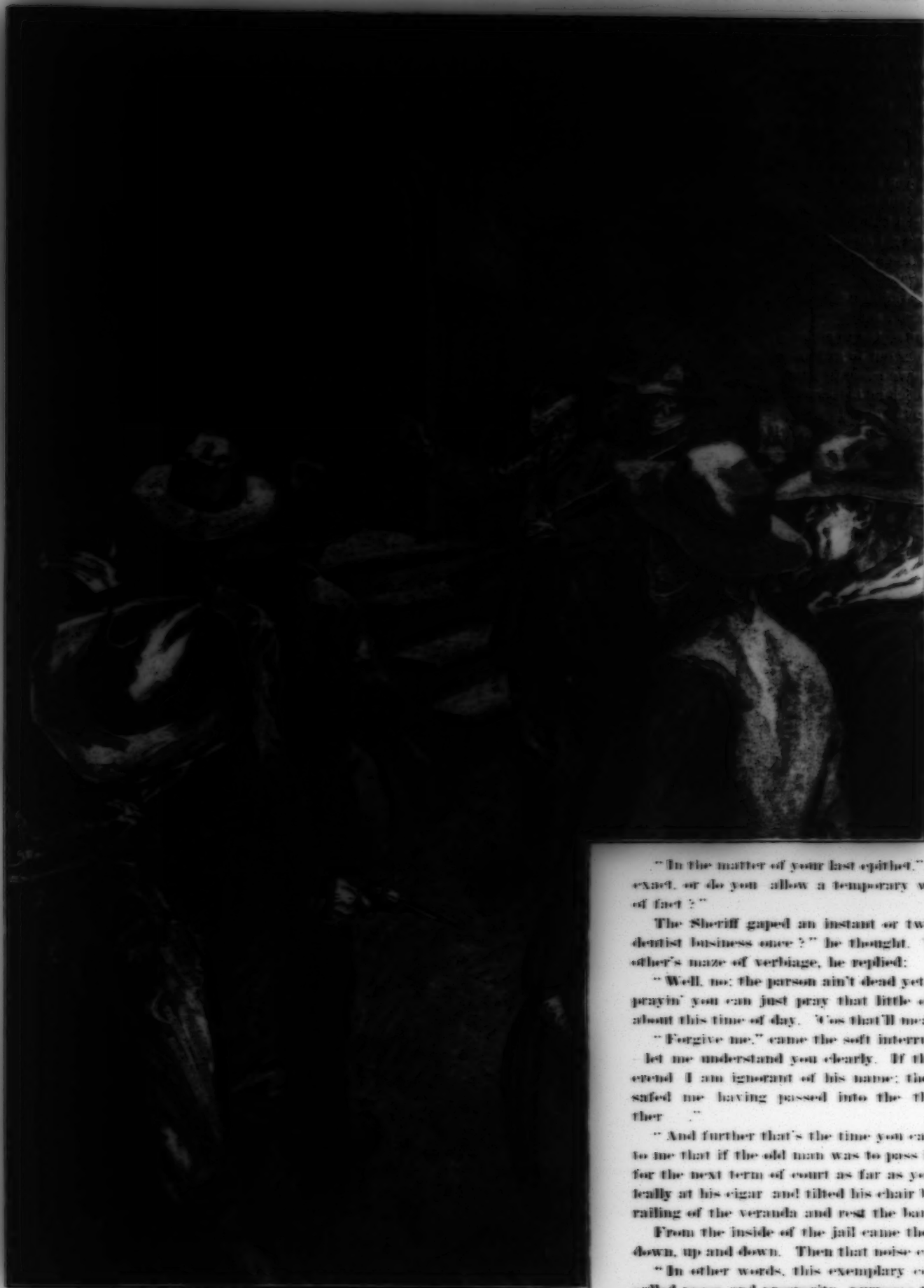
Arm in arm they head for the "ladies' entrance" on Wyandotte Street, he trying to repeat the refrain of the coon song she had taught him last night:

"I'm a livin' easy,
Eatin' pork chops greasy;
Always got money
To give my honey."

"And you'll give me some," she says, sotto voce, as they turn the corner.

FACE TALKER WORM.

A LIFE OR DEATH PERFORMANCE.



THE Sheriff changed his rifle from his right arm to his left, and crossed his legs. He looked down the street nervously. He tried whistling. But that did not seem to soothe. Then, from the corridor behind him, came the faint fume of a cigar that had most certainly never been bought in Clay Oak.

A breath or two of amused profanity came from the Sheriff's lips. "Danged if the cuss ain't smoking perfectos in there, and me 'most so nervous I can't sit still!" He gave a little laugh and opened his nostrils to the scent of the cigar. "Kinder soothin'," he remarked to himself.

Half a mile down the street a little blue flag was fluttering in the breeze. It seemed to depend from a rod that was fastened to a fence, or projected from a window; at that distance it was impossible to distinguish aught save the little bit of azure itself. The Sheriff's eyes rested constantly on the flag. Now and again his gaze attempted adventuring elsewhere, but some magnetism turned it always to the flag again. The Sheriff's thoughts were as active as quicksilver. If he had voiced them they would have been something like this:

"I'd liever they'd just concluded to surprise me than give me due warning with that there rag. Just don't seem able to keep my eyes offen it. Danged thing gives me the shivers. . . . But, come the worst, I'll do my duty. And I reckon the boys they know that. Not that I'm putting any blame on them. No. If so be as I wasn't Sheriff I don't know but what I'd be over yonder myself, waiting, and my hand on the rope, and . . . But I'm Sheriff of this county."

With which summing up the watcher on the veranda of the Clay County jail continued his observance of the far-off patch of blue.

"I hope," said a soft and suave voice presently, from somewhere in the dark building behind the Sheriff, "that you will consider me nothing but solicitous for your peace of mind if I offer you a cigar. I seem to observe that you are nervous."

The Sheriff laughed staccato. "Maybe I am," he said, "maybe I am. Though it's you that has the most cause." He hesitated an instant or two, and then continued: "I don't know but what I will trouble you for one of them segars. I reckon I don't have to ask you how you come by it."

"No," said the voice, "your immediate duties hardly include that."

They both smoked in silence for a time. Then the voice from within began again. "If you will allow me," it said, "I must congratulate you on being in charge of what I, as a connoisseur, have no hesitation in pronouncing the cleanest—or little hostelry in my experience."

"Meaning the jail?" said the Sheriff. "Well, I guess you're about right. Fact is, this county ain't hardly got no use for it. Take it in twelve months and there ain't enough doing in your town." He waved his cigar in the direction of the inner chambers, "for all of Clay County to keep the jail open two months. But the 'joining' coddies sends us in what they ain't got room for, every once in a while, and I earns my salary one way and another." He took a few whiffs at the cigar, looked at it lovingly, and continued: "Last week the Christian Endeavor Society held its meeting here."

"I assure you," responded the other smoker, "that my regret at destroying so peaceable a routine is infinite. I am really most wonderfully sorry. If it had not been for me, you might, I dare say, even now be guarding nothing more dangerous than a meeting of a Christian Endeavor Society. Moreover, I see this little affair is getting onto your nerves. If you could only suggest something that I could do to alleviate the annoyances I bring upon you!" He paused and sighed audibly. "What a surpassingly peaceable community this must be!"

"You bet it is, stranger! We got more eddication, more peace and prosperity right here in this county than in any spot on this earth, I do believe." The Sheriff's rifle-butt came down on the floor of the veranda with a loud crash. "Damn it, what d'you want to come around here for, you and that cussed partner of yours? God darn you both for thieves and murderers!"

His voice hesitated a little before the last word.

"In the matter of your last epithet," said the inmate of the jail, "are you rigidly exact, or do you allow a temporary wave of passion to sweep you over the bar of fact?"

The Sheriff gaped an instant or two. "Wonder if he wasn't in the traveling dentist business once?" he thought. Then, his mind having groped through the other's maze of verbiage, he replied:

"Well, no; the parson ain't dead yet. And if you've got any kind of a knack at prayin' you can just pray that little old flag down yonder don't go to droppin' about this time of day. 'Cos that'll mean the parson's gone, an' you're—"

"Forgive me," came the soft interruption, "if I seem rude in my slowness, but let me understand you clearly. If the flag drops that is the signal of the Reverend I am ignorant of his name; the honor of an introduction was not vouchsafed me having passed into the the beyond? It is. Thank you. And further—"

"And further that's the time you can do your prayin'. For the boys give it out to me that if the old man was to pass in his checks they wasn't proposing to wait for the next term of court as far as you was concerned." The Sheriff looked critically at his cigar and tilted his chair back so that he could cross his feet over the railing of the veranda and rest the barrel of his rifle between his boots.

From the inside of the jail came the noise of some one walking rapidly up and down, up and down. Then that noise ceased, and gave way to the sound of speech.

"In other words, this exemplary community—this model of what I think you called peace and prosperity—purposes to make use of the somewhat—pardon me if I seem frank!—somewhat primitive methods of Judge Lynch? I am exquisitely pained to think myself the cause of such a turbulent innovation. Really, I am sorry."

"You understand," resumed the Sheriff, "I'm here to do my duty. There's my duty before me just as straight as the street down to that little flag there, and here's my gun. The boys is all good friends of mine, but I read my duty clear, so I reckon they've got me to shoot or get shot by before they gets inside of this jail. 'Cos I'll shoot, sure as my name's Tod Minton!" He took a sight along the barrel of the rifle before he went on, with a vicious emphasis, "But don't you think I'm doing it for any love of you!"

"My dear Mr. Minton, you underrate my sense of your sanity. You are really, if I may venture to say so, something of an uncommon nature. I wish I had the chance to see more of you. Your stern devotion to duty strikes me as supremely quaint; it is quite the expression of an elementary adhesion to first principles." Again the inmate began to walk the floor of the jail. "What method," he added, presently, "are your friends likely to employ?"

"Oh," said the Sheriff, "the reg'lar thing: limb of a tree and a rope."

"Ah! Again the exquisitely simple essentials!" The prisoner resumed his locomotion. He began to mutter to himself. "Why doesn't it come to me? Ten minutes now since I began the search for the way out! There is a way—I know there is a way! There is always a way for the wise. The gods grant that that rascal Billy is staying within reach! Why doesn't it come to me—why, why?"

From outside came the sound of the Sheriff coughing. Next, he attempted to sing a line of a hymn.

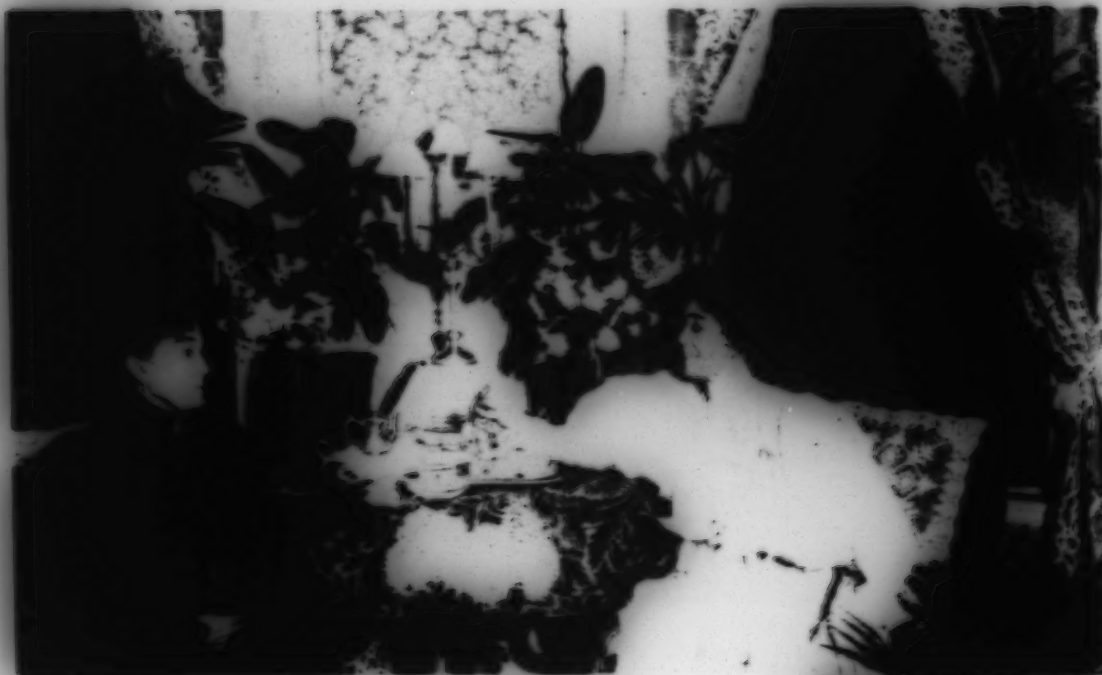
What a curiously high-pitched voice the fellow has, thought the prisoner. And with that he stood suddenly still. A smile crept along the corners of his mouth, and he blew a ring of smoke into the air with a skill that betokened sudden complete peace. "Wonderful," he thought, "are the ways of Providence. Some day I should be glad of the leisure sufficient to let me put forth a monograph on the manifold protections Providence has accorded me." He stepped to the barred door, and silently surveyed the Sheriff. "He is about my height," he mused. "For the rest, it is merely a matter of the voice. Perhaps, after all, the days when I went barnstorming are to bear interest."

Along the street the shadows were lengthening. Presently the sun hung against the horizon, a huge ruddy disk, with the blue flag spotting its centre. It was like the bull's eye on a target.

THE NEW SANTA CLAUS.

TWAS in the old days, long ago,
When Christmas came with frost and snow,
That jolly old Saint Nicholas
Would gaily over roof tops pass
With tandem deer and jingling sleigh,
To give his Yuletide gifts away.
He used to sprint through chimney flues—
A most unnecessary ruse—
But then, the dear old chap was slow—
He really didn't know, you know!
We children of the present wink
At fairy tales, and do not think
That even a saint would get so gay
Around the gas logs of to-day
And radiators in the grate
Of steam that does not radiate;
So Santa's hung his ulster up
With camphor balls for moths to sup.
He's turned the reindeer out to grass,
And stranger things have come to pass.
He does the chimney trick no more,
But comes a-mobing to the door!

KATE MASTERSON.



MRS. LESLIE CARTER AND HER MOTHER.

"Mr. Minton!"

The Sheriff looked back over one shoulder. "Well?"

"Concerning these friends of yours—the gentlemen with the crude intentions in the direction of my humble self—do you object to my expressing a curiosity? Time's wings are tired for me, just now. Anything as a distraction—anything, even curiosity? What are some of their names? Who are they? If I were a little boy, I should say: Tell me a story; make me forget the actual. As it is—satisfy my curiosity. It is a whim—a foolish fancy."

"Well," replied the Sheriff, "I don't see as it'll do you any good, but it certainly ain't going to do me no harm. Some of the boys? Well, there's Jake Farren, he runs the O. K. Store, and breeds setter dogs. And Jim Oyers, he's in the berry raising business, and his little girl, Mattie, does most of the work. They'll surely be on hand, I reckon. And Marsh Quisenby, and Alec Grant, and—"

From a little distance off came the double signal of a passenger train.

"There's Number 7," the Sheriff interpolated. "It's getting 'most evening now."

"And what," asked the prisoner, "is Number 7?"

"Number 7's the westbound passenger. She stops up here at the junction for half an hour, to wait for Number 10, eastbound. They cross here."

"Thank you, thank you." The prisoner laughed with a fine ring of bitterness. "They declare, you know, that in the sight of death one evinces the most ridiculous interest in the minutiae of life. I dare say it is true." He turned from the door, and paced up and down for several minutes. "In half an hour. Either of two trains—in half an hour. And that voice!"

Something about the prisoner's concluding remark, something in his bitter laugh—the ring of which seemed so true to the Sheriff, touched the sympathy of that official.

"Danged if I see," he remarked, "how a fellow of the kind of advantages 't appears to me you've had ever got so low down."

"A blindness, my dear Mr. Minton, that does you infinite credit. How are you, living in this quiet, lovely, sober corner of the world, to understand the feverish complexities that may be enmeshed in a life that spins always on the froth of the stream? You move in paths that are of an almost indecent plainness. You say: this is right, and that is wrong. You say that in attempting to persuade that aged person of my superiority in ability to appreciate the value of his moneys I am a thief and—perhaps—a murderer. Perhaps—if you must needs seek exactitude from the dictionary. In my world everything is relative. If you ask me if I believe in honesty, I should ask you, in reply: Honesty of whom, about what? There is nothing so obvious, yet so generally unseen, as the complete relativity of everything. You say: this is a crime; I say that it all depends. If I had time, it would give me keen delight to make these beautiful tenets of the fairer life plain to you, but—"

The speaker stopped suddenly, and the next instant the Sheriff heard what sounded like a faint moan. Then—

"Oh, my God!" came from the inner cell
After that, utter stillness.

The Sheriff jumped up from his chair and swung round to the corridor. In his haste he leaned his rifle against the trellised wall of the veranda. Beyond through

the barred door he could see the prisoner's body lying, a dull heap, on the floor. He opened the door, swinging its heavy weight outward. "Shock—maybe; maybe heart failure," he muttered. "Better so, like as not." He advanced to the body, and touched it with his foot. About the touch of the thing there seemed to him something uncanny, something inelastic, something that spoke of dissolution. He stooped, in the fading light, to look at the face.

To see the better he turned, facing the open door. The dying streaks of sunlight shot across his sight and blinded him for a moment. Then, from somewhere beneath him, two hands gripped his throat, and he heard the note of a peculiarly extensive whistle.

And then consciousness passed from the Sheriff.

Outside there was the sound of some one gliding onto the veranda.

"That you, Billy?" hissed the inmate of the jail. "I'm—most uncommonly glad to see you. Quick, the gag, and the cord! The time's most unpleasantly short. This was the only way. No use my trying to evacuate the premises solus, in these clothes; the vigilant villagers know me too well. Help this gentleman off with his things, and on with mine, Billy. They don't know you when they see you, do they? No? That's good. In fifteen minutes trains leave for East and West; until then I have a part to play. Do the Sheriff's things fit me pretty well? Well enough in this light, eh? Good! Why can't I cut and run right now? Fool! What would the Sheriff be doing away from the jail this time? I'm the Sheriff, Billy. Now—to the station! I—have an engagement."

Billy crept away into the bushes. He who had been prisoner stepped out onto the veranda, took up the rifle, and balanced himself on the tiptilted chair. He slouched the Sheriff's hat down over his forehead, and waited.

"Ah!"

The bull's-eye was gone from the target. The blue flag was withdrawn.

"Poor old soul!" said the watcher on the veranda. Then he added, "But he shouldn't have resisted!"

A fume of dust was in the air down the shadowy street.

"I opine," continued the soliloquizer, "that I am to be favored by visitors, Jake Farren, Jim Oyers, Marsh Quisenby, Alec Grant, et al., as those wearisome legal methods phrase it. Well, I trust I may not, at this late date in my career, be accused of discourtesy."

Out of the cloud of dust came a cluster of human figures. In the dusk one could see that all of them carried shooting weapons, and that there were various efforts at facial disguise. These were ineffectual, for the most part; mere



ETHEL BARRYMORE.

hangings of the hat too low over the brow, or handkerchiefs roughly twined about the lower face.

"It seems," mused the watcher before the jail, "that there are conventions, even in lynching. Even the merest debutants feel that an unclad face is in bad form."

The approaching group had something of solemnity about it. What sounds it gave out were but rumblings and mutterings below the breath. Their feet moved silently through the dust of the road.

The last man, the whipper-in, the rearward, walked a few feet behind the others. From his shoulder something trailed, snake-like, in the dust, lashing up a wake of dun-colored particles. In that light the trailing something, and the opaque mist over it, had a suggestion of uncanniness.

As the group assembled before the jail, forming a sort of cordon before it, there came, from the veranda, a high-pitched wailing of an old-fashioned hymn.

"I guess Tod's kinder nervous," whispered one of the outer assembly, "never knew him to strike up 'Jesus will carry me through,' but what there was something on his mind."

Then came a loud call, from the middle of the group.

"Tod Minton!"

"Well?"

"Parson's dead."

"Ain't nobody any sorrier 'n me."

"You know what we're here for, Tod."

"I can guess pretty close."

"What you going to do, Tod?"

"Just my duty." The speaker fingered his rifle slightly, and there followed a metallic "tsk" that ricocheted from one to the other of the group outside.

"Going to shoot, Tod?"

"What's the use talkin, boys? You know me, and I know you. Ain't got one

of your setter dogs along has you, Jake? And I reckon Jim Oyers'll be out there, too. Wonder you'd not have give the job to Mattie, Jim. But what's the use wastin' time? You think you got a duty, I reckon, and, as for me, I read my duty clear—and here's my gun!"

There was the growling of smothered talk. Then, again:

"He ain't worth it, Tod."

"I see my duty clear. None of my business who he is, or what he is. I'm Sheriff of this county. And I'll shoot, sure as my name's Tod Minton."

Outside there were hurried rumblings again. "There's only one thing," said the leader, in a whisper, to his comrades, "we got to shoot low. We don't want to hurt him."

There was the sound of a foot touching the veranda.

"I said I'd shoot," came from the trellis.

The next instant a Winchester spoke viciously. The porch climber reeled, and fell backward, and then came a volley that filled the whole world, it seemed, with smoke and noise.

The body of the guardian of the jail crashed heavily against the trellis-work, breaking it and scattering it. The figure lay on the grass, limp, with the smoke playing over it like a rising dew.

Over it and past it the attacking party stormed into the jail.

But one man, out of that party, lay dead in the road.

From the first shot to the utter desertion of the road and the veranda only seconds had elapsed.

The body that had lain limp under the veranda suddenly sprang stealthily to its feet. Then there was a swift move over to where the other body lay, stiff, silent. There was an exchange of hats and coats, and then he that had parleyed from the veranda plunged into the darkness that was between the jail and the railroad station.

* * * * *

Billy was anxiously pacing the platform a minute or so before the two trains were to start. The sound of the firing had come to him, and he was filled with apprehension. Suddenly a tall figure, in garments that he did not recognize, brushed past him.

"You go East, Billy," said the figure, "I'll steer to the West. It'll be fifteen minutes before they have sense enough to wire, and I'll get out at the first station. Thank the dear Providence that watches us like babes, Billy! Hurry!"

Presently the station was empty; the trains had steamed away. Facing the West sat the tall individual who had but now been an inmate of the Clay County jail.

"Dear Heaven," he smiled to himself, "I wonder if the boards of any other stage have ever felt the triumph of the art of mimicry so palpably as did that little veranda just now! To act—for one's life—ah . . ." He sank back into the cushions in reflections full of appreciation of himself—the keenest epicureanism in the world.

But in Clay Oak there are still men who will go to their graves swearing that the man who talked to them from the veranda of the jail, who killed Jim Oyers just before he himself was toppled over into the weeds was the Sheriff, Tod Minton—and no other. And yet the Sheriff had been found, gagged and bound, and half-strangled, on the floor of the inner cell!

And in Clay Oak they no longer laugh at miracles.

PERCIVAL POLLARD.

SOME EXCLUSIVE PORTRAITS.

FOR a third of a century the name of Isaac R. Rich has been prominent in connection with theatre management. Yet, in spite of his long and prominent career, the magnitude of his numerous amusement enterprises, and his direction of some of the most successful theatre properties in this country, few persons other than those closely associated with him have ever seen a picture of him.

For many years Mr. Rich has steadfastly declined to be photographed for publication. "The public is interested in what I provide for their amusement, not in what I look like, or what I do. I am an old man and a busy one, with no time for picture taking; let the young fellows do the posing and I will continue to serve my patrons with the best I can give them for their money"—such has been the policy of this manager. However, after many diplomatic overtures and by dint of much persuasive argument, aided by the earnest co-operation of his son and associate, Charles J. Rich, the manager of the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, the flashlight photograph published herewith was finally secured.

The picture represents Mr. Rich seated at his desk in his private office, in consultation with his son, Charles J. Rich. The photograph is considered to be a very life-like study of both gentlemen, and is believed to be the only picture of the elder Mr. Rich ever taken for the purpose of publication.

Ever since the initial appearance of Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Ugly Duckling" her pictures in costume have been familiar to the public, but these portraits have seemed to fall short of adequate delineation of that charm which so often eludes the efforts of the photographer, with the result that the pictures are "stagey" and unnatural. Mrs. Carter is what is known as a difficult photographic subject, in so far as special poses are concerned. This is due to her coloring and temperament, which cannot be reproduced by a lens. By far the most lifelike pictures of her are those by flashlight, Mr. Byron having been most successful in his Zaza stage pictures. The flashlight picture here presented was made in the private apartments



JOHN DREW.

of Mrs. Carter at her hotel during a road tour of "The Heart of Maryland." She is shown in the act of partaking of five o'clock tea, in company with her mother, Mrs. Dudley. Mrs. Carter has never been able to live in a trunk with that abandon that comes to most players in the course of time. She has always had a hankering after the home comforts that hotel life does not satisfy. To make up for this deficiency as far as possible she has always made it a practice to carry her own tea service and many other little comforts that would be considered in the light of "excess baggage" by most members of the profession. At the time this picture was taken, she said: "I always try to have things as homelike as possible, so I drag all sorts of little odds and ends around the country with me to render my dressing-room and my hotel apartments as cozy and comfortable as I can."

Mr. Drew has a horror of the camera, and an in-born hatred of the photographer. Probably this is due to the fact that he has been photographed more frequently than almost any other American actor. Yet he is one of the most difficult subjects, and his photographs are almost always disappointing. A few years ago he said to the writer: "I would rather go to the dentist than the photographer any time." The picture of Mr. Drew at his desk after the perusal of his morning mail is a very fair portrait. By many who are familiar with his pictures it is said to be one of the most satisfactory photographs ever made of this popular actor. The success of the sitting is due in a large degree to the fact that it was not premeditated, and no effort at posing was attempted. The picture was made by flashlight in a hotel room while Mr. Drew was on tour. But two prints were ever made from the negative.



ISAAC R. AND CHARLES J. RICH.

Had Ethel Barrymore forsaken the profession of her family and become an artist's model she would have been one of the most successful that ever graced the most trying art of the arts. Actors, actresses, and even poets can be made, statements to the contrary notwithstanding, but a model must be born. No amount of "making" will ever produce a satisfactory model. Miss Barrymore is a natural born model, and one of the best photographic subjects America has ever produced. She has had many successful portraits, and not a few poor ones. Some of the latter have found their way into the magazines, and how they ever were made to do Miss Barrymore such injustice is a mystery. The flashlight picture reproduced in connection with this article is here published for the first time, and is a private photograph. Miss Barrymore was visiting her uncle, John Drew, at the time of the sitting, and the picture represents her just as she posed herself. The youthful beauty for which she is celebrated is in evidence in the picture, and no retouching or other embellishment of the negative was required.

J. C. BURSER.

VILLON'S LAST BALLADE.

[Paris, 1462.]

WHAT will they say, when the years are dead,
Of Master Louis, our kindly king?
Will they bless his heart and his royal head,
And never a curse at his memory fling?
Or, will they bruise with blows, and sting,
Like bees that buzz and like fleas that dance,
The powerful name of the king I sing.—
Master Louis, the Ruler of France?

Will they say that he had nothing to dread,
Above, where the stars of morning ring,
When his soul from his body softly fled,
When he to his body would have it cling?
And to his tomb will they yearly bring
The flowers of speech that will all entrance,
And bliss to his soul in heaven wing.—
Master Louis, the Glory of France?

What will they say of the poor he fed?
Of the good he did for the suffering?
Did he give them stones when they asked for bread?
Was he kind to the poorest human thing?
Will the people unborn live marveling
At the state of this land of wild romance,
When corpses and king had a different swing?
Master Louis, the Terror of France?

Envoi.

Prince! they will say that our poor hearts bled,
That you ruled by gibbet and murderous glance,
That the tears from our hearts and eyes were red,
Master Louis, the Devil of France!

JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.

MANAGERIAL REPARTÉE.

YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT (nervously fingering a MS.): "If I only had half a show—"
POLITE MANAGER (interrupting): "If you only had, sir, we might talk business."

AT THE PLAY.

SHE (referring to the leading lady): "Has she an interesting past?"
HE (absent minded): "She had, but the lawyers got it all."

The New York Dramatic Mirror.

THE HUMOROUS HISTORY OF CRITIC SLEDGE.

PART I.

In which is related the death of John Sledge, Esquire, dramatic critic.

THE doctors said that Sledge would die
Before the close of day;
And true they spoke: at eventide
The critic passed away.
No friend was by to watch him die;
No priest was there to pray.

For Sledge had loved no single soul
Through all his sour career;
No living man had seen him smile,
But thousands knew his sneer.
His bitter pen awoke in men
No thought save only fear.

He had no friend to close his eyes,
Nor fold his icy hands,
Nor bind his horrid drooping jaw
In place with linen bands.
His tangled hair, grown gray with care,
Hung dank in slimy strands.

PART II.

In which is related the journey to Paradise of the critic's wraith.

When Sledge, the critic, quit the world,
Unmourned by kith or kin,
His soul soared shudd'ring through the night,
With dirges of chagrin.
It stood before St. Peter's door,
And sought to enter in.

It sought to enter in the place
Where worthy souls abide;
But straightway all the players there
In bitter protest cried:
"If Sledge is here, we'll disappear,
And deep in Hades hide!"

The wraith of Sledge then shrieked aloud:
"I'll enter in, forsooth;
I've lived a good and blameless life,
Even from my early youth!
Am I denied my place inside,
Because I told the truth?"

PART III.

The wraith of Sledge having, by his logic, gained entrance into Paradise, proceeded to dispute himself as is hereinafter set forth.

The truthful Sledge marched up and down
The golden avenues,
Expressing, in a nasty way,
His vitriolic views.
He swore aloud because the crowd
Cared not to hear his news.

He criticised the angel choir
That sang to welcome him.
He criticised the costumes
Of the sacred cherubim.
"The harps," said he, "sound flat to me;
The calcimuns are dim.

"The anthems that the angels sing
Are far behind the date;
The acting of the principals
Is worse than second rate."
He made complaint to every saint,
Did Sledge, the reprobate.

PART IV.

Wherein is stated the result of the ghostly critic's criticisms.

Within a week the Critic Sledge,
Had shrieked his discontent
Into the ears of every soul
Above the firmament.
And every soul within the goal
His presence did resent.

Resentment bitter, fierce and strong,
Possessed the angel crew.
They swore that Sledge was just about
The worst they ever knew.
And Paradise had not the price
To change the critic's view.

At last they haled the spectral Sledge
Before a magistrate,
And begged that he be banished far
Beyond the pearly gate.
The critic moaned, and sobbed, and groaned,
And criticised his fate.

The magistrate was wise and good,
And wondrous firm was he,
And with a stern judicial face
He uttered his decree.
The angels all, both great and small,
Did flap their wings with glee.

"Go forth among your brother scribes—
Those men of bitter brain—
And preach the creed of charity,
That long forgot hath him,
And when your breed accepts our creed,
You may come back again!"

PART V.

In which is set forth the present occupation of the wraith of Critic Sledge.

And now the Thing that once was Sledge
Stands by the playhouse doors,
And into every critic's ears
His ghostly tale he pours.
But most, alas! unheeding pass,
And go about their chores.

The wraith of Sledge walks down the aisles,
And oozes round the pit.
And whenever a critic frowns
He uses wit and wit,
By hook or crook, to make the look
Illuminate a bit.

Nor does the critic's spirit rest
Even when the curtain falls;
He hies himself on nimble wings
To journalistic halls,
And there his plea for charity
Re-echoes round the walls.

So Sledge is working out the task
Set by the magistrate,
And when 'tis done his soul will soar
Straight up to Heaven's gate.
Oh, critics grim, give aid to him,
Lest ye may share his fate!

RANDOLPH HARTLEY.

THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

THE Actors' Church Alliance of America is the latest and bids fair to be the greatest movement for the welfare of the stage ever devised. It is absolutely honest, broadly humanitarian, and free from patronage. It believes that the time has arrived for the Church to help its offspring—the theatre—to fully attain its mission as one of the greatest ethical forces in society, potent to humanize even while seeming but to amuse, and contributing so vitally, for weal or for woe, to the character and destiny of the nation. Man is histrionic as well as religious, and the devotional and dramatic elements in his make-up are, in the last analysis, very closely allied, and together constitute the ineradicable "Image" in which he was made. If the province of God's kingdom—the Church—is to minister to man and his whole nature, she can no longer be content to provide for his devotional and physical needs, as in services, clubs, and gymnasiums, but must also include the aesthetic and so take in his whole being. The unhappy divorce between the Church and the stage which has existed for nearly four hundred years has been injurious to both. The stage has lost the guidance and direction of the organized conscience of the community, while the Church, in becoming too unworldly, has lost "the touch of nature" which the stage supplies, and to that extent its grip on daily life.

This is a tough old world, and the principles of justice and righteousness will never be wrought into its texture so long as the "saints," like those of old, are content with star-gazing. The Alliance is not a scheme to "elevate the stage." It is rather a means to help the Church to a clearer realization of the true spirit of her one commission.

"Good people seek in every age,
Some plan to elevate the stage;
But of itself it ought to rise,
For every stage has wings and flies."

Our president, Bishop Potter, said at the last annual meeting: "The fact that the dramatic profession has been for many years practically isolated, especially where the Church was concerned, is no fault of the actor; but, more shame to us, is the fault of the Church." The Alliance seeks to correct this, and is organized to assist the Church at large in establishing closer relations with men and women following the dramatic profession, by making special provision for their needs and aiding them in any and every way conducive to their welfare. In order to accomplish this work, clergymen of all denominations are appointed in every theatrical centre whose duty it is to visit members of the profession as temporary parishioners and render them every service in their power. They shall also seek to enlist the sympathies of local managers and obtain permission to post Alliance calendars containing their names, addresses, and services, near the call board in each theatre, signifying their willingness to look after and care for any one who may be taken sick while in town. They shall provide special Sunday services and social receptions whenever opportunity affords and so promote mutual good fellowship.

The Alliance is chiefly the realization of a dream of the writer, who, some years since, while a member of the profession, felt sorely the need of such a movement, and tried to interest clergymen in various places along these lines. But, having no definite plan to propose, his efforts were of little avail. The formation of "The Actors' Church Union" in England seemed to be the solution of the problem. The Actors' Society of America, under the presidency of Mr. F. F. Mackay, had previously issued an appeal to the clergy calling upon them to aid the society in the suppression of Sunday performances. A copy of this came to the writer's notice, and he suggested to Miss Harriette A. Keyser, Secretary of "The Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor," that Mr. Mackay be invited to address the Association on "How to Establish Closer Relations Between the Church and the Stage." Mr. Mackay cheerfully responded, and on Tuesday evening, February 14, 1899, he spoke before "C. A. I. L." at the parish house of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, New York City. He was followed by the writer and others.

A joint committee of ten members from "C. A. I. L." and the Actors' Society, with myself as chairman, devised the constitution and called a public meeting for the purpose of organization, on June 19, in the Berkeley Lyceum. Bishop Potter presided, and addresses were made by Father Huey, Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, Rev. James A. Francis, Rev. Thomas R. Shier, Rev. Percy S. Grant, Rabbi Silverman,



OFFICERS OF THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE

Rev. Walter E. Bentley, Miss Harriet A. Keyser, Rev. F. J. Clay Moran, and F. F. Mackay, George W. Shinn, Edmond Reed, Israel A. Washburne, and A. C. Deltwyn. The present constitution was adopted, and at a subsequent meeting held on June 27 the officers were elected, and thus the Actors' Church Alliance was launched.

Since that time we have secured the services of three hundred and ninety-eight clergymen of all denominations in one hundred and thirty-two cities in the United States and Canada, our calendars have been framed and posted in the theatres, and the good results are already apparent.

Twelve regular monthly religious services have been held in New York City, with sermons on Church and stage topics by prominent preachers of various denominations, and similar services have been held in Boston, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, Louisville, Pittsburg, Denver, and Springfield, Mo. Six social receptions have been held in New York and two in Boston. Efforts in the direction of Sunday closing have met with much success. The Alliance is assuming large proportions, having a membership of eight hundred and one members. We are affiliated and in close touch with the Actors' Church Union of England, of which the Lord Bishop of Rochester is President, and the Rev. Donald Hole, Secretary.

All members of the dramatic profession and members of any church may become members of the Alliance by paying to the Secretary the annual dues, one dollar. The seal used above is the official emblem of the Alliance, and is worn by members in the form of button, brooch, or stick pin. It is but right to state that we pay no salaries. All the work so far accomplished has been wholly voluntary—done purely for the love of the cause.

I cannot close this article in a better way than by quoting the final words of the last sermon preached to the Alliance, entitled "The Theatre as a Place of Amusement," by the Rev. Dr. George W. Shinn, of Boston, Chaplain and Honorary Vice-President. He said: "This Alliance recognizes the stage as one of the educational forces in society, and would aid in maintaining its legitimate place in ministering to the welfare of men. It recognizes the vocation of the actor as a legitimate one, and does not think it necessary to apologize for a calling which has been held in contempt by so many. It believes that a man or woman may maintain integrity of character in this calling, and that in it God may be truly served by being useful to one's fellow men. It is hardly necessary to say that this society is not founded to lower the standard of virtuous living, or to palliate the offenses of those who violate the laws of God and man. Nor is it founded to patronize this calling, as if it

would give respectability to an otherwise obnoxious calling. There is not a trace of any condescending attitude permitted, but it meets actors and actresses as people who are engaged in a work just as worthy as that of the painter and the musician. It regards the presentation of a play as a work of art, just as the rendering of a symphony by an orchestra may be. It regards a play as a possible aid to educating and helping the community. While it puts itself thus in sympathetic touch with all that is good in the theatre, it feels itself free to condemn whatever is harmful to the general welfare of society. It hopes the day may come when the motto of the theatre everywhere will be:

"Nothing to offend good taste.

Nothing to offend good morals."

And may God speed the day." To which the writer says Amen. Should you not join us? "Come over and help us" to help you.

REV. WALTER E. BENTLEY,
General Secretary.

EX LIBRIS.

CLOTHES are the binding, manhood the book;
Choose not your friends by their outward look;
Velvet or vellum or cloth of gold,
Little they tell what the heart doth hold;
Hand-made paper or parchment rare
Change not the character written there;
Covers are naught so the text be fair.

See that the letters are fair and clear,
Free from error and void of blear,
Plain and honest and easy to read,—
Simple lines no deceptions breed;
Though it be tattered and torn and old,
A book or a friend with a heart of gold
Is worth all the treasure the earth can hold.

WILLARD HOLCOMB.

AT THE TABLE D'HOTE.

"Music," said the gourmet solemnly, "is the device by which hotel and restaurant proprietors divert attention from their poor cuisine."



ANNA BOYD.

THE HARCOURT COMEDY COMPANY.

The Harcourt Comedy company, now in its fourth season of prosperity, has achieved great success in the repertoire field. Charles K. Harris, manager of the company, is one of the most successful actor-managers now before the public, and in securing Ethel Fuller to head his company showed good business sense and taste. Miss Fuller, one of the best leading women in repertoire, is surrounded by a strong company that has won much favorable comment from press and public. The business-management of the company, in the hands of Charles A. Falce, is well attended to. The popular comedian, Harry Fielding, is well known for clever work. H. L. Emery, leading heavy man, is an actor of ability, popular with all. Eugene Harris, juveniles; George H. Rexford, characters; W. I. Cowlishaw, characters and heavies; and Harry Moore, comedian, all deserve note in their respective lines. The ladies of the company give Miss Fuller their best support. Miss Jenkins, juveniles, is an actress of much talent. Miss Hazel, the bright and pretty comedienne, is popular everywhere, and Maggie Walker is of the best in her line. The repertoire includes "Master and Man," "The Prisoner of Andersonville," "Escaped from the Law," "Sapho," "Camille," "All for His Sake," "How for How," "Leah, the Forsaken," and "The Pay Train," and Manager Harris has a number of success-



EDWIN T. EMERY.

tional dramas now in rehearsal. A feature with the company is their concert orchestra, under direction of Lewis Thorn. They carry a number of high-class specialties, including Blanche Gibbs in songs and dances. The roster follows: Charles K. Harris, proprietor and manager; Charles A. Falce, business manager; W. C. McKay, treasurer; Lewis Thorn, musical director; W. C. Connors, stage-manager; T. V. Stock, electrician; Harry Moore, property man; Judson Langill, master of transportation; Ethel Fuller, Bertha K. Jenkins, Hand Hazel, Maggie Walker, Beatrice Abbey, Bertha Thorn, Mar Abbey, Blanche Gibbs, Charles K. Harris, Charles A. Falce, W. C. McKay, Harry Fielding, H. L. Emery, Eugene Harris, George H. Rexford, W. Irving Cowlishaw, Harry Moore, Lewis Thorn, Owen W. Thorn, Charles A. Lang, Albert J. Massey, T. V. Stock, W. C. Connors, Judson Langill.

GERTRUDE HAYNES.

Gertrude Haynes has won a prominent place in vaudeville by her artistic performances. She is a musician of unusual ability and unbounded ambition, and her present high position has been gained through incessant hard work, coupled with a talent for pleasing audiences of all kinds. In her present specialty she is assisted by a large chorus of supplied boys.



DELLA PRINGLE.

which is an accompaniment played by her on a specially constructed organ. For this portion of her act she carries a most elaborate set of scenery, representing the interior of a church. The picture is one that lingers in the memory, and Miss Haynes deserves the highest commendation for her enterprise in hoping to place vaudeville on the high plane it occupies today. Master James Barnes, the boy soprano, who assists Miss Haynes, has been especially successful this season with the new sacred song, "Be-fore the Gates of Paradise," which has created an extremely favorable impression wherever it has been heard. As a prelude to the church scene, Miss Haynes does some extremely effective work with her organ, which has secured attachments of her own invention, and on which she is able to give the effect of a full orchestra.

ERROL DUNBAR.

Errol Dunbar is nearing his one thousandth performance of Mephisto, being again featured in the part with Morrison's "Faust" (No. 1). Mr. Morrison, not appearing in the role this season. The critics have warmly praised his sterling work in the difficult character, his presence, intelligent acting and fine enunciation all being commended. Mr. Dunbar's Mephisto has the magnetic, almost weird, glamour of Lewis Morrison's, but it is in no sense an imitation, presenting a distinct individuality and the evidence of careful study.

DANIEL SULLY.

"Why did I select a priest as a character for a play?" said Daniel Sully, of "The Parish Priest" fame. "Because I had an idea that the character had never been properly presented on the stage. I cannot recall ever having seen a priest in stageland smile. The dramatists have given us many pictures of the priest's power, but never of his humanity and his pity. The greatness of the clergyman, no matter



LESLIE LEIGH.

what is his creed, is not seen in the pulpit, but in his work among his people. I tried several dramatists but they all gave a religious strain and the theatregoers objects to creed in his entertainment. I had begun to despair of ever having the character written as I desired. Finally Daniel L. Hart sent me the play I had been so long seeking. In it he pictures the priest as a man. Never once does he utilize his calling, and but for the title of "Father," John Whalen could be a representation of any creed."

EDWIN T. EMERY.

During the past few seasons Edwin T. Emery has rapidly risen to the front rank as a light comedian and player of modern young men. Deserving traveling combinations three seasons ago he appeared in stock at the Grand Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia. Then followed the Thauhauser company in Milwaukee, and after that tried vaudeville with moderate success. Again this season he was in stock at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, where he opened on April 2 as Stencus Vitellus in "Quo Vadis," which had a notable run and firmly established him as a favorite in the Golden Gate city. Mr. Emery is twenty-seven years of age, and in a stage experience covering ten



DEAN RAYMOND.

years he has appeared in a long list of parts, both classic and modern, and does equally well the serious young man and the light comedy boy. Mercutio, Vitellus, Iellius, in comparison with Harry in "The Fatal Card," Bob in "The Lost Paradise," Raphael in "Moths," and Wallace in "Northern Lights," will give a fair idea of his versatility.

JULIE ROMAINE.

The recent portrait of Julie Romaine that appears in this issue proves that the actress, who has endured a long and serious illness, is now well on the road to recovery. Miss Romaine is very well known in the profession and to theatregoers as a successful interpreter of subterfuge and ingenue roles. Among the dramas in which she has appeared are "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," "A Trip to Chinatown," "Johnny on the Spot," "Dr. Cupid," "Shenandoah," and "Truth." She played the principal role in James A. Herne's "My Colleen," and acted important parts in two of Charles L. Kline's plays, and was for a season with Davis and Keogh. She was rehearsing with the "Bon Hur" company at the time of her break-down, from which she is now almost recovered. Miss Romaine is the wife of Charles Marks, treasurer of the Victoria Theatre, in this city.

MAMIE RYAN.

Mamie Ryan is now in her third season as leading ingenue of the Dearborn Theatre Stock company, Chicago. She has played every kind of part from the rough southerner to the grande dame, and has played them all well. Mention of a few of her impersonations may serve to point this fact, for she has been equally successful as Helma in "What Happened to



EVELYN C. RICE.

Jones," Dorothy in "Rosemary," Elly in "My Friend from India," Sylvia in "A Bachelor's Remorse," Elizabeth in "In Mizoura," Mrs. Pick in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," Meg in "Lord Chumley," the Queen in "Madame Sans Gene," Lord Tommy in "The Amazons," Mercedes in "Carmen," Suzanne in "The Butterflies," Henriette in "The Two Orphans," Audrey in "As You Like It," Nell in "A Gilded Fool," Josie in "The Senator," and Bess in "The Charity Ball." Miss Ryan, though less than twenty-two years, has played about two hundred parts, and at least half of the number have been leads. She began her stage career at the age of eight as Johnny Fresh in "The Ratcatcher of Hamelin" at Nibbs's Garden in this city. Then she was Colwell in Augustin Daly's revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," understudying Fusk and later playing that part with Nat C. Goodwin as Bottom. She appeared with Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Lawrence Barrett, Wilson Barrett, Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, and Julia Marlowe.

CORA WILLIAMS.

Cora Williams' first professional engagement was with the Helen Lamont opera company and a season of operatic repertoire fitted her for a second year of success with "King Cole" and "The Sea King." Then she joined Laura Albertina for one year, playing a repertoire of standard plays and gaining much dra-



JAMES W. HARKINS, JR.

matic experience. A year's stock engagement in Boston and Providence, followed by another season with the Grand Avenue stock in Philadelphia, proved her versatility. An engagement for one season with the Hopkins company in Chicago, and another as Chas in "What Happened to Jones," were followed by a year's rest in New Mexico. This year she is studying music with E. C. Bennett, recently singing in an act from "Martha" at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, where her charming voice, personality and dramatic talent all showed to advantage. She is a graduate of the Peterstien Academy of Music, Boston, and intends next spring to seek an engagement in the operatic or the dramatic field.

"SIDE-TRACKED."

Portraits of Julie Walters, Louise Llewellyn, and their company appear in this issue of The Mirror. Mr. Walters and Miss Llewellyn are again presenting "Side Tracked," the eighth year of the play, and no play ever enjoyed eight more successful years than has "Side Tracked." They are supported this season by their daughter, Ada Walters, who, following in the path of her father and mother, is becoming, like them, more popular every day. Mr. and Mrs. Walters, besides "Side Tracked," have produced two other plays.



CORA WILLIAMS.

written especially for them. "A Money Order" and "How Hopper was Side Tracked." Still, even when they were playing in other places, "Side Tracked" remained on the road. Last summer the play was written and brought up to date. They also carry scenery and properties used in the production of the plays, and this year "Side Tracked" is a greater favorite than ever, playing to larger business and breaking records in more than a dozen cities. "Side Tracked," with Mr. Walters and Miss Llewellyn, has been played in every State and Territory in the United States; also in Canada, Mexico, and Honolulu. The supporting company is one of the best these popular players have ever carried, and for next year Mr. Walters promises already something new and novel.

SYDNEY SOMMERS TOLER.

Sydney Sommers Toler has added to his popularity this season by his excellent performances as leading man of the Payton Theatre Stock company, Brooklyn. Mr. Toler has been connected with Mr. Payton's company for nearly six years and during that time has acquired a wide reputation. He has been before the public since 1892, when he appeared for the first time as Bill Hurley in "The Master Man." After playing for two seasons as leading man with the Seth Stables, he organized a company of his own and toured as a star in the West for a season. Since joining Mr. Payton he has played a wide range of parts in the standard drama, and has been unusually successful in them all. Mr. Toler has an imposing physique, a fine baritone voice and a magnetic presence. He is especially fond of romantic roles and



JAMES MORTON.

in them has achieved his best triumphs. Besides his excellent record as an actor Mr. Toler has won distinction as a dramatist. Among his plays are "Two Friends," "An American Millionaire," and "Secret Sin."

DAN AND DOLLY MANN.

Dan and Dolly Mann have established themselves within a very short time as vaudeville headliners with Mr. Mann's original sketch, "Mandy Hawkins," which compares favorably with any rural comedietta now before the public. Since its first production at Tony Pastor's in March last the act has been vastly improved by little touches here and there that have rounded it out into a charming sketch. The types introduced are an old farmer and a little country walt, and they are natural and true to life. Mr. Mann carries his own scenery and introduces some very pretty effects, notably the change from sunset to moonlight at the close of the act, which is very artistic. Mr. Mann began his stage career with C. W.



JESSIE BONSTELLE.

Goldbeck at Morrison's Grand Opera House, Toronto, Canada, in 1872. He has played alternately in the legitimate and vaudeville ever since. His greatest success was scored as Squire Hazlett in "A Barrel of Money," with E. D. Stair's company, which he played for six years. Before playing this character he had made many notable successes as an Irishman in different plays. Mr. Mann, who is quite deaf, prides himself on the fact that his trouble never interferes with his business. He picks up all cues, even quick made cues, with the alacrity of a man who can hear perfectly. Dolly Mann is a bright little character actress, and her rendition of the part of Mandy Hawkins is worthy of all praise for its originality and the clever manner in which she blends humor and pathos. Mr. Mann is now busily engaged in elaborating Mandy Hawkins into a four-act comedy, and he and his wife will star in it next season.

FRED R. RUSSELLS.

An excellent likeness of Fred R. Russells as the Baron Von Hertz in Mark E. Swan's new comedy, "Whose Baby Are You?" is published in this number. From New York to San Francisco the public and press have praised Mr. Russells' work. San Francisco critics declared it to be one of the most delicious bits of exuberance ever seen on the local stage. Mr. Russells will be best remembered as one of the celebrated Russells Family, well known to the circus world for years. He has been a great traveler, having made a tour of the globe twice. He is said to be able to speak ten languages, and is a close student of character. Mr. Russells, before entering the dramatic profession, was considered the leading "talking clown," but having met with an accident while in

Australia with the Sells Brothers' Circus, that afterward developed into appendicitis, he had to give up circus life. He joined the original production of "Palmer Cox's Brownies," and will perhaps be remembered for his excellent work in the German band, of which he was one of the originators. After remaining three seasons with "The Brownies," Mr. Kannelle joined Mr. Swan. At present he and Mr. Swan are at work on a three-act comedy in which the Kannelle will be the central figure. Mr. Kannelle expects to be seen in the play the latter part of next season.

BARNEY GILMORE.

Barney Gilmore was born in Philadelphia in 1867, and in boyhood was a member of a church choir. In boyhood, too, he acquired a local reputation as a humorist, and first appeared on the stage in "Handy Andy." Then he tackled Cousin Joe in "The Rough Diamond," and soon after made his professional bow with the Duff Opera company. He entered vaudeville at Keith's, Philadelphia, in 1889, offering a monologue, and continued for three years in the same field with John Connelly as his partner. Then he joined with John F. Leonard, and together they played all the principal houses from one end of the land to the other, finally becoming farce-comedy stars in "Satan's Alley," which kept them in the public eye for three seasons. Separating then, Mr. Gilmore branched out as a star on his own account and has been uncommonly successful ever since in "Kidnapped in New York."

NELLIE VALE.

Elsewhere in this issue appears a portrait and a caricature, by Frank Mottu Kelly, of Nellie Vale, who this season is playing with success the leading role, Lady Sully, in W. A. Brady's "The Sorrows of Satan" company. Miss Vale began her career on the stage as an amateur in Brooklyn. She appeared in leading parts in many important plays presented by the dramatic clubs of that city, and the fact that she gained with the public as an amateur followed her when she entered upon her professional career. During the past nine years she has been a member of many of the best traveling companies. Two seasons ago she distinguished herself in the role of Mrs. Fairburn in "The Carthaginian," with Tim Murphy. Later she originated the leading role in "The Parish Priest," supporting Daniel Sully. Miss Vale's acting is peculiarly frank and sincere, and is well rounded by her thorough knowledge of the stage. She is of fine presence, her voice is of agreeable quality and is true



ADELAIDE FITZALLAN.

in its expression of the various emotions, and her manner is graceful and distinguished. She will continue through this season with "The Sorrows of Satan" company, playing in the cities of the East.

ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Arthur J. Lamb was born in Bath, England, and is thirty-one years of age. Up to a few years ago he wrote for magazines, and was favorably known as a writer of sketches and as a librettist. Of late years he has confined his attention to sketches and sketches, at which he has been very successful. Vaudeville artists now playing his sketches include Fison and Errol, Eckert and Berg, World and Hastings, Powers and Theobald, Carington and Holland, and many others. His songs, which may be numbered by the hundred, include: "A Bird in a Gilded Cage," "Asleep in the Deep," "Will You Love Me, Sweetheart, When I'm Old," and "I Want a Real Coon." Mr. Lamb is a tireless worker and his success is due to a close study of audiences, as well as his ability to take the correct measure of those for whom he writes.

WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

Prominent among the younger leading men who are at present before the New York playing public is William Bramwell, of the Henry V. Donnelly Stock company at the Murray Hill Theatre. Already he is a man of considerable achievement, but in promise for the future he is still richer. Mr. Bramwell is the son of a clergyman and in his youth he expected to follow his father's calling. Later, however, he studied law and was admitted to the bar. His success as a speaker turned his attention toward the stage, and, after studying under Robert Downing for a year, he made his debut in Washington in 1896. He acted Shakespearean roles in support of Robert Downing and later became a member of Eugene Blais's company. As Sir John Owen in "A Lady of Quality" he made a distinguished success. Since the opening of the present season he has been the leading man at the Murray Hill Theatre, and in all of the roles that he has assumed he has acted with skill, sincerity and artistic polish.

MAUDE SHERIDAN.

Maude Sheridan was born in New York city and made her professional debut in San Francisco in 1894 with Daniel Sully, being successful from the start, and meeting with great favor while touring later in several other representative attractions. For a season she was featured in ingenue and subterfuge leads with the Criterion Theatre Stock company in Chicago, and for two seasons in St. Louis, one with the



MAUDE SHERIDAN.



RICHARD G. WILLIAMS.

Edgemont Park Stock and one with the Oakland Park Stock. She has been engaged as subterfuge and ingenue for the Baker Stock company, opening the last of December at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. Miss Sheridan is not only a charming, vivacious actress, but a delightful singer, and has devoted much time to vocal study.

RICHARD G. WILLIAMS.

Richard G. Williams has had a varied experience of thirteen years, and is a protégé of Osborn and Stockwell of the old Alhambra Theatre, San Francisco. Four years he spent in stock work in Chicago, San Francisco and Denver as leading heavy man and in characters. He has supported William Morris, Clay Clement, Kate Emmett, and Katie Putnam. Last season he was stage manager, and appeared as Mendoza in "Mile High," for which he received much favorable notice in the South and West. Mr. Williams is now playing Thellius in Whitney and Knowles' production of "Quo Vadis" at the Boston Theatre.

LISIE LEIGH.

An actress who needs no word of introduction to American playgoers is Lisie Leigh, whose long and highly successful engagements in leading roles in representative companies and in stock organizations are well known and pleasantly recalled. This season Miss Leigh, until her 8, appeared in heavy and emotional leads with the Boyle Stock company, Nashville, Tenn., and next season she expects to star in an elaborate production under prominent management.

CHARLES HASTY.

Charles Hasty, the character comedian, is pictured in this number as the Widow in Hasty Brothers' "A Wild Goose Chase." Mr. Hasty's aptness in delineating the true character of the jolly, fat, irresistible Irish matron is highly commended as entirely apart from the typical tenement "Biddy." He has been equally successful in other lines of character work of high class. He is now seen as Enoch Felson in Rice's "Two Merry Tramps," of which play he is the author.

TOM MARKS.

Tom Marks, who is enjoying such a prosperous season through Michigan and Canada, is a magnetic actor as well as a most versatile comedian, besides



TOM MARKS.

being a successful manager. The Marks Brothers' No. 1 company, of which Mr. Marks is manager, has broken all records this season, producing all his own plays with special scenery. Mr. Marks is going to put on a one-night stand company to fill the dates he cannot cover with his No. 1 company.

NEVADA HEFRON.

Nevada Hefron, the California leading woman, was for three seasons with L. R. Stockwell, supporting him in such plays as "Mr. Potter of Texas," "Midnight Bell," "My Friend from India," "In Paradise," and "The Magistrate." She played Marjorie in "What Happened to Jones," under direction of George Broadhurst, and has appeared under management of David Henderson. Miss Hefron supported Clay Clement in "The New Dominion," and "A Southern Gentleman," and has had several seasons of stock experience, having first closed with the Lyceum Theatre stock company, under the management of Wilson Enos at St. Joseph, Mo. Now she has signed with Blaney and Vance, and has two good offers for next season.

GRACE HAYWARD.

But few attractions have met with the instant recognition and wonderful business accorded the Grace Hayward company, under the personal direction of Dick Ferris. This is unquestionably due to the exceedingly clever work of Grace Hayward, who seems to have captured not only the public, but the critics. A well-known critic in the West has spoken in the highest terms of Miss Hayward's grace, beauty, and talent, and has stated that at the head of her own company and in a class of plays demanding an actress of Broadway's ability, he was more than surprised at her truly wonderful performances, and that the future holds much in store for her. Miss Hayward displays perfect and elaborate gown in each production that invariably draws the intense admiration of the feminine portion of her audiences.

DELIA PRINGLE.

Delia Pringle, at the head of her own repertoire company, is enjoying another season of prosperity in Western territory. Her success during the past five years, under the direction of G. Faith Adams, has been remarkable. Her supporting company this season is the strongest that she has ever had, and more than two-thirds of special scenery is carried in order

to mount the various plays in her repertoire. Miss Pringle has in her company several clever specialty performers who appear between the acts. Recently Miss Pringle purchased an additional tract of land adjoining her stock farm at Knoxville, Ia., and she and her husband are planning to entertain many of their friends there next summer.

IN A BALCONY.

Liebler and Company's arrangements are about completed for the special Spring tour of Robert Browning's "In a Balcony," with Miss Schinner, Eleanor Robson and Mrs. L. M. Mone in the same characters in which they scored such success at Wallack's Theatre on Oct. 23. So widespread was the interest aroused by this performance that Liebler and Company, in response to numerous requests, decided to give out of town theatregoers an opportunity to see the production. The plan provides for four matinees each week, thus enabling the production to be booked in the best theatres, regardless of regular attractions. With the exception of the larger cities, such as Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, there will be only one performance in each city. The tour, as arranged so far, will include Boston, Springfield, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Worcester, Newport, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Buffalo, Rochester and Albany. Applications from other cities for bookings will be received by Liebler and Company, and accommodated if possible. This is the first American production of Browning's beautiful poetic drama, and it will prove a rare treat to lovers of the literary drama throughout the country.

LOUIS JAMES.

There are few artists now left to the ranks of the legitimate drama who have a more popular following than Louis James. Mr. James' success is doubtless due to following a consistent policy throughout his career. Shakespeare and the classic drama have ever been his field of endeavor. To enumerate his most successful portrayals would be idle, as they are sufficiently well known. He is now starring with Kathryn Kilder in a spectacular production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" under the management of Wagenhals and Kemper, with whom he has been continually associated for the past six years. There are few instances known where



LOUIS JAMES.

management and star have a more mutual confidence. Under his present management Mr. James has enjoyed exceptional prosperity, in fact, has won a pecuniary independence. As a consequence he is satisfied that his plans and his productions shall be made for him as the judgment of his managers suggests. For next season it is the present intention of Wagenhals and Kemper to present Mr. James in an elaborate production of "The Tempest." Whether he will continue to be associated with Miss Kilder has not been decided, but if not, another combination may be made which will associate Mr. James with one of the most famous stars of the day.

SADIE STRINGHAM.

Sadie Stringham, the well-known character actress, has gone into vaudeville, with a sketch that promises to be hastily successful. The little play, written by Blanche Marsden, is entitled "Over Yonder," and the leading part—that which, of course, Miss Stringham plays—is a New England spinster of rare comic and pathetic qualities. Recently the sketch was produced at Tony Pastor's Theatre, and scored a hit. Miss Stringham has in the past made many successes in character work on the legitimate stage. For five years she played Abigail Fane in "The Country Fair," making a tour around the world in that play. She originated the character roles in many plays that have been remarkably successful—among them "Widow East," and "The Village Postmaster," and she has played in support of James A. Herne and other noted stars. Miss Stringham's role in "Over Yonder," which was written especially for her, is of the class in which she has been most successful. The cast employs two players besides the star, one of whom is Bella La Verd, long popular in vaudeville. Miss Stringham introduces in the sketch two new songs written for her by her brother, C. W. Wilcox, called "Just a Egg" and "Chicken Pote." Miss Stringham will remain in vaudeville through this season and next year will probably return to the legitimate stage. The picture of a scene in the sketch printed elsewhere in this number is a reproduction of a drawing made by Russell Stringham.

ADELAIDE FITZALLAN.

After an absence of a number of seasons from New York, Adelaide Fitzallan has made her reappearance in this city as the Duchess of Portsmouth in Henrietta Crossman's production of "Mistress Nell" at the Savoy Theatre. She gives an admirably conceived



ADELAIDE FITZALLAN.



JESSIE BONSTELLE.

and capably executed performance of the Duchess, that has been praised highly by the critics. Miss Fitzallan's stage career has been one of great artistic success. Possessed of much versatility, she has been enabled to play a varied line of roles with equal success. Said and complimented her highly for her Desdemona, that she played in his company. In the same in "A Scrap of Paper," a role far different, she was also successful. In the late Frank Mayo's company she also won success. Last season, as Roxane in "Romance of the Harem," she drew scores, and her performance of this role secured her an engagement as leading woman of the Alhambra Stock company, San Francisco. This and other stock engagements Miss Fitzallan has filled, and the excellence of her acting, as well as her handsome gown, have made her a strong favorite. Her plans for next season have not been settled, though she has a number of offers under consideration.

JESSIE BONSTELLE.

Jessie Bonstelle, the well-known leading woman and manager, has just returned from a long European pleasure trip, and is busy making plans for this and next season's work. During her four Summer seasons in Rochester, N. Y., where she managed and played the leading roles with her stock company at the Lyceum Theatre, Miss Bonstelle achieved many triumphs. The picture that appears elsewhere in this issue shows Miss Bonstelle in the character of Juliet—a role in which she was successful. During her stay abroad Miss Bonstelle negotiated for the American rights to several plays—one by Clement Scott, and another, a French play, that is now being translated for her. She has also secured a dramatization of Sarah Ellis Ryan's popular novel, "The Bondswoman." Since her return Miss Bonstelle has had several excellent offers to play in stock, but it is probable that she will refuse them in order to make a tour in a repertoire of standard plays. Next August she will return to England to play an important engagement in London.

LIZZIE EVANS.

Lizzie Evans made her debut with the late Barney McAnley at the Standard—now Manhattan—Theatre, New York, Aug. 25, 1882, as Clip in "The Messenger" from Jarvis Section. The next season she played subterfuge roles with Milton Sobies. The following year she began to tour at the head of her own company, under Charles E. Callahan's management, and continued to do so for ten years. Miss Evans played "Madge" in "The Old Kentucky" in 1895, and was leading woman with Anna Held in 1898. For two



LIZZIE EVANS.

years she starred in vaudeville, and this season is touring in "A Romance of Coon Hollow," from which company she will retire Jan. 6, to re-enter vaudeville. Recently Miss Evans played Clip in "Foggy's Ferry," one of her former successes. Manager Callahan is desirous of starring her in this play, but she is looking for a new comedy drama. The Boston "Transcript" recently compared Miss Evans to the late Boies Vokes, and deplored the loss to the dramatic stage by her entrance into vaudeville.

JOHN C. RICE AND SALLY COHEN.

John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, the vaudeville laugh-makers, have made distinct successes in "Our Honey-moon" and "The Kibitzers," and have in preparation a seemingly funny farce, "My Friend." Mr. Rice and Miss Cohen will leave for London in June to present their farces for four weeks at the Fland and Oxford music halls. Before returning they will visit Venice, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, and Paris, and will seek new material for which they are always searching. Miss Cohen will bring home some fetching new gowns, and Mr. Rice will secure some vaudeville numbers for next season. They will be accompanied to Europe by their little daughter, Gladys.

ANNA ROYD.

Anna Royd has won remarkable success in vaudeville recently and has decided to pursue that line of work through the rest of this season. In her act she makes two wonderfully quick and complete changes of costume. She appears first in evening dress, then in short skirts and finally in tights. Her likeness, printed elsewhere in this number, is a reproduction of her latest and best photograph.

JOSEPH DE GRASSE.

Already well and favorably known in the profession, by his pleasing work in many representative leading parts, Joseph de Grasse is not afflicted by the sufferings by his clever interpretation of Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet." The leading part in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is a comedy in which he is playing. The role is suited for it by the beauty of the character, strong and symmetrical, and the excellent stage presence. So marked has been his success in this role that the Boston "Transcript" has written a complimentary article for him to head their No. 1 & 2 list of a stock company next season.



MILDRED HOLLAND.

THE MESSRS. SHIPMAN.

Making a scientific study of their business has paved the Shipman Brothers among the successful theatrical managers of the present day. That they do study the artistic side of their enterprises goes without saying, but they do more, for they study the best means to foster the income at the box-office. Every city gives some one attraction bigger business than the remaining others. Hundreds of reasons can be given, but they all simmer down to "The best impression made upon the discriminating public." Armed with the best kinds of effective advertising, and plenty of it, the Messrs. Shipman employ besides a variety of methods in advance work calculated to make their particular attraction that record breaker, and they pretty generally succeed, especially so far as their "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "A Cavalier of France" companies are concerned. A new headquarters has been opened at 1440 Broadway, where Ernest Shipman, as general manager, transacts business for the firm.

CHARLES H. ROSSKAM.

In this number is seen a good picture of Charles H. Rosskam, who as a manager of stock and popular attractions is well known. His earlier experience in the theatrical business was in the ad-



CHARLES H. ROSSKAM.

vertising line. He originated many advertising novelties, some of which have been extensively copied. Among these may be mentioned pieces of wall paper, with the inscription reading: "This paper was taken off the walls of the opera house to make room for the crowd that is going to see," etc., and the feather fastened to cards which read: "This will tickle you, but wait till you see," etc. His unique display advertising, his electric signs and novelties, as well as his ability to write and get the press at large to notice, makes any attraction with which he may be connected a hard one to meet in opposition. The success of the Chicago Stock company, which a party of Chicago capitalists organized two years ago and put on tour under his sole management, reflects credit upon Mr. Rosskam. The attraction numbers sixteen persons, and has broken all records for popular-price companies in the large cities of the Central States.

EFFIE HEXT.

Few artists in recent years have come to the front with the rapidity of Effie Hext, who is at present playing Fortia, Roxane, Sephelia, and Ada Ingot with the Clayton Stock company in the West. So effective has been her work in these noted characters that enterprising managers have already made her starring



EFFIE HEXT.

propositions for next season. Miss Hext's artistic qualifications are well adapted to the interpretation of Shakespeare and the classics. It is only a question of time before she will be winning stellar honors in the legitimate.

MILDRED HOLLAND.

Mildred Holland, who, by her womanliness and talent, has won an enviable reputation socially and artistically in the world of dramatic art, has added new laurels by her performance of the role of Arla in "The Power Behind the Throne." Miss Holland possesses every requisite to success in her chosen profession, a charming personality, ambition, enthusiasm, magnetism, talent, and has demonstrated by her portrayal of this new and extremely difficult role that she is possessed, too, of the necessary strength, force and reserve power to play tragedy, if called upon to do so. Her picture in this number is in the character of Arla.

MAUDE FEALY.

There is unusual promise for the career of Maude Fealy, who at the age of seventeen, a short time ago, became leading woman with William Gillette. Few actresses show dramatic ability at that age, but Miss Fealy may be said to have won her position, which is somewhat unique, by an ability that is as notable as her beauty, and that she is a handsome young woman may be seen from her portrait published in this number of *The Mirror*. Miss Fealy first attracted attention in the East by her work as the stage girl Eunice, in the Whitney production of "The Sign of the Cross." Miss Fealy is a Southern girl, a native of Memphis, and has been on the stage since infancy, a fact which may account for her ease on the boards. When eleven years of age she spent a season with Margaret Wather in a Shakespearean repertoire, and then spent three years in Denver, playing in stock companies in the Summer and going to school in the regular



MAUDE FEALY.

theatre season. She has played with unusual success the part of Suzanne in "The Mashed Ball," and Juliet to the Romeo of Blanche Walsh, in which she won such attention that Augustin Daly offered her a five years' engagement, which was not entered upon because of Mr. Daly's death. Her work in "Sherlock Holmes" is admirable.

AGNES ARDECK.

Agnes Ardeck, who has been prominent in stock and other companies, is pictured in this number. She is in negotiation for appearance in a pretentious production in New York City later in the season. Miss Ardeck won note for her work in the leading part in "Through the Breakers," and is remembered in several other parts. She has many friends in and out of the profession that will look with interest upon her appearance in any new role.

THE BLONDELLS.

Edward Blondell and Little Arnold Blondell have reached the high point of popularity and prosperity this season in their farce-comedy, "The Katzenjammer Kids," that they have well earned by their past work in various fields of theatrical endeavor. The play creates laughter from beginning to end, and it affords the two stars plentiful opportunity to display their talents in high and low comedy. Of talent in both lines of work, Mr. and Mrs. Blondell have abundant share. Mr. Blondell has been on the stage since childhood, and has played all sorts of parts in all



THE BLONDELLS.

sorts of companies. Miss Blondell has likewise had a thorough and comprehensive training, and is, moreover, blessed with beauty, a joyous temperament and great personal magnetism. During their vaudeville days the Blondells won success in all parts of the country. They stepped naturally from the vaudeville to the regular stage and success followed them. "The Katzenjammer Kids," now in its third season, has been and is enormously prosperous in a pecuniary way. Mr. Blondell is the author of "The Cheerful Idiot," "Happy Holloman," and the play in which he is now appearing, and is the senior member of the firm of Blondell and Fourney, under whose business management the company is touring.

ELMA GILLETTE.

Elma Gillette, now playing second in the Forepaugh Stock company, is a Milwaukee girl, who has held good road engagements. She has appeared in J. H. Wallack's productions, and last season played the Countess in "Devil's Island." She played the title-role in "The Queen of Chinatown," succeeding Laura Bigger in the part. In stock work she has caught the spirit of the Forepaugh organization, and is rapidly becoming a favorite.

THE EL MORE SISTERS.

A feature of the "Two Merry Tramps" company is furnished by the El More Sisters, who appear in a unique specialty called "The Walls of the Streets," and are the subject of an illustration in this number. These young women do not depend on elegant wardrobe for their success, but on the originality of their act. Their singing is very popular, and as back and wing dancers they are said to have no superiors.

BLANCHE CROZIER.

Blanche Crozier is small and winsome, but full of pathos and dramatic intensity. She is at present playing the emotional lead in the Messrs. Shipman's "A Cavalier of France" throughout the Central States. Miss Crozier has had a wide range of experience, and her versatility has been the subject of



JAMES W. HARKINS, JR.

much comment from the press. She has made no doubt plans for next season, though offers have been made to her to star on her own account.

I. DANIEL FRAWLEY.

In this number is seen a picture of I. Daniel Frawley as Captain Thorne in "Secret Service." Mr. Frawley this season undertook a starring tour in this play at the request of his many followers in the West, and the result has been far beyond his fondest expectations. Mr. Frawley says he has broken all his former records in the territory in which for several seasons he has been notably successful.

JAMES J. MORTON.

James J. Morton, who loosely describes himself as "the little fellow," because he is six feet tall, is one of the best known and most popular single entertainers in vaudeville. For several seasons he was a member of the team of Morton and Revelle, but about two years ago made up his mind to "go it alone," and, being witty and original, has had no difficulty in establishing himself as a popular favorite. His act is unique and his method is all his own. His magnetism and good nature help him greatly in his work. His most notable achievement was the invention of "rag time words," which were a craze just after



JAMES J. MORTON.

the rage for syncopated music struck the country. This season Mr. Morton is one of the features with the Great Lafayette Show, of which organization he is general manager.

MARY VAN BUREN.

A fine portrait of Mary Van Buren, the very hand some leading woman with I. Daniel Frawley, will be found in this number. She is pictured in "The Last Word," but this season is supporting Mr. Frawley in "Secret Service." "Miss Van Buren," says Mr. Frawley, "is the most popular leading woman I have ever had since Maxine Elliott." She is equally as beautiful as Miss Elliott, and is just as strong a drawing card. Her most notable successes this year have been in the title role of "Madame Sans Gene," the Countess Mirza in "The Great Ruby," and Nell Gwynne.

THE GREAT LAFAYETTE.

The Great Lafayette is among the foremost stars of vaudeville. He is one of the most versatile performers now before the public, and his turn presents a constant succession of brilliant surprises, carefully thought out and executed with startling effect. He was the first to put on a travesty on the oddities of John Philip



THE GREAT LAFAYETTE.

Souza, and in his fertile brain originated the hilarious burlesque "Ching Ling Foo." These two impressions have added greatly to his fame, especially the latter, as his performance is almost as remarkable as that of the great Chinaman. Lafayette never expends in putting on his act, he carries his own scenery, painted by himself, and several trained assistants to help him in his work. This season he owns and directs his own company, which is making with great success everywhere. Early next year he will begin a return engagement at the big Los Angeles Hippodrome, where he will remain the entire Summer. He is now preparing a new spectacular illustration called "Lilla," which is costing him a great deal of money, and which will enlist the services of people besides himself. His principal diversion is automobile driving, and he is an expert of the first class, handling every variety of the new vehicles. He is now having a "floor" built, at an expense of \$10,000, which he confidently expects will not take the time from anything on the road.

JAMES W. HARKINS, JR.

James W. Harkins, Jr., author of "The War Squads," "Under Scudal Orders," "North Lights," co-author, "The Man's War's Man," "Man Without a Country," and several other successful plays, has written a novel entitled "A Prince of the East," just published by the Abbey Press, New York. The book has made an excellent impression



JAMES W. HARKINS, JR.

among the reviewers and promises to run into numerous editions, the review reads: "It is a story of the Orient, admirable in conception, skillfully constructed in plot, and well written. The story is told with power and the characters drawn in a masterly manner."

BELASCO AND THALL'S COMPANIES.

Belasco and Thall now control two of San Francisco's popular playhouses, the Alhambra and the Central Theatre. Both are devoted to stock production, and are open the year round. Comedy is the policy at the Alhambra, while melodrama reigns at the Central. The Alhambra company has had a continuous career of several seasons and long ago established an enviable reputation for itself. The Central company, a newer venture, bids fair to rival its sister enterprise. The companies and plays are selected with care, and much attention is given to complete news of production. P. F. Fowler, Carnegie Hall, is the New York representative of Belasco and Thall.



FREDERICK G. BERGER.

FREDERICK G. BERGER'S ENTERPRISES.

Frederick G. Berger's enterprises now comprise a half-dozen of notable importance, involving the direction of Ed Smith Russell, Tim Murphy in "A Bachelor's Romance," Frank Keenan in "A Poor Relation," Alden Ross in "A Poor Relation," the Lafayette Square Opera House, Washington, and the stock company of this theatre, where Mr. Berger's offices are now located.

OLE OLSON.

Ole Olson, the great Swedish play, is still as potent an attraction as ever. It is now touring the Pacific Coast, and immense audiences are the rule everywhere. Ole Olson has made the hit of his career as Ole, and his cleverness as a comedian, as well as his thorough command of the Swedish dialect, have called forth universal praise. William Gillette, who is directing the tour, is now looking Eastern time in New York and may be addressed care of the Grove Litho. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

FLORODORA.

"Florodora," the sparkling English musical comedy, is dominating its London success at the Casino, where Daniel Ryley and Fisher's handsome presentation of the comedy is played to large audiences at every performance. The cast is an admirable one, both as to principals and chorus, and the mounting is all that could be desired. The piece contains many pretty songs and is altogether very entertaining.

The Knowles, a big box-office winner. * * *

WAGENHALS AND KEMPER.

Few managers are arousing a more general interest among playgoers all over the country than is the firm of Wagenhals and Kemper, whose business announcements may be found in this number. Their several attractions show in themselves that the aims and ambitions of this firm lie in the most dignified department of the drama. These attractions are respectively Louis James and Kathryn Kisher in a spectacular production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Madame Modjesko in a revival of Shakespeare's historical tragedy, "King John," and Henry Miller in Madeleine Lucette Ryley's play, "Richard Savage," which will be produced a few days after this publication goes to press. The policy of Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper has always been to carry their scenic productions complete and to engage the best available casts, and their names throughout the country have become a guarantee of excellence. They are liberal advertisers, but they do not resort to the usual transparent devices which so many adopt. They have popularized Shakespeare in the provinces as he has not been popularized for a decade, and with their ability and integrity their first incursion into the contemporary drama with Henry Miller as the bright particular star, their standing with metropolitan audiences is bound to grow.

ROBERT B. MANTELL.

Robert B. Mantell is making another successful tour, under the able management of M. W. Hanley. Mr. Mantell's reputation as a romantic actor is widespread, and he is undoubtedly one of the most popular and successful stars in the country. This season Mr. Mantell presents a new drama, by W. A. Tree, manager, entitled "A Free Lance," that has received the approval of critics and audiences. He also is seen in special productions of "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Othello." As usual, Mr. Hanley has provided handsome scenery and appointments for all the plays, and a supporting company of uncommon excellence.

THE GREAT WHITE DIAMOND.

Walter Fessler's latest melodrama, "The Great White Diamond," stands in the front rank of the



BLANCHE CROZIER.

New York. An extended tour of the principal cities has been arranged, and Miss Crozier will undoubtedly repeat her metropolitan success everywhere she may appear.

E. S. WILLARD'S TOUR.

The American tour of E. S. Willard is showing the great favor with which that excellent actor is regarded in this country. His comparatively long absence from the stage has in no way diminished his popularity. Mr. Willard's itinerary will include Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, and Toronto, and will extend from Nov. 12 until May 13. His repertoire includes "The Middleman," by Henry Arthur Jones; "The Professor's Love Story," by J. M. Barrie; "Tom Pinch," by Charles Dickens; "Love in Idleness," by L. S. Parker and E. J. Goodmann; "Punchinello," by Elwyn A. Barron, and "David Garrick," by T. W. Robertson. The desire to see Mr. Willard in his chief plays is strong wherever he has appeared, and there is a lively curiosity to enjoy his work in the pieces in which he has not been seen.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN.

Henrietta Crosman's captivating portrayal of Nell Gwyn in George C. Harrell, Jr.'s, merry play, "Mistress Nell," has been the talk of New York city this season. Miss Crosman opened here three months ago and achieved an immediate and emphatic success. Since then she has played continuously to large audiences, the Savoy Theatre being crowded at each performance by the best class of theatregoers. Miss Crosman's Nell is beautiful, winsome and roguish, and altogether one of the most delightful ever seen here. The play is an admirable vehicle for her and the interpretation throughout is excellent, owing to the long run of the play here and the demands of out-of-town managers. Maurice Campbell, Miss Crosman's manager, has organized a special road company to play "Mistress Nell" that is drawing large business. Mr. Campbell is the sole owner of all rights to "Mistress Nell," and no one else is authorized to book or contract time for it.

THE ALICE NIELSEN OPERA COMPANY.

Alice Nielsen and her opera company, under the management of Frank L. Perley, are making their third annual tour, and excelling even the immense business of previous years. This season the company



LEIDE HENT.

is visiting the Pacific Coast, where Miss Nielsen, though a great favorite, has never before appeared as a star. She has been welcomed enthusiastically, and the highest encomiums have been bestowed upon star, company and production. "The Singing Girl" and "The Fortune Teller" are sung. The supporting company includes Eugene Charles, Viola Gillette, Richie Ling, Joseph Herbert, Joseph Casthorn, John Slavin, George T. Emery, Harry Dale, and a chorus of one hundred. Paul Steinhardt is musical director.

A COMING ROMANTIC STAR.

William Bonelli, starring under management of W. S. Butterfield, in the romantic play, "An American Gentleman," is receiving unanimous praise from press and public. This is the twentieth week of Mr. Bonelli's tour, and from the very opening of his season he has met with uninterrupted success. The play affords Mr. Bonelli ample opportunity for both his fine voice and his marvelous athletic power, which is said to equal that of the renowned Sandow. Mr. Butterfield, who is arranging for a New York production for Mr. Bonelli before the close of the season, has purchased a powerful new play in which he will present Mr. Bonelli and Rose Stahl in New York next season.

NATHAN HALE.

Notable among the revivals of the season is that of "Nathan Hale," Clyde Fitch's American play in which N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott first appeared. The present production is under the management of W. M. Wilkinson, and presents Howard Kile as Nathan Hale and Maxine Elliott as Rachel. Alice Adams, both are instinctively well suited to their roles, and have scored emphatic successes. A superior company supports them, and the original scenery, costumes and other details of the production are of the highest order. The New York production is played by Mr. Fitch's excellent company, which upon the general excellence of the company, good business and warm approval have greeted the company everywhere.

JAMES H. WALLICK'S ATTRACTIONS.

Best of animal dramas is the triple show presented by press and public upon Thomas Merton's play, "The Dairy Farm." This has secured James H. Wallick's greatest success. This is the second season of "The Dairy Farm," and its popularity seems ever on the

increase. Last season the company was out forty-nine weeks, twenty-one of which were spent in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. This season two first-class companies are touring in the play with great success. It bids fair to become a perennial attraction, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Wallick has in preparation and will produce shortly two new plays by Mrs. Merton. They are "In Love," a comedy of today, and "A Vagabond Father," a strong melodrama. Each will be presented with the same attention to detail that has characterized all of Mr. Wallick's productions. In addition to these, Mr. Wallick intends to make a grand revival, in response to many demands from local managers, of the popular melodrama, "When London Sleeps."

THE STANHOPE-WHEATCROFT DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

The new quarters of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School, at No. 21 Fifth Avenue, are perhaps the handsomest occupied by any institution of the kind in this country. The rooms are large and beautifully decorated, but despite the luxury of the surroundings the place is most conveniently arranged for practical work. In the pictures painted on another page are shown some of the class rooms, and the beautiful miniature theatre upon the stage of which rehearsals take place and private performances are given. The stage is well equipped with scenery and is lighted with electric foot, side and border lights. In every particular, indeed, is the building arranged perfectly for the purposes of the school.

During her stage career, Mrs. Wheatcroft, then known professionally as Adelaide Stanhope, made a wide and brilliant reputation as an actress of the keenest insight and of most perfect method. Seven years ago she retired from the stage, and with her husband, Nelson Wheatcroft, established the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School. The institution was immediately and continuously successful until the death of Mr. Wheatcroft in 1907. Mrs. Wheatcroft then established the Stanhope-Wheatcroft School, which she has since conducted so skillfully that it now stands prominent among the foremost schools of dramatic instruction in America.

The most forceful proof of the excellent training to be had in the institution lies in the large number of Mrs. Wheatcroft's former pupils who are now on



GRACE MAYNARD.

occupying positions of prominence on the American stage. Out of a total number of three hundred and sixty-eight young men and women who have been instructed by Mrs. Wheatcroft and her corps of assistant teachers during the past three years, three hundred have obtained and held desirable professional engagements. Many of them have risen far above the rank and file in the theatre and are playing leading roles in the best companies. Among the more successful may be mentioned Margaret Anglin, Miriam Nesbitt, Sara Perry, Grace Reale, Carolyn Clawson, Charles W. Hanford, Bertha Calhoun, Charity G. Finney, Jane Holly, Adelle Rieck, Edith Franklin, Corinne Riccardi, and Adeline Mears. The course of instruction includes fencing, dancing, voice and physical culture, elocution, make-up, comedy, tragedy, farce, society plays, Shakespearean and classic drama and stage deportment. The corps of instructors includes men and women of long practical experience, who are eminently fitted to teach these various accomplishments necessary to the player.

This season Mrs. Wheatcroft will give a series of public matinees, as usual, at the Madison Square Theatre, in which the students will appear in student plays and in new plays that Mrs. Wheatcroft has secured for the purpose.

THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

S. H. Friedlander and Company, of the California Theatre, San Francisco, announce that their time for 1908-9 is being filled so rapidly that they are almost at a loss to know what to do with the influx of letters that are reaching them daily from managers all over the country. Since the beginning of the present season, on October 1, the S. H. O. sign has been displayed almost continuously at the popular playhouse. The California is by all odds the cosiest, prettiest, and safest theatre on the Coast. The Board of Public Works of San Francisco, after their recent examination of the theatres of the city, declared the California to be an absolutely model playhouse, while they instructed the owners of every other place of amusement in the city to remodel, and in some cases to almost rebuild, their structures. With this fact staring the local public in the face it is natural that San Francisco theatregoers flock to the California. There are still a few weeks open in the bookings of the theatre, and to secure time managers should communicate at once with S. H. Friedlander and Company.

SOUSA'S BAND.

Sousa and his band are now on a tour that began in April, 1908, and will extend to May, 1909. During the Paris Exposition, the band won unstinted praise in competition with the most famous organizations of Europe, and the great Sousa marches were whistled by every visitor to the grounds. The band also visited the principal cities of France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland, and the success achieved was phenomenal.



THE MASON GRIFFITHS.



WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

When Sousa returned to New York he was given an enthusiastic reception by a multitude at the Metropolitan Opera House, and for several successive Sunday nights in the same place the same enthusiasm was shown. The band is now touring the principal cities and towns of the United States and is meeting with overwhelming success everywhere. By May, 1909, the band will have traveled 40,000 miles and 400 concerts will have been given in 175 cities. Blanche Buford, soprano, and Bertha Bucklin, violinist, are the scholars with Sousa this season. The headquarters of the band are in the Astor Court Building, which adjoins the Waldorf Astoria.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS.

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts and Empire Theatre Dramatic School, of which Franklin H. Sargent is president, has been for sixteen years a practical training school for the stage and numbers among its graduates many of the prominent actors and actresses of to-day. The thoroughness of the system and the gratifying record it holds have gained for the Academy a widespread reputation. The public matinees given by the Academy's pupils are among the most interesting events of the dramatic season in New York. The second division of the regular season will open Jan. 14 and the third division April 2. Further information may be obtained from E. P. Stephenson, Carnegie Hall, New York.

JULES MURRY'S ENTERPRISES.

Jules Murry's enterprises include the tours of Lewis Morrison, Morrison's "Faust," and Nell Burgess in "The County Fair." Business with his companies has been uniformly good this season. The revival of "The County Fair" met with an instant success, and has played to large audiences during its long run in Boston and on the road. Business even exceeds that of the play's first success. The two companies presenting the ever popular Morrison's "Faust" are also drawing large patronage, and their elaborate mounting causes much comment. For next season Mr. Murry has several new productions under consideration, but is not prepared to give details just now.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

Owen Davis, John M. Cooke, and William P. Cullen, who control "Reaping the Whirlwind," which is an



OWEN DAVIS, JOHN M. COOKE, AND WILLIAM P. CULLEN.

accepted success, will have two or more attractions on the road next season. Their next production, "The Dawn of Hope," will be launched about the middle of February with a large cast and will be a very heavy scenic display, with novel and original electric devices. It is the latest from the pen of Owen Davis, who seems to be prolific in turning out this style of material. This firm contemplates the presentation next season of an extravaganza requiring a very large company, with two or more European features.

TOMMY SHEARER'S ENTERPRISES.

The name of Tommy Shearer is known through the length and breadth of the land in connection with first-class productions made under his personal direction. The Shearer company is welcomed everywhere for its large audiences, and the organization is firm. It is established on a sure foundation of public approval. Mr. Shearer carries a complete repertoire company as well as several specialty artists, so that the performance is continuous from the rise to the final fall of the curtain. Next September Mr. Shearer will extend his operations by sending out a special company, with Isabelle Fletcher as a special feature, presenting "The Girl from Porto Rico," a musical comedy. A first-class company will support Miss Fletcher, and a touring company will be carried. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Shearer, c/o per route in Tin Minion.

NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF DRAMATIC ART.

The National Conservatory of Dramatic Art, of which the veteran actor, F. F. Mackay, is director, is the only institution in America where the system of training is based on the principles in use at the Paris Conservatory. The course in acting includes vocal gymnastics, technique of speech, analysis of emotions, reading and rehearsing of plays, studied gymnastics, fencing and general and dramatic education. The midwinter indoor class will open Jan. 2. A prospectus may be obtained from the secretary, 2 West Forty-fourth Street, New York.

Kirk La Shelle, known as a leading character actor of theatres, vaudeville, and in the motion picture, has been secured by the National Conservatory of Dramatic Art. He will present a series of lectures on the art of acting, and will also give a series of lectures on the art of acting, and will also give a series of lectures on the art of acting.



ELMORE SISTERS.

popular successes of the season. Since its season opened the company has not had a losing week, and return dates have been asked for everywhere. The critics of New York and other large cities have praised the performance highly, and the size and enthusiasm of the audiences has been irrefutable testimony of their approval. The play, of which Mr. Fessler is both author and manager, is a strong melodrama, written on new lines, and contains several sensational scenes of much realism. In the mounting, elaborate scenery and mechanical effects are employed, while the company is a thoroughly competent one.

DAVIS, CULLEN AND COOKE'S ATTRACTIONS.

The firm of Davis, Cullen and Cooke have risen this season at one bound to front rank among producers of popular melodramas. From their office, Room 12, 125 Broadway, this city, they operate Owen Davis's plays, "Reaping the Whirlwind," and "The Dawn of Hope." The success that has attended their efforts has been little short of phenomenal, and they may be said to be now on the crest wave of prosperity. The supplying of real melodramas for the popular price houses is in its way a fine art, and this firm appear to understand it perfectly.

"QUO VADIS" TO RETURN.

Whitney and Knowles' production of Stanislaus Stange's dramatization of "Quo Vadis," which ran so far into the summer at the New York Theatre, will return to town on Dec. 31, when the present Eastern Theatre cast will be seen at the Academy of Music here. In the notable company are Wilton Lackaye, Aubrey Bonclough, Edmund D. Lyons, Julius Brutus Booth, Frank Medhurst, Wadsworth Harris, Elita Proctor Orlis, Biju Fernandez, Carlotta Nilsson, and others.

THE LULU GLASER COMPANY.

The Lulu Glaser Opera company, under the management of Frank W. Martinson, is one of the leading organizations in its line now before the public. The stellar debut of Miss Glaser has been made under the happiest auspices, as she has secured in "Sweet Anne Page" an opera worthy of her talent as a comedienne, and in which she has every opportunity to please her legions of admirers. The book was written by Louis De Lange and Edgar Smith, and the music is by W. H. Neidlinger. Mr. Martinson has surrounded Miss Glaser with a first-class company of singers and comedians, and crowded houses have applauded the efforts of the star and her assistants for several weeks past at the Manhattan Theatre.



CHARLES HASTY.



LOUIS JAMES.

VALERIE BERGERE.

Valerie Berge, who during the past half-dozen years has become very well and favorably known throughout the country as an actress of unusual versatility and intelligence, is this season making the best success of her career, so far, as Cho-Cho San, the leading character in David Belasco's "Madame Butterfly," and as Cora in the companion play, "Sanctity Anthony." In the role of Cho-Cho San Miss Berge displays charmingly the delicacy and flash of her art. She is equally pathetic through the whole performance, leading a piquancy and delightful coloring to her impersonation. In the long silent scene, in which the Japanese wife looks yearningly from her window awaiting the return of her American lover, Miss Berge gives, by the quietest possible pantomime, a telling impression of the anxiety that is hers, and later, in the tragic climax, the actress rises to a point of emotional intensity that is as artistic as it is impressive. As Cora, Miss Berge discloses the brighter side of her talents, and in this role she is no less attractive than in the other. Miss Berge has many accomplishments besides those associated with the dramatic art. She is a linguist of broad ability, a skilled writer, and an excellent musician.

SEABROOKE ON THE ROAD.

There is no more popular comic opera comedian on the stage than Thomas Q. Seabrooke. Under the direction of Samuel E. Bork he has been having a phenomenally successful road season in "The Rounders." He is now heading for the far Northwest and the Pacific Coast. Mr. Seabrooke has been playing the New England and Southern territories, and has broken all previous records for comic opera stars. For a period of eight weeks in the territory south of the Mason and Dixon line, Seabrooke and "The Rounders" have averaged a thousand dollars a performance. The company with which Manager Samuel E. Bork has surrounded his star is unusually strong and capable. It includes Irene Perry, formerly the leading woman of the late Augustin Daly's "The Runaway Girl" company, and more recently a star of Weber and Fields; Bertha Walsinger, who was for two seasons the prima donna of the De Wolf Hopper opera company, and is a graduate of the Bostonians when that company was at its zenith; Jeannette Lawrence, Will C. Mandeville, who starred throughout the country last season in Hopper's old success, "El Capitán"; Will T. Terrell, a brother of Eileen Terrell, and a son of the late eminent English actor; Jake Bernard, a brother of the more famous Sam Bernard, and likewise a German dialect comedian of exceptional action and ability; Herbert C. Crisp, the veteran comic opera stage-manager; Frank Palma, the well-known musical director, and a host of pretty chorus girls to the total of sixty-five. "The Rounders" is a typical Casino production. Full of vim and life, pretty women, catchy, ringing music, smart lines and taut lyrics, it appeals to a large class of amusement seekers.

JOHN J. FARRELL.

As leading man of the Forepaugh Stock company, in Philadelphia, John J. Farrell is this season winning many fresh honors from audiences that have long held him in high esteem. During the sixteen years that Mr. Farrell has been a member of the profes-

sion he has worked himself up from the lowest rung of the theatrical ladder to his present excellent position. He has during his career played important parts in support of Stuart Robson, S. C. Goodwin, and other well-known stars, and he has acted successfully for long terms in various attractions managed by Charles Frohman, Davis and Keogh, and Jacob Litt. Mr. Farrell is possessed of all the attributes neces-



ERROL DU NAE.

sary in an actor. He is of fine physique, has a clear and melodious voice, and is blessed with great magnetism. He has lately received a flattering offer, which he will probably accept, to originate the leading part in one of the forthcoming important New York productions.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's career, since the beginning of her great success as Maryland Calvert in "The Heart of Maryland," has steadily gone forward through a series of genuine dramatic triumphs. The record of her career is too well known to dwell upon. American and English audiences have bestowed honors upon

her for her realistic impersonation of Zana, and now that it is announced that she is to appear in a new play, written especially for her by David Belasco, there is renewed interest manifested, on both sides of the water, in the actress, and many prophecies are made by her friends that in her new role she will rise to greater heights than ever.

DEAN RAYMOND.

Dean Raymond, who is now playing the leading role in Broadhurst Brothers' "Why Smith Left Home," is a young actor of talent and great promise. He has good looks, a fine presence, ease and facility, and has been successful in every part he has so far undertaken. His part in "Why Smith Left Home" is an exacting one, but he is playing it to the entire satisfaction of the managers and the public.

THE BROADHURST PLAYS.

George H. Broadhurst's new comedy, "The House that Jack Built," has proved itself to be a worthy successor to that author's very successful comedies, "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home." In Chicago "The House that Jack Built" was praised very highly indeed, and in Boston, where it was recently produced, every critic wrote in flattering terms of its dramatic worth and extraordinary mirth-provoking qualities. The Broadhurst Brothers will bring the company to New York to open at the Madison Square Theatre on Dec. 24.

AMELIA BINGHAM.

Amelia Bingham will in January appear at the Bijou Theatre in Clyde Fitch's latest modern play, "The Climbers." Miss Bingham will be supported by an excellent company, including Robert Edison, Frank Worthing, Ferdinand Gottschalk, John Flood, George C. Boniface, Alfred Fisher, Charles Seville, James Bennett Sturges, Henry Stokes, Annie Irish, Clara Rhoads, Madge Carr Cooke, Minnie Dupree, Violet Hawkins, Maude Moore, Florence Lloyd, and Master Harry Wright. Henry E. Harris is business manager for Miss Bingham, and all communications should be addressed to him at 1125 Broadway.

JACOB LITT'S ENTERPRISES.

Jacob Litt stands in the front rank of American managers. Years of well-directed efforts, rewarded by success, have placed him in this position, and his interests are many and varied. The theatres under his management are the Broadway, New York City; McVicker's, Chicago; the Bijou Opera House, Minneapolis; the Grand Opera House, St. Paul; and the Bijou Opera House, Milwaukee. His companies include "Shenandoah," "In Old Kentucky," "Caleb West," "The Castle Inn," while others are in preparation.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Stuart, the male Patti, who spends this Christmas in Europe, wishes to extend holiday greetings to his friends.

J. W. McConnell is this season leading man with the William Owen company. He is specially featured as Othello.

The Rockland Opera House, at Rockland, Mich., is an up-to-date theatre. It is under the management of C. W. Conroy.

The Knowles, hypnotists and musicians, are meeting with great success on tour, and have been playing to very large business.

Trunks, make-up boxes and cosmetic melting pans are sold at the E. Goldsmith, Jr., trunk works, 701 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Fred J. Wildman, the well-known theatrical agent of Chicago, whose offices are in the Ashland Block, is doing a very large business this season.

Robert Stanley, the character comedian, has made many successes in the past and his talents should bring him into even greater prominence in the future.

Anton T. Kliegl and John H. Kliegl form the Universal Stage Lighting Company, New York, and may be addressed at the Star Theatre Building, 842 Broadway.

Laura Keene's Biography, by John Crehan, is a book that should be read by every one interested in the history of the stage. It is for sale in all first-class stores.

"The Perfection Theatrical Account Book," published by W. M. McManus, 135 Adams Street, Chicago, is especially arranged for keeping accounts of touring companies.

Low H. Carroll and Maude Ellston, versatile comedians, were the hits of "Have You Seen Smith" last season. They may be addressed at 223 Smith Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

William Morris, the vaudeville agent, as he announces in an advertisement in this number, is "looking everywhere." His address is 163 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

F. Le Roy Silver, 1147 Broadway, New York City, is proprietor and manager of the New York Female Baseball Club, which will tour during 1901, playing inclosed grounds, armories, parks, etc.

The Composite Printing Company, 123 West Fortieth Street, New York City, are prepared to furnish cards for professionals at low rates, giving a handsome Morocco leather card case with each set.

John Arzimanoff, of 52 Union Square, is one of the leading theatrical showmen of the world. He makes footwear for nearly all the leading artists of the American stage, and his work has won the admiration of all who have had business dealings with him.

Pastor's Theatre, East Fourteenth Street, New York, has been established thirty-five years, and maintains its popularity in spite of the growth of opposition. Continuous performances of the best features of vaudeville are given at prices ranging from 50 cents to \$1.

Morgan A. Sherwood, of the new National Theatre, having patented his new fire illusion, "The Maid of Orleans," or, the spectacular burning of the stake of Joan of Arc, will prosecute any infringement on his device. The illusion can now be booked for time after Feb. 10.

Iowa Falls, Iowa, is to be congratulated on the possession of a first-class theatre. The Metropolitan Opera House, which was opened Dec. 27, 1900, has been very successful. It plays only 11 attractions, once a week, and good companies are always sure of big returns. The house is under the able management of E. O. Ellsworth.

Bennett's Dramatic Exchange, 294 Schiller Building, Chicago, has placed 286 people in season's engagements since last July, and has also put out a number of plays on royalty. Manager A. Milo Bennett says that business at present is the best he has ever known, with fewer failures recorded. He wants clever well-dressed people at all times.

Ferris Comedians and the Grace Hayward company are doing a really phenomenal business in the middle West, playing to capacity at almost every performance. The receipts exceed \$2,000 in the majority of places. Each company carries a number of people, and carries a carload of special scenery. Their route is confined exclusively to the larger cities.

La Belle Olive, the dainty juggler, is one of vaudeville's prominent favorites. She combines a great talent for juggling with a rarely charming personality, and never fails to please even the most fastidious audiences. She is original, graceful and palatable.

and is constantly adding novelties to her performance. Her latest feat consists in catching several dozen plates thrown to her in rapid succession. It makes a startling climax to a very taking act.

Murray and Mackey's Ben Ton Ideas, a new vaudeville combination, will take the road next season under the management of John J. Murray, now with the Tommy Shener company. The company, Mr. Murray announces, will present only royalty plays with special scenery and printing. Six good vaudeville acts will also appear, making the performance continuous. Mr. Murray is now booking time through Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.



JOSEPH DE GRASSE.

Harding and Ah Sid, the well-known acrobats, continue to meet with the favor they have enjoyed during the past fourteen years, during which they have been in partnership, presenting one of the most diverting acts in vaudeville. They are original in method, facile in execution, rapid in action and expert in everything they undertake. They are in constant demand in the very best theatres, and their success is ample proof of their worth as entertainers.

Henry Myers will have two big attractions on the road next season. A Gully Mother will begin its sixth annual tour, and will be presented by two companies, Eastern and Western. Mr. Myers has arranged a new production of this popular play. A new spectacular melodrama, called Human Spiders, by Theodore Kremer, will begin a preliminary season on April 1, 1901, and will then be booked for next season by Mr. Myers, whose offices are at 242 West Forty Street, New York.

William Friend has met with great success this season as principal comedian with A Stranger in a Strange Land. Mr. Friend is a young man with talent, energy and ambition, and always gives a good



NELLIE YALE.

account of himself no matter what the character is that he is called upon to play. He is equally at home in light comedy or character parts, and has scored some notable successes. Last season he was very prominent in vaudeville, and relinquished several good offers for this season in that field to accept his present engagement.

The Ellmore Sisters, after an extremely successful season in America, sailed for Europe a few weeks ago, to fill engagements in London and the English provinces that will keep them away from their native land for many months to come. They have two successful sketches, "The Dangerous Mrs. Delaney" and "The Irish Dub," but are rehearsing a new one, which they will produce on their return to the United States. The Ellmores are extremely clever, and their work has been so well received that they have had no vacancies for the past two years, owing to the demand for their services.

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HENRY STOKES,
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CLARA BLOODGOOD,
AMELIA BINGHAM,
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Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.	January 2, 1901	One Week
Chestnut Street Op. Ho. Philadelphia, Pa.	February 4	Three Weeks
National Theatre, Washington, D. C.	March 4	One Week
Alvin Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa.	March 11	
Enclat Avenue Opera House, Cleveland, O.	March 19	
Grand Op. Ho., Cincinnati, O.	March 25	
Macduley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky.	April 1	
Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo.	April 8	
Davidson Theatre, Milwaukee, Wis.	April 15	Three Weeks
Powers' Theatre, Chicago, Ill.	May 6	One Week
Detroit Opera House, Detroit, Mich.	May 13	Two Weeks
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WARNING...

MORGAN A. SHERWOOD of the New National Theatre, Washington, D. C., having patented the new stage fire illusion, entitled, "THE RAID OF ORLEANS; or, the spectacular burning at the stake of JOHN OF ARC," with other claims that fully cover all the effects, notifies the profession, that any infringement on the invention or any part thereof will be rigidly dealt with in accordance with the laws of the United States governing patent rights. Patent No. 651,436, allowed November 6, 1900. "THE RAID OF ORLEANS" can now be booked for time after February 10, 1901. Address

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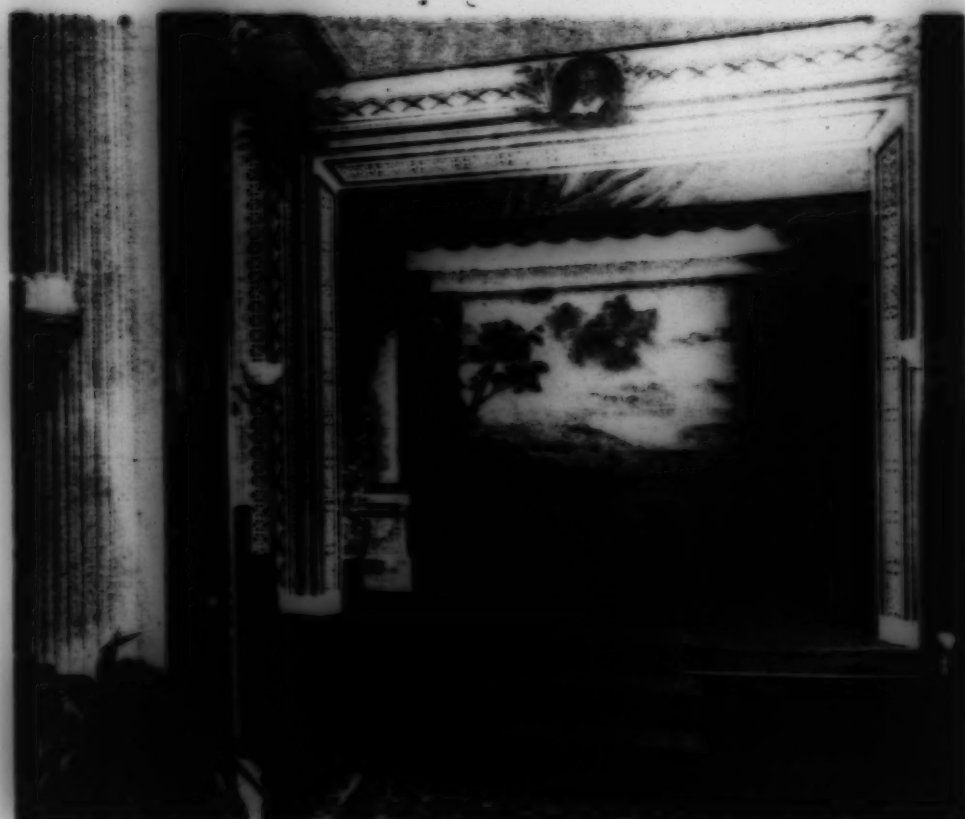
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